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The Transvaal of To-Day

THE TRANSVAAL OF TO-DAY

(Aylward)
BNE

"Countries wear very different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions."—GOLDSMITH.

THE TRANSVAAL OF TO-DAY

WAR, WITCHCRAFT, SPORT, AND SPOILS IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY

ALFRED AYLWARD

COMMANDANT, TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC; CAPTAIN (LATE) LYDENBERG VOLUNTEER CORPS

NEW EDITION

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXI

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TO

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS

AS A TOKEN OF

HIS APPRECIATION OF THEIR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICES,

THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

2/2

Stevens. Jan. 18, 1900

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE "South African Question" will probably, by the time this work reaches the public, be a burning one, and it is my design to make its study easier both for rulers and people. The condition of South Africa is interesting to others than the parliamentarians and politicians of England. It is one that appeals to the merchant, the intending emigrant, and the soldier, as much as, or more than, it does to the professional politician. It appeals strongly to the English taxpayer; and before July 1879, will appeal forcibly and deeply to his pockets. A recent writer has asked, and very fairly asked, Why must our artisans be taxed in aid of populations who have no millions of paupers to support? He enters in his 'Greater Britain' at length into this question, which is essentially a ratepayer's one. I am prepared to give the answer—in fact, the story that I tell answers it.

I have written solely in the interest of truth. I have sought to epitomise—for the benefit of politicians, sportsmen, travellers, and intending emigrants — the experience of years. When the present troubles are over, I shall endeavour to put further information—

sound practical information—before intending settlers and enterprising men desirous to invest capital in the Transvaal.

The knowledge I have acquired of colonial men and manners depends on ten years' intimate connection with the press and people of South Africa. In this work I represent no especial party. I am not writing either to praise or to blame, but simply to state facts calculated to bring the cause and the costs of the war now being waged on the north-eastern border of the Transvaal fully, fairly, and intelligently before the British public.

If what I have written causes inquiry, awakes a livelier interest in subject populations, and, however indirectly, saves one human life, I shall rest satisfied that I have performed a duty.

October 1878.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

The first edition of 'The Transvaal of To-day' having been exhausted, the greatly increased public interest in the subject and continued demand for the work, have led to the issue of a new and cheaper edition. The Author has not in any way altered the original text, and the reader will thus be enabled to verify the correctness of his forecast of the probable course of events in South Africa.

March 1881.

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THE TRANSVAAL OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF THE BOERS.

Serfs or subjects?—Pilgrim Fathers—Fighting for life—Glimpse of freedom—Chaka—Policy of Earl Grey—Founding Republics—A Convention—The Transvaal Treaty.

WHILE many writers have devoted much space to descriptions of Kafir life and character, none have even attempted to deal with the state and position of the Boers, in such a way as to lead intelligent readers to form anything like a fairly accurate mind-picture of them as a people. This it is my pleasing duty to endeavour to do; and bringing, as I can, ten years' actual experience of Boerdom to the task, I hope to be able to set before the public a correct view of them in all their relations—social, political, and religious.

The Boers were subjects of Holland, and were essentially the Cape Colonists, when, by treaty and conquest, England got, in the beginning of this century, a footing in South Africa. As my object is not to write a history of past events, but to explain the facts of the present hour, I shall not encumber these pages with tedious descriptions of the marches, fights, and sufferings of those poor people during the last fifty years, but shall, as nearly as possible, confine myself to an examination of the reasons they put forward to justify them in their exodus from British territory. In 1833, a large number of farmers found themselves, without any

desire on their part to become British subjects, in the position of "accidents of territory" ceded to the British by the Dutch. The sovereignty over the LAND on which they dwelt was undoubtedly vested in the European Government of Holland; but it is an important question whether a cession of territorial sovereignty can really be held to include the transfer of people as serfs from one Government to another. A serf is undoubtedly a person attached, and owing certain servitudes, to the soil on which he is born. I know of no law, human or divine, by which the right of the Dutch inhabitants to remove from the soil transferred in sovereignty to England can be denied. Therefore if any one of those "subjects by cession" desired to remove himself, with his belongings, to the Dutch East Indies, there could be no objection to his doing so; nor, because he fell under British dominion by the cession of the Cape territory, could he have been prevented from returning to other Dutch territory and to his Dutch allegiance. I hold that he had only become a British subject in relation to his occupation of British territory, and that it was perfectly open to him to cease to be a subject by quitting that territory. It is certain that if the emigrant Boers had passed on in their flight from British rule to lands subject to the authority of other states, they would have again become foreign subjects, and could no longer have been compelled to own an allegiance to England. But the lands to which the Boers retired did not happen to belong to any recognised or constituted authority. They fled from what they, rightly or wrongly, considered to be misrule, into the "desolate places of the earth," where no man was master. Mr Oliphant, the Cape Attorney-General (in 1834), in speaking of the Voortrekkers (advanced pioneers), says, in answer to a question put to him by Sir Benjamin Durban, then governor of the Cape Colony:—

"The class of persons under consideration evidently mean to seek their fortunes in another land, and to consider themselves no longer British subjects so far as the colony of the Cape of Good Hope is concerned. Would it therefore be prudent or just, even if it were possible, to prevent persons discontented with their position to try to better themselves in whatever part of the world they pleased? The same sort of removal takes place every day from Great Britain to the United States. Is there any effectual means of arresting persons determined to run away

from an enforced allegiance short of shooting them as they passed the boundary line? I apprehend not—and if so, the remedy is worse than the disease. Government, therefore, must ever remain without the power of preventing this evil, if evil it be."

The Boers did not want to be British subjects. They found what even Englishmen to-day are complaining of as an inconvenience, if not an evil threatening their very existence. They said they were badly protected as against the aborigines of the country—a set of thieving savages, whose conduct on the frontier in 1878 seems to differ very little from what they were guilty of in 1834. The Boers knew that the territory then actually under British rule in South Africa was limited; and gathering together their flocks and herds, they proceeded to march out of it into "fresh fields and pastures new." It must never be said that any hatred of civilised government, as such, led to this step. This would be a base calumny on the character of a body of men whose motives were as pure as those that actuated the "Pilgrim Fathers"—Englishmen who left England for conscience' sake.

When, and so often as, those people secured new homes for themselves, and established laws and government for their own guidance, they have found that their allegiance has pursued them, and consequently they have been overtaken, shot down, and annexed repeatedly—all their efforts for their own emancipation from a rule which they never sought, being defeated by brute force. It is now not denied by impartial historians, that when the Boers entered Natal that land was no man's land. Nor can it be asserted that their irruption into the Transvaal destroyed any settled government, or effected any injustice. It is, on the other hand, admitted that their march towards the Orange River, and beyond it, was the means of breaking the power of Moselekatze, a warrior chief whom they found engaged in a course of rapine and destruction almost without parallel. This man with his army had burned and devastated an enormous tract of country, and until he met with the Boers, had succeeded, not in subjugating, but in almost entirely annihilating, the various tribes and disorganised bodies "under the name of Barolongs, Basutos, Mantatees, Kor-

annas, Bergenaars, and Bushmen," whom his advance had found occupying the game-covered flats and hills outside and north of the British line. This great murderer himself commenced hostilities by attacking a small weak party of the fugitives from the Cape Colony. The main body of the emigrants succeeded, however, in 1838, in resisting successfully a raid made by the "Amandabele" upon one of their camps; but having lost in the encounter much cattle, their only means of subsistence, they sent forth a party to follow up the raiders and recover the booty. This little body succeeded so well in its mission, that Moselekatze, who had never before been checked in his career of bloodshed and extermination, fled hastily to the northwards. By this means, by breaking the power of this formidable warrior, the emigrant farmers became fairly possessed of vast territories which they had delivered from his murderous sway.

Subsequently another—a very large—portion of them penetrated into Natal, which was certainly not then British territory. At the period when the Boers succeeded, after wonderful labours and difficulties, in opening up pathways for themselves through the great Drakensberg down to the sea, there were not, on the millions of acres that lay below them, any population worthy of mention. A great conqueror had swept over the country before them, reducing its inhabitants to less than 3000 in number, who dwelt in holes, without cattle or means of subsistence,—an unarmed, feeble, and disorganised fragment of the former resident tribe. This had been done by Chaka, who is well described in the excellent though prejudiced work on "South Africa" published last year by John Noble, clerk of the House of Assembly of the Cape Colony, in the following words:—

"He was a cruel, savage being, who steadily pursued one object,—to destroy all other native governments, and exterminate such of their subjects as did not choose to come under his rule. The fame of his troops spread far and wide; tribe after tribe was invaded, routed, and put to death by them, either by firing their huts or by the spear, and in a few years Chaka had paramount sway over nearly all South-Eastern Africa, from the Limpopo to Kaffraria, including the territories now known as Natal, Basuto Land, a large portion of the Orange Free

State, and the Transvaal. It is estimated that not less than one million human beings were destroyed during the reign of this native Attila, between 1812 and 1828. His death was, as might be expected, a violent one."

Now it can hardly be said that to occupy a country which had no inhabitants and no government, and to snatch it from the power of such a wretch as Chaka, was an act which should properly arouse the anger of any civilised Government. The Boers were weak, and they say that therefore they were found to be in the wrong by the powerful Government from under whose sway they had thought to deliver themselves.

To Chaka succeeded Dingaan, also a Zulu, and of course, like other Zulus, a treacherous and murderous ruffian. Dingaan and the emigrants at first seemed to have been on friendly terms. Dingaan resembled modern monarchs in one noticeable particular: he was greatly in the habit of allocating to the use of friends and confederates, and giving away to applicants, what never belonged to him, and that to which he had no right. About the period of his accession to the sovereignty of the Zulus, a few white men lived at "The Bay," where Durban now stands. These were the means of introducing missionaries amongst the Zulus, and one of them obtained from the chief a recognition of the independence of the small white settlement on the sea. The chief also about the same time gave to the emigrant Boers permission to occupy the country, the desolation of which by Chaka I have just pictured. This is Natal, as distinguished from Port Natal, the small coast settlement referred to. But Dingaan's profession of friendship was hollow and insincere. His savage nature incited him to an act of wanton and unnecessary bloodshed. He attacked and killed, with circumstances of great barbarity, a large party of the farmers under Piet Retief, who were visiting at his chief town, and engaged in the peaceful enjoyment of his hospitality. Then, flushed with his easy triumph, and stimulated by the hope of plunder, he endeavoured to cut off all the Europeans, without respect of persons, in Natal and on the coast, and invaded a country to which he had no claim, and to whose occupation by strangers he had consented. The coast

English and the Boer countrymen both offered to this scheme a vigorous resistance,—even the Boer women and children performing prodigies of valour and shedding blood that would have consecrated their freedom in the eyes of equitable men of any race. In the joint campaign, however, they were terribly unsuccessful, the British settlers not only quitting the country entirely, but even taking ship from the coast.

The farmers in Natal, left in the hand of God and to their own resources, rallied around one Pretorius, invaded Zululand itself, and nearly entirely destroyed Dingaan's power in two expeditions; in the latter of which they were assisted by Panda, a revolted brother of the great Zulu warrior with whom they were contending. Then, and not till then, when they had conquered a peace, and purchased security at a vast outlay of blood—just when one would have thought they had sufficiently demonstrated their self-reliance—British protection sought them out. They were again informed that they were guilty of unwarrantable conduct, and once more found themselves called upon to give ready obedience to the rule of the English governors of the Cape Colony.

Once more, however, for a short period the poor persecuted people were destined to be free. The commander of the English forces in Natal, Captain Jervis, withdrew his troops from the country in 1840, saying—

"It now only remains for me to wish you, one and all, as a community, every happiness, sincerely hoping that, aware of your strength, peace may be the object of your counsels; justice, prudence, and moderation be the law of your actions; that your proceedings may be actuated by motives worthy of you as men and Christians; that hereafter your arrival may be hailed as a benefit, having enlightened ignorance, dispelled superstition, and caused crime, bloodshed, and oppression to cease; and that you may cultivate those beautiful regions in quiet and prosperity, ever regardful of the rights of the inhabitants whose country you have adopted, and whose home you have made your own."

The Boers, although sadly reduced in numbers both in Natal and in the country west of the Drakensberg, now considering themselves free from further interference, proceeded, for the first time, to form "republics." On doing so, their territory was again invaded, by Captain Smith in

1842, with a flying column sent forward for that purpose by Governor Napier. The Boers attacked and cooped Smith up on the coast, but not until he had first assumed the aggressive. When the weak fight against the strong, the result is not hard to foresee. More British troops arrived; the Boers were, of course, defeated; and Natal became again, and probably for ever, British territory. But, wonderful to relate, a number of the Boers were still dissatisfied, and again abandoned their lands in order to be free from all obligations of allegiance to England; and they went back still further from the Power they dreaded, reuniting themselves to their brethren in the vast plains of what are now known as the Free State and the Transvaal. These countries had, as I have said before, been desolated by Moselekatze, and were, so far as regarded human inhabitants, a desert. Mr Noble, an historian anything but favourable to the Dutch, says—

"They found no difficulty in taking possession of the territory, for the greater part of it was lying waste, the haunt of wild game and beasts of prey. The dreaded chief Moselekatze had abandoned it, having fled north into the region between the Limpopo and the Zambesi rivers, where his tribe, the Matabele, under his successor Lobengulo, now dwell. Those remaining were 'weak and broken' people, ruined by Moselekatze. They welcomed the emigrants as their deliverers from that tyrant's cruel sway, acknowledging them as the governors of the country, and allowing them to appropriate whatever ground they required. As the emigrants found their strength increased by the accessions they received from Natal and the colonial boundary, they asserted more authority,—establishing their own form of government, under commandants, landdrosts, and field-cornets, and dictating to the natives encompassing them the laws which should prevail. These laws were similar in character to the regulations which applied, under the old Dutch government, to the coloured class in servitude within the colony—namely, that they should, when required, give their services to the farmers for a reasonable sum; that they should be restricted from wandering about the country; and that no guns or ammunition were permitted to be in their possession or bartered to them. Potgieter and his followers, in declaring their new government—the 'Maatschappij'—claimed absolute independence; and when a proclamation issued by Governor Napier reached them, stating that the emigrant farmers were not released from their allegiance to the Crown, and that all offences committed by British subjects up to the 25° of south latitude were punishable in the courts of the colony, they resolved to abandon Potchefstrom, and moved further northwards, forming new settlements at Zoutpansberg, Ohrigstad, and finally at Lydenberg, whence they contemplated opening communication with the Portuguese port of Delagoa Bay. In these remote wilds, now forming the Transvaal,

they were left to work out their own destiny, without any interference or control."

Even here they were again called on to give allegiance to the British authorities. A Mr Menzies issued a proclamation declaring that, in the name of her Majesty, he claimed what may be briefly described as "all South Africa." Who was Mr Menzies? He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony, and had apparently no business whatever to meddle with boundaries, or to set himself up as an extender of the empire. This act was subsequently disclaimed and disavowed by the Colonial Government; yet, in pursuance of it, or at least of some fixed plan based on a similar policy of monstrous usurpation, the flying people were again pursued, again fought with, and, of course, again defeated. A long series of troubles, quarrels, and vacillations on the part of the British authorities ended, in 1848, in her Majesty's Government eventually proclaiming its sovereign authority over "territories north of the Orange River, extending as far as the Vaal River on the north, the junction of Vaal and Orange rivers on the east, and that portion of the Drakensberg which forms the boundary of Natal on the west." The Natal Boers—that is, those who had remained there—had by this time again got into a state of utter discontent with British government.

The real cause of this is not far to seek. When they (the Boers) first entered Natal, they had found it depopulated; and before the British had come into possession of the country, the Boers had not only conquered their fierce neighbours the Zulus, but had imposed a king of their own nomination upon the enemy. Under the English, however, myriads of Kafirs were permitted to flock into Natal; and the country by 1848 showed visible symptoms of becoming what it now is—a colony under European government, but in which all the abominations of paganism flourish, to the disgust of European women and the moral corruption of Christian children,—a land overrun by 400,000 Kafirs, speaking their own language, practising polygamy, holding females in the most debasing slavery, and constituting for the settlers a great and ever-increasing danger. It is needless to record here the attempts, no doubt well

meaning and kindly, which were made by the British authorities to keep the Dutch farmers in Natal. A large body of them, in March 1848, fled from the country, and joined the western emigrants. Of course there was another war. Sir Harry Smith, with his usual vigour and success, attacked the Boers at a position called Boom Plaats. Lives were lost; and the result, of course, was a still further humiliation of the Dutch and a still stronger reassertion of British authority. Pretorius, the Boer commander, fled to the far Transvaal, still hoping to be let alone.

The English Government for a short time ruled over the territory they had conquered between the Vaal and Orange rivers, which they called the Sovereignty. This, however, they afterwards abandoned, when it was found to be a costly and troublesome possession.

Earl Grey writes, in 1851, when speaking of this renunciation—

"The ultimate abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty must be a settled point of our policy. . . . If you are enabled to effect this object, you will distinctly understand that any wars, however sanguinary, which may afterwards occur between the different tribes and communities which will be left in a state of independence beyond the colonial boundary, are to be considered as affording no ground for your interference. Any inroads upon the colony must be promptly and severely punished; but, after the experience which has been gained as to the effect of British interference in the vain hope of preserving peace amongst the barbarous or semi-civilised inhabitants of these distant regions, I cannot sanction a renewal of similar measures."

This statement of rational policy becomes of serious importance when, later on, we have to consider the recent annexation of the Transvaal. It is sufficient for the present to state that the Boers of the Sovereignty thus became free. In 1853, British Special Commissioner Clerk voluntarily proposed to the inhabitants that they should elect representatives to take over from him the government of the country. A convention was subsequently agreed to in explicit words and terms, which still holds good as regards the State called THE ORANGE FREE STATE. A republic was founded under its provisions, and subsequently acknowledged as an independent State by royal proclamation of the 8th April 1854.

In the Appendix will be found the text of the convention,[1] which mainly consists of a clause declaring the Boers to be a free and independent people; a declaration that her Majesty's Government will not enter into treaty or alliance with natives to the detriment of the new Republic; and the agreements for reciprocations, exchange of prisoners, recognition of marriages, &c., necessary for mutual comfort between states having lengthy conterminous border-lines.

While this was in progress, the same policy that dictated the liberation of the Boers of the Orange River Free State had manifested itself in a similar direction with regard to the emigrants north of the Vaal River; and as the tale can be told in no shorter or better form of words than I find in 'Noble's History,' I shall extract his account of the transaction by which was created the late South African or Transvaal Republic:—

"While the Assistant Commissioners were yet at Bloemfontein, making efforts to establish affairs on a footing more in unison with the wishes of the inhabitants, they received, through accredited messengers, a communication from the emigrants north of the Vaal River. The majority of them — Pretorius among the number — said they were anxious for peace and friendly relations with the Government, in order that their hands might be strengthened in establishing order, and effectually checking the agitation of a few reckless spirits who wished to make another attempt at rebellion in the Sovereignty. The Commissioners considered that the reconciliation of the emigrants to the Government would doubtless have a favourable effect in checking native hostility, and encouraged the suggested negotiations. They at once made use of the power provisionally intrusted to them by the High Commissioner to rescind the proclamation of outlawry against Pretorius and others. This act of grace paved the way for a meeting with the delegates of the emigrants, headed by Pretorius himself as Commandant-General. The meeting took place near the Sand River on the 17th January 1852, when a convention was entered into on behalf of her Majesty, allowing the community north of the Vaal River to form such government as might seem best to themselves. They were assured of non-interference in the management of their affairs, and non-encroachment on the part of the Government. This boon had been virtually granted by Earl Grey's explicit directions that British dominion should not be extended, but the Commissioners were able to make a favour of what must have soon followed as an inevitable concession. The convention thus concluded was fully approved of by Sir G. Cathcart as High Commissioner. The confirmation of it was one of the first acts of his administration, and in the proclamation ratifying it he expressed his hope that the freedom which the emigrants were now graciously per-

[1] See Appendix A.

mitted to exercise might result in lasting peace amongst themselves, and in fast friendship with the British Government.

"The following were the articles of the Convention:—

"'1. The Assistant Commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner, on the part of the British Government, to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government; and that no encroachment shall be made by the said Government on the territory beyond, to the north of the Vaal River; with the further assurance that the warmest wish of the British Government is to promote peace, free trade, and friendly intercourse with the emigrant farmers now inhabiting, or who hereafter may inhabit, that country; it being understood that this system of non-interference is binding upon both parties.

"'2. Should any misunderstanding hereafter arise as to the true meaning of the words "The Vaal River," this question, in so far as regards the line from the source of that river over the Drakensberg, shall be settled and adjusted by commissioners chosen by both parties.

"'3. Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners hereby disclaim all alliances whatever and with whomsoever of the coloured nations to the north of the Vaal River.

"'4. It is agreed that no slavery is or shall be permitted or practised in the country to the north of the Vaal River by the emigrant farmers.

"'5. Mutual facilities and liberty shall be afforded to traders and travellers on both sides of the Vaal River; it being understood that every waggon containing ammunition and firearms, coming from the south side of the Vaal River, shall produce a certificate signed by a British magistrate or other functionary duly authorised to grant such, and which shall state the quantities of such articles contained in said waggon, to the nearest magistrate north of the Vaal River, who shall act in the case as the regulations of the emigrant farmers direct. It is agreed that no objection shall be made by any British authority against the emigrant Boers purchasing their supplies of ammunition in any of the British colonies and possessions of South Africa; it being mutually understood that all trade in ammunition with the native tribes is prohibited both by the British Government and the emigrant farmers, on both sides of the Vaal River.

"'6. It is agreed that, so far as possible, all criminals and other guilty parties who may fly from justice either way across the Vaal River, shall be mutually delivered up, if such should be required; and that the British Courts, as well as those of the emigrant farmers, shall be mutually open to each other for all legitimate processes, and that summonses for witnesses sent either way across the Vaal River shall be backed by the magistrates on each side of the same respectively, to compel the attendance of such witnesses when required.

"'7. It is agreed that certificates of marriage issued by the proper authorities of the emigrant farmers, shall be held valid and sufficient to entitle children of such marriages to receive portions accruing to them in any British colony or possession in South Africa.

"'8. It is agreed that any and every person now in possession of land and residing in British territory, shall have free right and power to sell his said property and remove unmolested across the Vaal River, and *vice*

versâ; it being distinctly understood that this arrangement does not comprehend criminals, or debtors, without providing for the payment of their just and lawful debts.'"

In 1854 the Voortrekkers had thus at length won their independence, and set up government on their own account.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOER OF TO-DAY.

The "trek"—Unprofitable occupation—Material successes—A race of peasants—Domestic habits—Mission work—The Mountain of Sorrow—Heroic women—Hospitality—Paying for his plunder—Our girls.

THE Free State having little to do with this work now drops out of my narrative, except so far as I may require to illustrate some phase of Boer character by reference to it or its inhabitants. Omitting the history of the struggles of the Transvaal Boers with nature, and their natural enemies the Kafirs, during the earlier days of their independence, I come now to the men themselves, and their habits and customs as I found them. One indelible feature has by their long and continuous wanderings been impressed upon their character — that is, an unsettled and vagrant disposition. Having been on "trek" for forty-four years, the "trek" has eaten itself into their hearts. They are still on "trek;" and few, indeed, are there who are not ready at a moment's notice to hurl themselves once more into the desert in search of brighter and happier homes. This "trek" feeling had led them, in the earlier days of the Transvaal, to overdo their occupation, to spread themselves too far out into the wilds around them. The Boers coming from the Cape Colony naturally sought in their new homes the peculiar features that had made the old ones pleasant; wood and water, easily worked ground, and rich runs for their cattle were the chief objects of their search. These the Voorloopers[1] did not find on the Highveld, as the large, bare, but

[1] Every team of bullocks has a leader—generally a native boy—who holds a tow-line fastened to the horns of the front oxen, hence the word

healthy elevated plateau—the great watershed of the Transvaal—is called; but where it declined into the lower country, north and east, suitable locations, abounding in grass, water, and warm-looking bush, were discovered. The people, therefore, marched on to the lower levels, leaving unoccupied behind them vast tracts of country, which, after remaining for years the abode of countless thousands of game, are now being more and more closely settled and built upon by the farmers, who have found that at first they had neglected the very best part of their country, and occupied only the unhealthy and less profitable places. This is the real cause of that abandonment of certain fever districts to which Sir Theophilus Shepstone alludes, and of which he makes such forcible use in his annexation proclamation when he says: "After more or less of irritating contact with aboriginal tribes to the north, there commenced, about the year 1867, gradual abandonment to the natives in that direction of territory settled by burghers of this state, in well-built towns and farms, and on granted farms;" and "that this was succeeded by the extinction of effective rule over extensive tracts of country included within the boundaries of this state, and, as a consequence, by the practical independence, which still continues, of large native tribes residing therein who had until then considered themselves subjects."

That a recession of white people from points long previously occupied has occurred I do not seek to deny, but that such was a sign of weakness in the Republic no one who knows the country thoroughly will feel inclined to admit. The Gold Fields have been, since the British annexation, practically abandoned, yet no one would venture to blame the Government of Sir Theophilus Shepstone for the existence of the state of things that led to this movement. The Origstadt valley, with its pretty town, was deserted because, and only because, of its fatal fevers; and the wheat-growing farms of the northern portions of Lydenberg district have been allowed to fall out of cultivation simply because wheat did not pay,—a sufficient reason to a man of ordinary common-sense who is not forced to

"Voorlooper," which is applied variously to any advanced settler—to the star that heralds the morning star, &c.

strengthen an argument by alleging false motives for acts in themselves easily explained.

Sheep on the Highveld pay better, and with less labour and risk, than corn does in the bush country. Besides this, Origstadt and the wheat districts are unhealthy for horses; and all other things being equal, a farmer will prefer to live where he can ride to where he must walk. Wheat, when grown, had to be brought down by waggon to Natal—a distance of 400 miles—to find a market. This became a yearly labour. Such absences from the family were not patiently borne by farmers; so, naturally, when they discovered the value of the plateau as a sheep country, they fell back on it. Besides this, it is notorious that wherever wool is produced, stores soon spring up to buy the farmer's produce at his own door, and thus save him the yearly journey to far-away Natal. Schoemansdal, in Zoutpansberg, was abandoned for not altogether dissimilar reasons. In the early days traders went there attracted by the vast quantities of ivory, feathers, and interior produce, then obtainable at low prices, in exchange for goods. Then was brought to market by the natives, ivory and other treasures, the accumulations of years; fortunes were made, and great things planned. In due time this excessive supply fell off, and only what was bartered for and shot in each season came to hand. Even this yearly supply became scantier as the game got driven further and further back, until, finally, the cost of bringing goods so vast a journey, and of living, was not equalled by the value of the ivory and interior produce got in, and the place collapsed. Fever played its part in thinning out the inhabitants; and no doubt Kafir neighbours were troublesome at times; but if "it had paid" on the old scale, Schoemansdal would not have failed to retain a population. Like the Gold Fields under our new Government, Zoutpansberg was deserted because it was not what the slang of the present day calls "good enough." Still, with all this abandonment of non-paying and fever-stricken localities, the Boers occupy an extensive country: and on its surface they have wrought improvements, which, compared with their numbers, are sufficiently astonishing. There are roads—and very good roads—everywhere. There are

churches, courts, and jails in sufficient number; and when one considers that in consequence of their distance from the coast, they had for years no local markets for their superfluous productions, but had to consume all they grew, the extent of ground under cultivation is very great. There are, roughly speaking, in the Transvaal about 7000 families living by farm-work of one sort or another; and they have all houses, habitable, and, under the circumstances of the country, fairly comfortable. It would appear to an impartial investigator to be little less than miraculous how a people, fresh from their wanderings, had succeeded, in so few years, not only in planting the features of a successful civilisation over 130,000 square miles of country, but in wringing from the land of their adoption the wherewithal to pay for the clothes, arms, and imported articles consumed by them during their periods of "trek" and settlement, as well as for the materials and utensils of comfort and necessity which they have gathered round them or used for the ornamentation of their houses.

The Boers are really a peasantry—the largest land-owning peasants and peasant proprietors in the world—but they are nothing more. Hence the feeling of disappointment with which some visitors—casual observers—view their present condition. Men cannot conceive how the proprietors of vast lands and owners of flocks and herds have advanced so little in the acquisition of the comforts and luxuries of European civilisation. They look for farmers where they should expect only to find wealthy peasants; and as they see no evidences around them of the wanderings, fights, fevers, agonies of long travel and suffering through which these poor people have passed, they are but too ready to accuse them of unprogressiveness and want of enterprise, where really the enterprise has been exceptionally great, and the progress remarkable, under the circumstances. The character of the Boers, as well as their habits and customs, are strongly impressed by their wanderings and sufferings. If one of the family is about to ride but a few miles beyond his own extensive holding, before leaving his house he respectfully bids farewell to his father and friends with almost as much ceremony as a European would use before undertaking a journey

of weeks' duration. In the same way persons, whether they be visitors, strangers, neighbours, or kinsmen, coming to a homestead, greet each of the family on their first entrance under its roof, and are in turn shaken hands with by each and every member of the household. This custom arose from the meetings and the partings of forty-four years, during which those who met, met as persons delivered from great dangers; and those who parted, parted as do those who may meet no more. The Boers had few candles in the wilderness during their long and weary pilgrimage. A little coarse fat from slaughtered animals, with a bit of rag, made their only lamp. They consequently acquired habits of retiring early to rest,—the daylight throughout its entire length being utilised for their labours. This habit, with the necessity for early rising incumbent on herdsmen, has clung to them; and it is but rarely you meet with a family that enjoys those pleasant evening hours so dear to Europeans, when, amidst comfortable lights and fires, the labours of the day being at an end, the household devotes itself to the innocent pleasures of social and domestic intercourse. With the Boer, the sun being set, and the cattle and stock impounded in their kraals and places of safety, the short twilight is almost immediately followed by a dinner and supper, all in one—the meal of the day. The table is no sooner cleared than the family assembles, as it had done for years in the desert, for united prayer. This duty accomplished, they separate at once to their various quarters. People complain much of the Boers' houses, saying they are untidy, unfloored, and insufficiently lighted. It should be remembered, on the other hand, that the house is almost always the work of the owner's own hands. It has been put up under difficulties of a most exceptional nature, in a country but yesterday rescued from wild beasts and still wilder barbarians. Whether it be beside some beautiful stream, or standing upon a naked and desolate flat, or buried under steep hillsides in some lonely or almost inaccessible mountain kloof, it has been constructed without the assistance of skilled labour, and from rough materials found upon or near to its site. Beams do not grow in every direction ready cut and dressed to the builder's hand. Those

that the Boers have used have been procured at a cost of much labour and expense from very considerable distances. The difficulty in obtaining heavy timber has exercised an influence even over the shape of the farmers' houses, which cannot afford the luxuries of immense rooms and spreading roofs. In the same way window-frames, and glass to fill them, were for years almost entirely unobtainable by the settlers north of the Orange and Vaal rivers. Therefore the windows are in many houses small and few in number, resembling, more often than otherwise, shot-holes.

If one also considers that in a majority of instances, boards suitable for flooring, after being purchased far away in Natal or the Cape Colony, had then to be conveyed by waggons, at an immense expenditure of valuable time and labour, to the Boer's place, the poor people who have settled down and built their houses in a new land, within the last few years, may well be excused the heinous crime of living upon earthen floors hardened with ant-heaps. Everything that the Boer required of comfort or luxury had to be brought from a distance. Even now, most of the commodities consumed by him are imported, reaching his hands only through Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, or Port Natal, loaded with heavy duties and middleman's profits. Yet, with all these difficulties, observant persons can always see signs not only of progress, but of an active, living, and quick improvement amongst even the rudest of these unfortunate but brave and enterprising people. I have noted with satisfaction, on nearly every farm I have visited, that new and improved buildings follow rapidly on the completion of the first. Everywhere one may observe that older houses are being used as waggon-shelters, coach-houses, and tool-rooms; whilst the families, and especially the more recently married members, live in buildings of later date, much more carefully constructed and incomparably better furnished than the first had been. Frequently these improvements have followed so rapidly upon each other, that upon one farm may be seen five, six, and even seven dwelling-houses; while yet another is in course of construction for the occupation of some would-be "Benedict." Quite apart from the influences of the various South African

Governments, the same class of progress is everywhere visible,—just as much visible in the far Transvaal as along the north-western border of the Cape Colony, or in the nearer and more recently settled district called the "Middleveld" of the Orange Free State—a district whose progress has been accelerated by its nearness to the Diamond Fields.

There are hundreds of English farmers living away from the coast, whose houses are quite as open to reproach, on the grounds of clay floors and ugliness, as are the worst of those of the Boers. Yet *these* farmers had advantages the Boers never had. They had come prepared with money, brought from Europe, or perhaps earned on the Diamond Fields, to settle and set up houses for themselves. Their capital, much or little, was in their own hands, and could be laid out upon improvements. How different from the condition of the Boer! This man, with his family, surrounded by women and helpless little children, driving before him a few animals, then of no market value, but which he had to defend from hour to hour against watchful and ever-hostile enemies, having saved a remnant of his stock and his family from fever, thirst, war, and the desert, at length found a spot whereon he could make his home. He had to commence almost like another Adam. Yet in twenty-five years he had not only created a home, but a country, which was worth taking from him. This is what angers the Boers. It has been asserted that the country was insolvent—hopelessly broken and bankrupt. It has been proved that it owed a quarter of a million. The people, however, point to their 145,000 square miles of new territory, traversed in every direction by roads; adorned in a few places with churches, small towns, and rising villages; and sprinkled over, at distances of nine or ten miles apart, with the dwellings of faithful and persevering pioneers. They say:—

"The debt of which you accuse us bears no proportion to the work we have done—is nothing compared to the value of the wilderness we have reclaimed. Crime is unknown amongst us. We have jails, but they are comparatively empty, although convictions here bear a very large proportion to the reported criminality. We fled from you years ago—leave us in peace. We shall pay our debts easily

enough—your presence can but tend to increase them, and to drive us through fresh wanderings, through new years of bloodshed and misery, to seek homes whither you will no longer follow us. We conquered and peopled Natal; you reaped the fruits of that conquest. What have you done for that colony? Do you seek to do with our Transvaal as you have done with it,—to make our land a place of abomination, defiled with female slavery, reeking with paganism, and likely, as Natal is, only too soon to be red with blood?"[1]

It is with arguments such as these, urged by desperate men, those who have, in the name of England, annexed the Transvaal, will soon have to deal; and it is to prepare England and the English people for a ready comprehension of difficulties rapidly arising, that I have ventured, in plain and unmistakable language, to put the Boers' case—as Boers see it—before the nation.

The Dutch South Africans, as a people, have never been averse to religious or educational influences, though they have been accused of being hostile to both. Occasionally, however, one finds, by reference to the works of persons who cannot be accused of being prejudiced in their favour, little incidents that show their character in a very different and much brighter light than one would expect from unfriendly critics. The Rev. Mr Thomas, a Welshman, even so far back as 1858, spoke of them in the following way: "Although the coloured people are seldom allowed to enter the Dutch Church, still the masters build commodious places of worship for them, and even support missionaries who labour amongst them." He gives an instance of this, as seen by him at Victoria West, which was then, and still is, as much a piece of Boerland as if situated north of the Vaal River. He mentions that the Rev. Mr Leibrandt, whom he calls "the respected and much-beloved minister of the Dutch Reformed Church," had succeeded in erecting a large

[1] "Here, in Natal, are nearly 400,000 natives who have come in under shelter of the British Government to escape the tyranny of their own chiefs. They are allowed as much land as they want for their locations. They are polygamists, and treat their women as slaves, while they themselves idle, or do worse. There is little wonder that with such surroundings few English colonists think of Natal as a permanent home."—FROUDE.

and substantial chapel for the use of the natives—for whom the Dutch farmers supported a missionary. Again, we find that the services to the natives at all the mission stations were almost invariably in Dutch, proving sufficiently that it was the civilising influence of the Dutch and their language that had brought light first amongst the converts. In page 47 of his book, the same writer, after describing the Boers' conquest of Sechele, says :—

"Being taught by sad experience that the level country or open field would give his foe the advantage over him, Sechele had selected a most inaccessible spot upon which to build his new town. It was a high and very rocky hill in the midst of others; and to prevent the approach of the Dutch cavalry he had sunk holes around the foot of it. Since the breaking up of the mission at Kolobeng, six or seven years previously, a native teacher named 'Paul' had been left with Sechele. Not satisfied with a man of the same colour as himself, and despairing of getting another European missionary from the London Missionary Society, Sechele appealed to Pretorius, the President of the Transvaal Republic, for German missionaries, and obtained them. These missionaries were Hanoverians, and had been resident at Liteyana for some time before we passed through."

In addition to this incident, which shows the desire of the Dutch to extend honest Christian influences even amongst the unfriendly tribes, it has come within my own observation that much consideration has been shown to missionary interests in the Transvaal proper. At many places, the most noteworthy of which is Botsabelo, large establishments are maintained for the conversion of the heathen; and it is a matter of complaint amongst Englishmen, and persons engaged in trade, that too many facilities, and too many protections, and too much consideration, have been given by the Dutch Government to these institutions. It is a fact—and I wish here to draw especial attention to it—that the stations are permitted to import goods duty free, whereby they are enabled to undersell the storekeepers and shopkeepers of neighbouring villages. That trading forms a marked feature of some of the foreign mission stations in the Transvaal is simply undeniable truth. A couple of years ago I wanted saddles at Middleburg, which I could only obtain at my price, by the shopkeeper from whom I desired to purchase obtaining them from the missionary, who had imported them duty free.

In the matter of education, the Boers, notwithstanding the slanders of their enemies, can be proved to be eminently progressive. I have never known any other people whose children, of themselves, so earnestly sought for and so constantly desired to be placed within reach of modern culture. I have known English children shunning the schoolmaster as they would the plague, whilst little Boers were glad to avail themselves of every possibility of acquiring instruction. Their Church law and their domestic system both tend strongly in this direction; and it is want of opportunity, and not want of earnestness, that should be cited as an all-sufficient reason for the (to casual observer) apparent ignorance of too many families. I have known repeated instances where the children of even the poorer Boers, struggling for light and knowledge, complained, with justice and reason, to their parents of idleness and neglect on the part of the masters hired to teach them.

In connection with this subject, it is not a little interesting to remark the hold education has taken in the Orange Free State, essentially a Boer republic. Its grants for educational purposes are greater, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, and its allowances for teachers and schools of the normal and rudimentary type are more liberal, than those of any of our colonies. In every village, and in nearly every ward, schoolhouses have been built at an expense of from £300 to £400 each; and the provision for teachers is sufficient to enable them to live and marry in comfort and respectability.

In the district of the Great Middleveld, which a few years ago was but a trackless plain of limestone and sand, great and important changes have been effected through the loan by Government to the farmers of capital destined for an educational fund. This money was lent to proprietors, on mortgage (at from 6 to 12 per cent per annum), for purposes of permanent improvement. By it, dams in great numbers, and having an enormous collective capacity, have been constructed to retain the rainfall over a previously arid and desert country. The interest of the money so invested forms a permanent source of income for the Education Board.

Whether one looks to the Boers of Natal, where there are

still a few—to the Cape Colony, where they are the majority —or to the Free State and the Transvaal, in which they are predominant,—hearty praise and genuine admiration must be the result of an examination of their attempts at self-education. Children are not, by the Church law, admitted to Church membership by confirmation till they can show some progress in the knowledge of that which is the foundation of all true education—"religion and the truth of the Gospels." This Church regulation is capable of being made more stringent as years roll on and educational facilities become multiplied. I have thus no doubt whatever that these peasant proprietors will, ere long, place themselves on a level with, if not ahead of, races labouring under no such terrible disabilities as they have been subject to during their forty-four years of sorrowful journeyings in the wilderness.

I have said before that their character is deeply impressed by their long period of homeless flight. This is remarkable even in the names they have given to their settlements. Weenen, in Natal, means "the weeping;" Lydenberg, in the north-east of the Transvaal, is "the mountain of sorrow." The "trek" has set its mark even on their household ways. Hundreds of families, down to the present hour, have not abandoned the practice to which they were reduced in the wilds, of sleeping half dressed, ever ready to repel an enemy, or to protect their stock from wild beasts and prowling thieves. This habit, so easily accounted for, is abhorrent to the untravelled European, who, not finding in his own experience anything to justify such a departure from civilised custom, most uncharitably sets down these poor people as persons of dirty ways and uncleanly habits, because they are not as he is. I think it must have been many years after the Israelites made good their journey over the Jordan before they had regained the point at which the commencement of *their* great "trek" found them. An impartial historian, comparing the two peoples, would certainly be inclined to give a great deal of credit to the South African Dutch for their adherence to virtue, their fidelity to religion, and their steadfast clingings to old customs and old ways through long periods of contact with an ever-present barbarism, and of separation from every refining and conservative influence.

They have come victoriously out of a dreadful trial. Is it to be wondered at that now they cry aloud to England, saying, "Do not rob us of the freedom we have won through so much trial and agony?"

Amongst the influences which have been most potent in restraining the Dutch South Africans from being corrupted by the barbarism with which they were in almost continual contact, the chief was that of their wives. These devoted females have ever been more patriotic and more determined to be free than even their lords and masters. When the great "trek" commenced from the Cape Colony, the women took as prominent a part in the emigration as did the men. Families moved off together, old and young, male and female, with their waggons, horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and some little furniture. Thus a domestic character was given to the movement from its very initiation, which made it differ, in an immeasurable degree, from the pouring forth of hordes of young unmarried men that we witness nowadays. The proportions between the sexes maintained themselves throughout the whole of the journeyings of these people. Children grew up and were married, new families were formed, other children were born and grew up in their turn to be fathers, before the final settlement and consolidation of the Transvaal took place in 1858. Throughout the whole of this period—as girls, as mothers, and as grandmothers—the softer sex accompanied and shared in the perils, the labours, and the privations of the men. In Natal, in the earlier days, many of them performed acts of heroic courage—carrying the bullet-bags, replenishing the powder-flasks, removing the wounded, bringing water to the thirsty and food to the hungry, in many desperate and fatal engagements. True as wives, tender as nurses, earnest in prayer, and wise in council, these women not unnaturally gained a lofty influence amongst the migrating people. They have ever been, and still remain, entirely anti-English. Major Charters, R.A., speaking of them as he saw them in 1841, says:—

"The spirit of dislike to English sway was remarkably dominant amongst the women. Many of these who formerly had lived in affluence, but were now in comparative want, and subject to all the inconveniences

accompanying the insecure state in which they were existing,—having lost, moreover, their husbands and brothers by the savages,—still rejected with scorn the idea of returning to the Colony. If any of the men began to droop or lose courage, they urged them on to fresh exertions, and kept alive the spirit of resistance within them."

This feeling in favour of independence is as vivid to-day, and as truly a part of the character of the female Boer, as it ever has been. These women are thoroughly and entirely attached to their families—are strictly conservative, and would urge, and are prepared now to urge, that every sacrifice, including life and property, should be made for the furtherance of the desire of their people to be free from the original allegiance that was forced on them by the cession of the Cape Colony in 1806. I have heard them say that, "if the mothers and wives of England could be made aware of their losses, trials, and sorrows, and of their determination to expose themselves to fresh miseries and still greater evils rather than submit to a rule they detest, the sons and husbands of English homes would never have been sent to destroy theirs."

This feeling has, I am sorry to say, been recently added to and strengthened by a most uncalled-for and reckless attack upon the Dutch South African women, which appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century,' and is ascribed to an inexperienced *attaché* of Sir Theophilus Shepstone—one who knows about as little of the women he defamed as a Patagonian savage might.

This aversion to English rule must not, however, be supposed to include any personal hostility or want of hospitality to Englishmen. Captain Patterson, who was recently travelling with Mr Sargeaunt, junior, a son of William C. Sargeaunt, C.M.G., Crown Agent for the Colonies, and others for hunting purposes, through the north-eastern districts of the Transvaal, has repeatedly and publicly stated the extreme gratification he and his party felt at the kindness with which they were everywhere treated. A Scotch store-keeper also, who attempted to journey from Upper Caledon to Durban, with a trap and two horses, told me "that he was not only most kindly welcomed and made comfortable all along his road, but that he could not prevail upon his Boer entertainers to accept payment, even for the feeds supplied to his horses."

Of course, along the main routes of traffic, travellers cannot expect to meet with such liberality from the farmers whose houses are continually invaded by wanderers—chiefly poor Englishmen and other Europeans—who resemble in many important peculiarities the ubiquitous British tramp, so well known in casual wards and county prisons. The Boers have acquired a horror of this sort of representative of England's greatness. The fellows have been known, at lonely farmhouses, to force their unwelcome presence on the inhabitants with threats; and their appearance throughout the country has become a source of continual complainings and heart-burnings by reason of their depredations and levying of black-mail. But very different from the reception given to these vagrants is that accorded to people of any nation, travelling with decent equipages or on horseback. These, if they are commonly polite, and fall in with any degree of grace with the customs of the country, are invariably well treated, being admitted to the house, and freely offered what food and accommodation it can afford. I may here note one of the charges most frequently made against the Boers,—that they are unneighbourly, cannot live at peace with English farmers, and are always striving to shake themselves free from the ways and surroundings of civilisation whenever it approaches them. That this is not unnatural a glance at their cattle-farming arrangements will easily show. An Englishman has to live beside a Boer farm, instantly a danger arises that disease will be brought amongst the cattle. The Englishman swaps (chops) and exchanges, engages in transport-riding, obtains cattle he cares little how or where, and may at any moment be the cause of great loss to his neighbours by contaminating their herds with lung sickness and worse diseases. Disputes, therefore, constantly arise about boundaries, which would be of little or no importance if only Boers were neighbours to Boers, because the Dutch South African farmer's stock is always of his own, or of other clean and well-known raising. So fond, indeed, are the Boers of keeping the same stock in a family, that at their auctions, which invariably take place on the occurrence of a death, members of the deceased's

family will bid double the market value for the animals put up for sale rather than allow a clean herd to be broken up and scattered away from the original proprietary. Disputes about boundaries are quickly followed by the impounding of cattle—a source of grave irritation. I am sorry to say that English settlers have been known in a poor neighbourhood to live almost entirely from pound-fees and mileage, earned by continual and often very unnecessary intermeddling with their neighbours' herds.

This, with the insolent contempt for his neighbour's ways and habits too often manifested by the stranger, is the cause of many feuds and removals. The foreigner comes into a country which has been conquered by the energy and at the risk of other men. For a few pounds he finds ready to his hand a place cleared equally of wild beasts and fierce barbarians. He has no sympathy with the people amongst whom he comes to plant himself—no share in their sorrows, and no interest in their history. Is it to be wondered at that a mutual repulsion should exist between such opposites? There are often also to be found amongst our colonists men capable of any meanness, and who are only restrained from open robbery by fear of the law.

A circumstance which took place some years ago, and by which the English name was brought into great contempt amongst even a Kafir race, may not here be out of place.

A Basuto chief wanted a cannon, and had repeatedly asked an English trader located at his kraal whether one could not be made if he provided the materials. The trader knew nothing about cannon-founding, but having been a puddler, or some such thing, in his youth, he calculated how he could best outwit the man under whose protection and at whose place he was living. He told the chief that a brass cannon could be made; and to that end induced him to purchase no less than 12,000 lb. weight of expensive brass and copper wire, promising that by the time all the material would be collected, a brother of his from the Royal Arsenal in England would arrive to make the gun. The difficulty now was about the brother. One night, however, a half-starved vagrant crept up to the trader's hut, having slipped into Basutoland to be out of the way of the police. The instant

he hove in sight our friend rushed forward eagerly, exclaiming in English, "Don't speak for your life! throw your arms round my neck and pretend you are my long-lost brother." The warm greeting requested was instantly exchanged between the two rascals, and the new-comer was speedily hurried into the house, out of sight, where he was washed, dressed, and instructed in the part he had to play. The next day the chief, who of course had heard of the arrival, came down to inquire if this was not the cannon-founder? and was gratified by hearing that it was. An attempt was now made to commence the work. A large quantity of metal was actually fused, and a coarse casting made of what might, by a stretch of the imagination, be conceived to represent the rudimentary form of a cannon. With this success the Basutos were, of course, delighted.

The next part in the play was to get a last haul out of the chief before the confederates would decamp. He was sent for and told that a lathe with a bore of enormous size, some valuable finishing tools, and other things, were required to complete the work. These goods could be obtained in Natal, but only by white men, as an inquiry for them by Kafirs might arouse suspicion. The unsuspecting chief gave sixteen horses for this purchase. The thieves then pretended to remember that a portion of the breech—that containing the touch-hole—should have let into it a mass of solid silver to prevent its burning away too readily. Accordingly a collection of half-crowns and shillings was made, with which and the horses the confederates bolted, leaving their brass casting as a standing monument and perpetual reminder of their rascality. Other blackguardisms are often practised not only against Kafirs but against farmers. There are everywhere to be found men whose thefts, frauds, and daring robberies have rendered them almost universally known throughout South Africa.

Those who read newspaper "daily" reports will not find it difficult to guess who are pre-eminent in brutality. As I was travelling in June by post-cart from Pretoria, I heard from a fellow-passenger, Mr Jennings, a story of revolting cruelty, that has evoked, for hundreds of miles throughout Boerland, deep and widespread contempt for a people who

can be guilty of such crimes. There was not long ago a forge near Strydoms Spruit, a little river on the Pretoria road, where a white girl of good family was brutally ill-used by her brother, and compelled to labour as a blacksmith's help. This unfortunate creature eventually became mad, and has been seen tied up, hungry, to a willow-tree, while her screams pierced the air. Death, I have been told, subsequently released her from her sufferings. Such foul treatment of a woman, and that woman the fellow's sister, had never previously been heard of amongst the primitive, order-loving, mother-revering farmers. They could hardly conceive it possible that earth could shelter such a monster as this inhuman brother. I have been told that they have been additionally shocked since by seeing the same man or his brother—a leader of *ton*—received into governing circles, and placed amongst the new rulers of their land.

That the Boers have vices and strong prejudices I do not deny. Some of these give rise to comical incidents, showing at once their simplicity and their weakness.

I remember long ago, some farmers at Nacht-maal—the communion service of the Dutch Church—thronged into a store to make purchases after their usual fashion. One of them who had bought a box of tea, open, and out of which a few pounds had been taken as a sample, became enamoured of a fine bar of lead lying on the counter. With a rapidity which, nevertheless, did not escape the eyes of the store-keeper, he popped it into the tea-chest, which had been already weighed. When he was settling up, however, pretending to discover some defect in the weighing, the counter-man reweighed the case; and as he charged 4s. 4d. per lb. for tea, the Dutchman (who of course could not draw attention to the nine-pound bar he had thrust into it) had the pleasure of paying at that rate for the lead.

The principal evil amongst them seems to be their system of too early marriages. Young people are not unfrequently beginning life as married men and women at the period when an Englishman's apprenticeship more often commences. They take on themselves the cares of a family, and all the troubles of domestic life, at almost incredibly early ages, sometimes beginning the world with very scanty

means, and having to labour in much the same way as their fathers did during the original settlement, for many long years before they can gain any approximation to the comforts they enjoyed in the paternal homes. This early domesticity, no doubt, has in some directions excellent results, but it unfits many young men for war and border service, weakening terribly the available force of the farming population. Many of the girls are extremely pretty, and I have found beauties amongst the Boers quite as much in demand as amongst more favoured nations. I have known a young girl whose manners, self-possession, and education would have been creditable to the daughter of people of a far higher class in life. She could dress well and dance well, and was as virtuous and amiable as any young lady in Europe. She married among her own people; and I am not the least ashamed to say that many Europeans, including myself, seemed to have been very sorry for it. Many of the elder Boer ladies are not uncomely. Even in the wild neighbourhood of Lydenberg itself there are some to be seen bearing traces of beauty of no ordinary character, and whose lives are useful, adorning and cheering the homes of their husbands and children.

The men, as has been remarked by many previous writers, are splendid specimens of humanity—far over the middle height, powerful, robust, and inured to hardships and long travel; simple and temperate, they are the material of which, with proper care, a far-seeing man would essay to build up a nation. They are called parsimonious and mean, but for my part I feel inclined to commend them for frugality and thrift, rather than to despise them for their avoidance of luxury. They are essentially colonists and settlers. They look for no home outside South Africa; and in this, I am persuaded, consists their great excellence as a colonising people. A European entering into South Africa almost invariably directs all his exertions to the making of what he considers a sufficient sum with which to return to his old home: this too frequently leads him to acts of questionable morality. But South Africa is the home of the Boer. He is ever and always the domesticated South African settler; and therefore, as a rule, we find him a farmer and

a herdsman, a flockmaster or a minister of the Dutch Church —but seldom or never a storekeeper or a middleman.

In connection with these middlemen and their influence on political questions I shall have something to say when I deal with trade in a later chapter. In this, I have tried to confine myself to the Boers and their ways.

I have said before that the Dutch are, in religion, a narrow-minded people. This was exhibited in a peculiarly strange form, during the late war, in the Kruger's Post laager. In the little fort was an English storekeeper named Glynn, whose daughters had a piano, on which they would occasionally play "dance and other profane" music. This was a source of great annoyance to their pious neighbours, who in many respects resemble our own early Puritans. It was requested that the piano should be silenced, as the music might tempt the anger of Heaven, if persisted in, during a time of war and trial. If a girl in the laager (a defended encampment) were frivolous or light in her conduct, she was liable to be arrested and brought for trial before the fathers of the Church, from whom she might receive a severe caution, or even the punishment of removal. I have not heard, however, that this authority had to be at any time enforced against any of the young ladies, whose conduct in confined quarters and crowded barracks, exposed to many temptations during the war, was thoroughly and entirely creditable to their religious training.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST SECOCOENI WAR.

Secocoeni's people—Gold—The outbreak—Misunderstood piety—Mistaken impressions—A Bushman's stratagem.

SECOCOENI, chief of the Bapidi, the son of Sequati, as I have more fully explained in another chapter, occupies a very rugged and barbarous district in the far north-east of the Transvaal. This reserve, by treaty with Sequati his father, should be bounded on the south and south-east by the Steelport River, and would comprise the district (including the Lulu Mountains) confined in the angle between that stream and the Oliphants River, into which it flows. By the Boundary Treaty, armed men were prohibited from crossing the Steelport River, lest they should disturb relations on either side. Later on, the chief, following a policy not dissimilar to that which marked the course of the formation of other and greater Kafir nations, and especially of the Amandabele, sought, by receiving refugees under his protection, to increase his tribal power and territorial influence. In this way he added to his hereditary tribe a body of men who had quarrelled with the Amaswazi. The chief of these refugees—Umsoet—brought about 300 warriors with him. Besides these there came Mapolaners, Knobnose Kafirs, Cannibals, Mambeyers, and other small knots of men from broken tribes, or sections that had split off from greater tribes, having quarrelled with their supreme chief. Each of these fragments, seeking refuge with Secocoeni, marched in under the guidance of its own chiefs and headmen, under whose government their new protector permitted them to remain. He

gave them land and fixed them along the outposts, and in places where they could protect the more exposed portions of his own mountainous and difficult country. These gradually formed a chain of defence, extending from the Drakensberg along the hilly country by the Origstadt and Speckboom, past the south point of the Lulu to Mapoch, a chief whose strong position almost impinges upon the main road from Middleburg to Lydenberg. As the chief thus increased the number of his people, he was favoured in his project for extending his territory, by natural circumstances, which conspired to force back from the "treaty boundary line" the European farmers living closest to it. The border lands, which may generally be taken to mean the whole country between the main transport road—from Middleburg to Pretorius's Kop, *viâ* Pilgrim's Rest—and the Steelport River, consist of Bushveld, the habitat of fever of a malignant description, and are unhealthy during the greater part of the year, not only for stock but for men. In the valley of Origstadt, a town formed by the Boers was long since entirely abandoned by them—not in consequence of Kafir aggression, but because the settlers had been twice decimated by fever. There was no family resident in that valley into which death had not made its way. Some perished entirely. The same thing occurred along the whole border line, and the farmers tracked out to what is known as the Highveld—the great, bare, but healthy and excellent pasture-lands forming the plateau of the Transvaal proper. It is unnecessary for me here to go at great length into the distinction of Highveld and Bushveld. It is sufficient for the purpose of this narrative to state that northward and eastward from Lydenberg, Bushveld and Lowveld are convertible terms, and that the prevalence of sickness has hitherto caused hundreds of farmers, with their families, to quit the lower and more bushy country, and go to the higher, cooler, treeless regions which they had neglected to occupy on their first migration into the country. This enabled Secocoeni, without actual hostilities, to fill up with his new allies and dependants lands on the Transvaal side of the treaty line. The tribes or fragments of tribes to which he gave lands were invariably better fighting men than were his own sub-

jects; some of them were Zulus; all were poor, fierce, and contentious, and they swarmed, armed and insolent, over the ground which, by Sequati's treaty, they should not have intruded on. I must now state what seems to have been hitherto ignored,—that my own observations have led me to the conclusion that the Boers did not in any way covet the lands of the chief; neither did they object very much to the slight extension of territory gained by his system of harbouring refugees; all they seemed to have desired at any time was, that the savages on their borders, or living on and amongst their farms, should not steal, or make armed encroachments into the more settled portions of the country. Discoveries of gold, however, in 1871, brought into the neighbourhood, and especially into a location called Pilgrim's Rest, 36 miles from Lydenberg, numbers of adventurous miners. These men sought labour, and also desired to be permitted to extend their prospecting and mining operations over territories beyond the limit of Republican control; and the first hint that reached my ears of trouble with Secocoeni was when, in 1874, an English gentleman—the gold commissioner—irritated (justly or unjustly, it matters not which) by the conduct of his Kafir neighbours, got himself into a position of pronounced hostility against Secocoeni.

Of course there had been in previous years border troubles. Mapoch, living within the line, had been in arms against the farmers, but had been twice reduced to submission, and was now confined to his own mountain. Thefts had occurred; Umsoet and others had stolen cattle from the Boers; but with the Bapedi there had been peace from the time of the treaty with Sequati, Secocoeni's father, of whom I have spoken.

A new element now comes into the story. Some German missionaries having failed to convert to their views the chief and headmen of the Bapedi, left Secocoeni's country, flying by night from the vengeance of the king, and took refuge with their converts near certain Transvaal towns. The Rev. Mr Nachtigal subsequently established a very fine and flourishing station between Lydenberg and the Speckboom River. Lower down this stream, however, one Johannes settled himself in a strong position, where he built a

fortified village, whence he could either visit the mission station or steal cattle, whichever suited his disposition. Now, although the ground on which this man, who called himself a convert (because he and his people wore clothes, and were greater rogues than any other Kafirs in the vicinity), settled, was rocky and sterile, yet its possession was important, situated as it was amongst occupied farms, which were lawfully and entirely the property of the neighbouring farmers who visited this part of the country for purposes of timber-cutting and winter-pasturing. It is not to be expected that the Rev. Mr Nachtigal and the expelled missionaries bore any goodwill to the chief who had banished them from his territory, by whom their lives had been threatened, and themselves seriously injured in property and prospects. I am not going to say that in anything which afterwards occurred, the Rev. Mr Nachtigal, for whom I have much esteem, acted maliciously or from a desire to create ill-will and bloodshed; but it is to be feared that he, having suffered so much, not unnaturally was prone to exaggerate the hostile intentions of the Kafirs to his mission people, and to call out "War! war!" when there was no war. In the early part of 1876, Johannes's people began to be peculiarly obstructive to the farmers and mission station "volk," forbidding them to cut wood on the farm of Jankowitz, to which the Kafirs had not a shadow of right. From this small circumstance came the first war—a war for which Boer aggression is in no way responsible—a war which was perhaps unavoidable, but a war which, as I hope to show clearly, was not the result of an insatiate desire for lands on the part of the farmers, nor of a desire by any person to rob the Kafirs of their cattle; but which was deliberately provoked and brought about by Johannes's contempt of law, and fostered, I am sorry to say, by persons who had personal motives for believing the worst of the Kafirs, and who were not sorry that an opportunity should arise for weakening or breaking altogether the power of Secocoeni.

A wood-cutting party being turned back by Johannes's people, they complained to the magistrate. This man was a European, named Cooper. Under him there were no strictly Dutch officials, the public prosecutor being a German officer

from the British German Legion, and the sheriff and jailor Englishmen, or of English, not Dutch, descent. Mr Cooper very properly ordered the sheriff to protect the woodcutters, and to arrest and bring before him any persons molesting them. They subsequently returned with their waggon to the farm, close to Johannes' Stadt, where they proceeded to cut poles, and load them up for removal. Here they were again ordered by Johannes to desist, and were molested and threatened. The sheriff unfortunately failed to do his duty; and thus, for the first time, the Kafirs successfully defied the law. This was duly reported to the Executive in Pretoria as an act of rebellion.

From the time of this occurrence it began to be alleged that Johannes was acting under the orders of Secocoeni, that his intention was to provoke a quarrel, that the Bapedi had hostile intentions to the mission station and its people, and that war was inevitable. Kafirs employed on farms and in villages began to abscond, some stating that they had been sent for by their chief, while others left without giving notice. The foreign residents on the Gold Fields called loudly for protection, and by their action very much embarrassed the Republican authorities. On the Gold Fields, as elsewhere, there were to be found unscrupulous men, whose interest lay in fanning the flames of war. They may be briefly described as gun-runners and powder-sellers. They are a class not unknown in strictly British territory. Some of the miners, who had been prevented from prospecting in Secocoeni's territories, desired war, in order that that country might be thrown open to them. The mission Kafirs, fearing the king, spread the most alarming reports concerning his intentions; and whilst the executive power in Pretoria was engaged discussing the contempt of law committed by Johannes, a letter arrived from the Rev. Mr Nachtigal, stating that his mission station had been burned and mission Kafirs killed.

There is but one post weekly from Lydenberg to Pretoria; and although it turned out afterwards that Mr Nachtigal's report was unfounded—being the result of some panic rumour that had reached him at the last moment before the mail started—war was declared against the Kafirs. For

this war the Republic was unprepared. The President was entirely on the side of peace; but the news of the attack on the mission station, with the other reported lawlessnesses of the Kafirs, so excited the Raad, that Thomas Burgers, even against his own convictions, was forced into the field.

Of the war itself I need say little. Its history has reached the public distorted to such an extent by the bias of partisan writers, that I can have little hope that anything I may say will induce persons to view the circumstances connected with it in a way different from that in which they have hitherto viewed them. The public have been told that the Boers behaved in a most cowardly manner—that they fled from 'Thaba Mosegu in wild confusion to their homes, after having refused to advance against the enemy, or even to continue an assault already commenced. This I must say, —farmers are not under the same discipline in the field as drilled soldiers have to submit to. The war was not conducted according to farmers' methods of fighting. It seemed to them a vast meaningless promenade, undertaken at enormous expense, which kept themselves, their waggons, and cattle, from their homes at a most unseasonable period. They knew the country they were in; they were aware that if they remained a few weeks longer in its deadly and pestilential climate they would be almost certain to lose hundreds of horses, thousands of cattle, and many valuable lives, by irresistible fevers and dreadful desolating sicknesses. There was no more chance of holding them together than Charles Edward had in his attempted advance on London, in 1745, of keeping his Highland clans from retreat, when they had once resolved upon their return homewards.

The army was too large. Some had left their houses hurriedly, and wanted to go back to look after their children and stock. Self-interest, family ties, weariness of continual travel, fear of fever and horse-sickness—all these, combined with the most amiable motives, which in any other place but a battle-field would have been highly praiseworthy, dissolved the Commando.[1] The enemies of the Republic have since

[1] Commando, an unpaid force levied under border law, with the published consent of the Executive.

succeeded in inducing the world to fix upon it the stigma of cowardice.

But whatever may be said of the Boers' desertion from the field, they had already done the Kafirs much injury, and had effectually checked the cravings for war of a majority of the Basutos.

I intend to deal in another place with the story of Johannes's Kop, the Boers having in this instance been accused not only of cowardice, but of treachery to their allies. The circumstances, doubtless, still dwell in the remembrance of many. I shall only now say that I have good grounds for stating that a fine of £500, imposed by the Boer Government on Commandant Coetzee for alleged cowardice on that occasion, has been remitted by the English authorities, who are satisfied that the punishment and the imputation were alike undeserved.

A short story will illustrate the very feeble grounds on which some persons pretend to impute cowardice to others whose simple manners and religious training they are unable to appreciate.

On the march from Lydenberg to the ground to be occupied before Johannes' Stadt, a farmer and hotel-keeper was riding through the night on a small worthless pony beside a Boer. The way was dark, the ground broken and intricate. There was no road, and every bush or rock might swarm with enemies. A man might reasonably expect wounds or death at any moment. The Englishman heard the Boer praying to himself, or rather to God, as he rode along—praying that God would deliver him from the dangers of the fight, and give him strength and courage to do his best for the Commando. The Boer's simple habits of earnest piety had taught him no false shame; he felt nothing to be ashamed of in praying at a period of danger. This prayer did not stop his horse; he was still riding on to where they expected to meet the enemy.

My civilised friend mistook the man's feelings altogether, and said to him, "Change horses with me; my pony is good enough for you to ride home on. I shall make proper excuses, so that you shall not be blamed for your absence.

As you are afraid, why not go?" The poor Boer's reply was characteristic, at once of his faith, his simplicity, and his idea of duty, which, after all, is something higher than mere courage. "No, my friend," he said; "I have come, and I have got to go on, and do my best. I am afraid, but I will go on, and God will help me." The man, in my opinion, both then and on the next day, did his duty with honour and courage; but I cannot yet persuade my sceptical friend that this pious man was not a most horrible coward. So much for Johannes's affair.

If the President, Thomas Burgers, had known the Kafirs thoroughly, the ridiculous statements that got into circulation after his retreat from Secocoeni—to the effect that the Kafirs were victorious, and were now prepared, as the 'Scotsman's' correspondent of 4th December 1876 says, in their turn to invade the Transvaal—could never have got afloat. If the Boer Commando had been really unsuccessful in the estimation of their enemy, it would never have escaped without serious loss from the valley of Mosegu. The fact is, and was in reality then, but the President did not know it, that the natives looked on the Boers' return to their own country as the most natural and proper thing in the world. Secocoeni's town was in flames; he had seen an enemy clambering over his highest hills, burning and slaying within the stone walls of his favourite stronghold; and he considered their retreat from the fever, horse-sickness, and other disagreeables of his miserable and devastated country, a most reasonable, rational, and victorious proceeding.

Throughout the march from Secocoeni's hills to Kruger's Post, but one attempt was made—and that by but a small body of Kafirs—to molest the Commando. One man only was lost—shot dead in the President's waggon—in this so-called disgraceful flight. This phase of the question has been very clearly and accurately referred to in a letter, dated "Albemarle Hotel, 10th July 1878," written by the deputation from the Transvaal farmers, Messrs Kruger and Joubert, to her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, wherein I find the following words:—

"With respect to the third point—viz., the defencelessness of the country, the encroachments of the natives, and the failure of the war with Secocoeni—these, as well as the financial troubles, we are also prepared to a certain extent to admit, though we utterly reject the exaggeration with which they have been described, and the inferences of utter disorganisation and danger which have been drawn from them.

"We deny the inference which has been drawn from the failure to dislodge a chief from fastnesses, such as Secocoeni occupied, at the first attempt. He had been reduced to the greatest straits, and had sent to Pretoria to sue for peace, which, under the pressure of the circumstances in which the Government of the Republic found themselves, owing to the action of the British authorities in supporting the cause of the rebel chief, was ultimately agreed to upon the payment of a fine, which fine is now being enforced by the Administrator. It is utterly incorrect to say that there was any danger to be feared from Secocoeni, for it is well known that he never came beyond his own strongholds."

The Kafirs, far from being likely to invade the Transvaal, were in a condition of utter doubt and uncertainty for weeks after the great Commando had left the country, and the abandonment of the campaign by what is most unjustly termed the flight of the farmers, which occurred on the 2d of August 1876.

It was not until the 29th of September that the natives mustered courage sufficient to assume the aggressive against Fort Burgers, where, as I have told elsewhere, they failed to make any impression on the little garrison. From this latter date, as is well known, the initiative had always to be taken by the volunteers.

I knew a Bushman once, who, when in the Thornveld, far from his home, discovered that a lion intended to make a meal of him. The great brute met him in a jocose sort of way, at two or three points of his path, bounding on each occasion back into the bush, making his startled victim fully believe his time had come. When the lion had played this trick for a third and a fourth time, in much the same way as a cat might do with a cockroach, the path entered great reeds and tall grass. The Bushman, who still kept his wits about him, now determined to pay off his enemy in his own coin. Knowing the lion was in front of him, he dodged off to the right, under the wind, ascertained the whereabouts of the beast, and betook himself to a course of quiet watchfulness. The big cat, when he in his deep wisdom thought the man

should come along the path, found to his evident surprise that disappointment was in store for him. He put his head to the ground and roared with annoyance, when his eye caught sight of the Bushman peeping over some grass at him. Before he had quite made up his mind what to do, the poor little man was taking sights at him from another quarter, to which the lion of course at once directed all his attention. The Bushman now shook the reeds and showed in another place, when the powerful but suspicious animal, getting alarmed in his turn, began to think he was the hunted party. The brave little Bushman, who left no circumstance unnoticed, began to steal slowly but visibly towards his foe, who, falling into a state of utter doubt and trepidation, fairly bolted.

The Kafirs, after the retreat from Secocoeni's town, felt much as the lion did, and consequently were not dangerous to the Transvaal. The Boers, who are well aware of this fact, feel not unnaturally aggrieved at Lord Carnarvon being so easily persuaded to sanction an annexation, which was unfairly represented to him as necessary for their preservation.

In the beginning of August 1876, the President decided to contain Secocoeni within his own limits during the spring, summer, and autumn—that is, the then fast-approaching sickly season—by volunteer forces who would live in forts, stop the Kafirs from cultivating their lands, and prevent them making irruptions into the settled country. One of these forts was occupied almost entirely by Africanders, the other by men of European birth. The men who occupied these advanced positions were, by the enemies of the Republic, who now became noisy, repeatedly accused of committing atrocities, and of murdering captives and others in cold blood.

I am glad to be able to state that the British authorities, on taking possession of the Transvaal, after proper inquiry made from the enemy, as well as of the volunteers, have found no reason for believing those charges; and a distinguished officer of the Queen's army, General Sir A. T. Cunynghame, K.C.B., said, at a public banquet given in

his honour at Lydenberg, "The army which he represented was satisfied that the volunteers had done their duty with honour and courage."

In January 1877, Secocoeni sued for peace from the Republic, which was granted to him, after some demur, conditionally—on his confining his tribe within narrowed limits, and on his agreeing to pay a couple of thousand cattle as a war indemnity.

CHAPTER IV.

LYDENBERG VOLUNTEER CORPS.

The Fort—Scenes in Kafirland—Recruiting under difficulties—Our first fight—Foreign Enlistment Act—Kafir intelligence—Battle of Mount Moronè—A fatal fight—Fall of Von Schlieckmann—An ancient city—Skirmishing—Windvogel—Life amongst the L.V.C.—A night march—Kafir allies—Wild dogs—Stratagems of Kafir war—"The Gunn of Gunn"—A converted piper—Burnt alive.

I DO not think any work on the Transvaal would be complete without a sketch of the Lydenberg Volunteers, the first body of foreign troops ever employed by the Republic. Their origin was thus: When the Boer Commando determined on moving homewards, and had reached the Steelport River, about eighteen miles from Secocoeni's town, Captain von Schlieckmann, a young, handsome, and brave German, the favourite nephew of General Manteuffel, related to many Prussian notables, who had been decorated for Weissembourg with the Iron Cross, and had been *aide* to Count von Arnim, and who had attracted the President's attention by his reckless valour, proposed that he should raise a corps which with others should occupy the frontier, live in forts, and from them harass the enemy during the spring and summer, so as to prevent Secocoeni acquiring an undue stock of food with which to engage in a second campaign. This counsel was plainly good. It would not do to leave the border-line exposed to any raids Secocoeni might feel inclined to make. At the same time, the farmers could hardly be expected to remain on duty the whole season. It must always be remembered in favour of the farmers, that the country they inhabit is as large as France, and that they are thinly scattered over an immense area — so

thinly, indeed, that the average distance from farm to farm throughout the whole Transvaal is nine English miles. Each family requiring a protector and bread-winner, it was clearly necessary that some force must be hired to keep the field whilst the farmers went back to their proper avocations.

A very great difficulty now started up. If the forts were built far from Secocoeni, he would enlarge his boundaries, and be all the harder to watch; if, on the other hand, they were built close to Secocoeni's town, the loss of human and animal life during the coming sickly season must prove enormous. A sort of compromise was effected. It was settled that one fort, for which Africanders were to be recruited, was to be established on the comparatively healthy and open plateau west of the Lulu Mountains. A second was projected for the spot then occupied by the retreating army—viz., the confluence of the Speckboom and Steelport rivers, in the bushveld and fever country.

Von Schlieckmann volunteered, if properly supplied with "salted horses" and arms, to hold this most dangerous position. Rules were drawn up by which volunteers were bound to occupy the forts, and do their utmost to prevent the enemy from picking, ploughing, or sowing. Government, on its side, was to find for them 100 horses: rifles, ammunition, saddles, food, and £5 per month per man, and give each of them a farm of 4000 acres on the close of the war. These farms the volunteers should occupy and defend, by themselves or by approved substitutes, for a period of five years.

A few men were got together on the spot, and the Steelport fort, afterwards called Fort Burgers, was commenced,—a six-angled enclosure about thirty yards wide, having a ditch, drawbridge, parapet, and platform. This did not take long to build. From its easterly angles were run out two long curtain-walls, enclosing what is known as a "kraal" for cattle and horses. These curtain-walls were protected by the fire of the angles from whence they sprang. The kraal or cattle-enclosure had its own gateway and drawbridge. At the end of the kraal furthest from the angular fort was a sort of irregular redoubt, with a deep ditch and mud walls, defended by the thorns of the country laid along the para-

pet. The whole constituted the fort, which was situated on the edge of a flat overhanging a sharp bend of the Steelport, where this river, after flowing for miles between high mountains, turned and ran straight across the front of the position before bending again eastwards to its junction with the Speckboom.

For beauty the site could hardly be surpassed. West from the gate the view was splendid. In front over the river was a plain, dotted with mimosa and camel-thorn, here and there forming even a close bush. This plain was hemmed in by mountains—on the right by the spurs of the Lulu, and on the left by the towering height of Mount Moronè, along the base of which the Steelport ran. The plain narrowed backwards between the ranges into a valley or poort, which, as it receded from the fort, presented a gloomy and sometimes even terrific aspect. This was the Steel Poort, or pass. Through it,—winding in and out amongst rocks, under fearful precipices, past wild and gorgeous hollows rank with semi-tropical vegetation, through heavy clumps of thorny bush, and over naked rocky ridges, —ran a small footpath that led slowly upwards into a fertile valley, over which frowned the stronghold[1] of Umsoet, the most notorious and daring of the robber chiefs that fought for Secocoeni. To the north, and trending northwards twelve miles from the fort, spread the Lulu Mountains, a large portion of whose lower sides being clothed with bush presented a sombre aspect; but the upper portions of which, formed of crags and scarped walls of granite and porphyry, glittered grandly in the sun, affording in daylight a glorious and ever-changing spectacle, stretching out for miles to where the range ended abruptly near the Oliphants River.

Separated from this range by a sandy and thorny valley, down which ran the main road to the king's place, was Dwarsberg—a lofty mountain, presenting a vast buttress of red rock towards Fort Burgers. High on its rocky terraces eternally smoked the fires of the enemy's scouts, who, from their sheer elevation of 1700 feet, watched the fields and the fort below. To the east, vast piles of mountains cut the sky-line, ending far off in their parent mass, the

[1] Magnet Heights.

Drakensberg. South and south-east the view was more limited, being closed by some rising grounds, bushy, thorny, and barren, over which lay the road to Kruger's Post and home. On every side the fort was cut off from supplies, save those that might find their way through the devious defiles and dangerous passes of Oliphant's Poort and Krum Kloof (crooked glen). Wherever one looked—on the flats or down the valleys—nothing but dark thorns, large and small, met the view; wherever one turned his eyes higher, frowning mountains, wooded kloofs, stony gorges, or brilliant-red precipitous rocks were to be seen in endless variety. And on these rocky points, and deep in those wooded glens, fires and smokes constantly told of the presence of a wandering and watchful foe.

The fort being commenced, the great Commando continued its march, and as it has no more concern with us, I shall follow it no farther. Von Schlieckmann started for the Gold Fields to recruit. There he found a certain hostile element, which, encouraged by the mistaken action of the English Government in giving belligerent rights to Secocoeni, and in recognising him as an independent sovereign, had now determined to prevent volunteers from the Fields joining the Republic. This was simply madness. The Gold Fields were in the Transvaal, and subject to Transvaal laws. A more stupid piece of impolicy can hardly be conceived than that which, for political spite or personal antipathy, would refuse assistance to order against barbarism. Newspaper articles were written, meetings held, and resolutions passed, deciding that any man daring to volunteer for the fort should never be permitted to return to the Gold Fields,—much the same thing as if the French Huguenots, when first in England, resolved to cut off and expel from their society any refugee who might enter the British service; or as if the Germans resident in America during the civil war had resisted recruiting amongst them for Federal purposes.

In defiance of all this nonsense thirty-seven volunteers were mustered, and marched off to Fort Burgers, the road to which, as I have previously said, ran through desperate defiles and gloomy passes. At one of these places Mapethle,

one of Secocoeni's principal warriors, lay in wait for them. The path, after leading for a few miles over a bushy flat, skirting the vast mass of Mount Moronè, was here suddenly obstructed by, and forced to wheel round, three lofty, rocky hills, also clothed in bush—spurs of the great mountain. The way narrowed to a width of a few feet, and passed so close under the rocks that stones could be thrown from them far over it. On the other side of the road spread an almost impenetrable jungle, as far as the Speckboom, about four miles off. At this nasty place an ambush was laid, but the volunteers, although they had never before been under fire, rapidly dispersed the enemy, driving them up the rocks and out of effective range in a few moments. The men reached the fort some hours afterwards—weary, but safe.

In the meanwhile, Von Schlieckmann, remembering that he had friends on the Diamond Fields, wrote to the author to recruit a hundred men for him, and he at the same time sent an agent to pick up any Germans that might be found there. The Foreign Enlistment Act presented a few difficulties, but these were overcome by a little ingenuity, and a body of ninety men—very decent fellows—were soon got together at Christiana, the nearest town in the Transvaal to the British Territory of Griqualand West.

There a most extraordinary incident occurred, showing the wonderful speed and accuracy with which news is circulated amongst the Kafir races. On the 2d of October, Mr Best, the resident magistrate, was informed by Kafirs coming from the Harts River that, on the previous Friday, an attack had been made on Fort Burgers; that two great white chiefs had been killed, many cattle taken, and that the place was not only surrounded but in danger. This news was treated as an exaggerated rumour; but on the Saturday night following, the down mail from Pretoria brought tidings of its almost literal accuracy. An express had reached Pretoria—300 miles nearer to Steelport than we were—telling of an assault on Friday, September 29th, on Fort Burgers, in which Lieutenants Knapp and George Robus had been slain, and no less than forty-three head of cattle captured by a Kafir Commando under Umsoet. This express was ridden by Mr Thomas Crane, of the firm of

Paul Henwood & Co., in the sharpest time on record. He rode with the despatches, on one horse, from Lydenberg to Pretoria—a distance of 180 miles' measurement—in twenty-four hours; but, through *Kafir sources*, the information had headed him and the mail by hundreds of miles. The story of the attack of the 29th and its repulse—for it was bravely repulsed by the little garrison—may be very properly given here in the order of dates.

From the fort to the foot of Moronè stretches a sandy plain, dotted with trees, containing about 2500 acres. This, as it gets narrowed into the gorge between the river and the mountains, becomes broken, being intruded upon in every direction by foot-hills and water-courses. The fort cattle were grazing on this plain, just out of rifle-range, on the morning of the 29th, in charge of some Dutch volunteers. Suddenly sprang out from gully and kloof hundreds of swarthy warriors, who set to work, shouting and firing, whilst others drove the cattle up over the steep hills between the river and the mountain. The guard, surprised and outnumbered, fled at once. Reidel, a German artillery officer, who had been left in temporary charge of the garrison, at once ordered men in pursuit. He, however, it must be remarked, had a force of but thirty-seven in all. Of these a few misbehaved; but Knapp, Robus, Kuhneisen, and a so-called infantry officer, whose name in mercy I will not mention, with sixteen men, sallied out on foot. Their object was to intercept the cattle now being run off at a prodigious rate, and to secure the horses which had broken away from the Kafirs, and were stampeding about in all directions. After a run of a mile, Knapp, Robus, and Kuhneisen—Europeans—found themselves amongst the enemy near the cattle, and involved in the broken water-worn foot-hills of the beginning of the pass; but on looking back, Knapp saw that he was no longer followed by the cautious infantry lieutenant, who had taken himself to safer ground instead of following the brave men who rushed so fiercely into danger. Undauntedly Knapp pushed on, fired at from all sides, his gaze fixed on the cattle—his whole demeanour, as the Kafirs afterwards described it, like that of a man possessed—his eyes glaring with fury and excitement. He was still closely

followed by Robus, firing from a Winchester, and the gallant Kuhneisen. Suddenly the low banks of the ravine, up which they were rushing, swarmed on both sides with the enemy; others were in front. These quailing before the fiery aspect of Knapp, opened out, and let him pass through, while a shower of bullets and a forest of spears hurtled and plunged after him. He was never again seen alive. The natives say he rushed forward for a dozen yards, bristling with spears like a porcupine. Robus fell at this moment, shot through the stomach, and calling to Kuhneisen not to desert him. Now ensued an episode worthy of all honour. Alone, amongst a thousand enemies, Adolph Kuhneisen fought on, till the Kafirs, believing him to be a demon, shrank from his horrid vicinity. Then—still watched and occasionally fired at—he bore his comrade's body back to the foot of a rock by the river, brought him water, and stubbornly awaited death. But although the Kafirs often threatened him, they molested him no more.

Whether they feared that lonely grimy European, clad only in shirt and trousers, kneeling, rifle in hand, over the fallen man's body, or whether some gleam of mercy crossed their savage hearts, I know not; but they let him alone. Had they attacked him again, they would have had an easy triumph. He had come to his last cartridge, and his grim resolve was, on firing it, to stab his comrade through the heart and then slay himself, that they might both escape the fiendish tortures and mutilations that Kafirs delight to deal out to a foeman taken alive. He was spared this dreadful necessity,—the sounds of the fight died away, and an hour afterwards he bore the nearly lifeless body of poor Robus to the gate of the fort. Another young German[1] also distinguished himself on this occasion. About an hour after the first alarm he was seen returning with two muskets and a bundle of spears taken from the enemy, driving before him a cow which he had recaptured, having, in fact, made a sally on his own account.

While these events were in progress, from the other side, down from the krantzes (precipices) of Dwarsberg, and up from the valley of Secocoeni, rushed at least 2000 Kafirs,

[1] Haagman, now in the "Jagers," Prussia.

who now believed the fort an easy prey. But Reidel knew better: he brought his gun—a 4-lb. Krupp breech-loader—into action, and his deliberate fire soon tamed the impetuosity of the enemy. Wherever they massed—and sometimes they appeared within 500 yards—he dropped a shell. For a few hours they threatened a siege, but long before nightfall a mounted patrol was able to scour the country over a radius of three miles without finding any enemy. What the Kafir loss was in this, their first and last assault on Fort Burgers, I cannot say. Much or little, poor Knapp was worth them all. For Kuhneisen's bravery a rifle of honour was awarded him. I shall now go on with the story from where I dropped it.

Schlieckmann went by post-cart to Pretoria, and thence to the front; I followed with the volunteers. We were supplied with four waggons, six slaughter cattle, and a few hundred pounds weight of meal, sugar, and coffee for the journey to the capital. On the way the men behaved well, and the country people had no reason to complain. One fellow only had an adventure, which brought on him both ridicule and punishment. This man was fond of savoury food, and cared little for mess-beef. He accordingly pleaded recent rheumatism as an excuse for sleeping in farmhouses and out of camp at night. One evening—his first at this game—a terrible cry rang out from a Dutchman's coach-house: the guard dashed in, and were instantly informed by the malingerer that a dreadful snake had bitten him, and even now he could hear it "*hiss*." A light, soon struck, discovered a different state of facts. He wanted to steal fowls, but had not remarked a lonely goose amongst them. On his stretching out his hand to grab a hen, the watchful goose had hissed fiercely, and struck him with her bill on his bare arm; hence, from the sudden "hiss and blow," he believed he had waked up a puff-adder.

It is needless to say he slept in camp ever afterwards.

Were I now inclined, I might, after the manner of book-makers, fill pages with useless and uninteresting details of how we rode on, at what hours we inspanned (yoked in the bullocks), and trekked through that spruit (brook), and past

such and such farms; but this is certainly not my intention. In due time we reached Clarksdorp—a paltry village on the edge of the country comprised in the Keate award, of which more elsewhere. At Potchefstroom—the oldest and most respectable town in the country—we played cricket, and were soundly beaten by the English and Dutch youths. There a political enthusiast asked us to accept a fine copy of the British flag, so that we might march to glory under its honoured folds. This would have been treacherous to the people we came to help, so the offer had to be declined, with thanks. Everywhere we were treated with courtesy, even by those who were from conviction opposed to our mission. At the end of October we reached the capital, which is well enough known, from Mr Anthony Trollope's description of its unfinished and sardine-box-strewn appearance, to need no words from me in its praise. On arriving, however, an unpleasant incident occurred. Some young fellows who went there to join us had misbehaved *en route* and in the town, and by their conduct the character of the corps might be injured. At a general parade in the market square the delinquents were cautioned—two of them summarily dismissed the ranks—and others awarded various punishments. This had a good effect on the inhabitants, many of whom are English, and who now felt assured that the corps would be creditably led, and conducted so as to be a security, instead of, as they had been led to expect, a danger to law and order.

The President himself superintended the arming of the corps with Westley-Richards's breech-loading carbines of the triangle pattern—a splendid weapon—then and now very deservedly an almost universal favourite with the Boers. He gave us nine waggons, loaded with ammunition, food, and necessaries, and bade us God-speed in a few affecting words, in which he laid great stress on the fact that we were "Christians and subjects, as well as soldiers, and that our conduct must be marked by humanity, lest, afterwards, savages might say we were like unto them." On this subject he was most emphatic; and I am glad to say that, although I have vaguely heard of atrocities being committed by irresponsible individuals, I can appeal to every

European, be he merchant or missionary, in the Transvaal, to prove that they never heard of any act of cruelty or oppression attributable to the force under my command. The Government had failed to secure the troop-horses promised us, so we left Pretoria without them. The treasury at the time was nearly empty. I had to pay two men, and make some advances; but all Government could contribute to the military chest was £25 in small silver, which I took, and was grateful for.

On the 12th of November the corps reached Lydenberg, the capital of the north-east. Here it was again joined by Von Schlieckmann, who had in the meantime visited the fort and restored confidence and order, sadly impaired through his absence. The inhabitants of this town, as we had been informed, were hostile to the President, and looked with aversion on his new supporters. Notwithstanding this, we fraternised amicably, and by the time we left, the Lydenberg Volunteer Corps was as popular with the townspeople as one could wish. On the 13th we reached Kruger's Post, the residence of the Glynns and Erasmuses, where the Boers of the Origstadt ward lay in laager. This laager was simply a stone enclosure, bastioned and loopholed, situate on a running stream and in the middle of a flat, across which surprise ought to have been impossible. In the night we were awakened by the call to arms, but it proved to be occasioned by the return of twenty-four Boers, with one hundred allied natives, who had just made a very successful onfall on Maripi—a treacherous Kafir chief living below the Berg at Hellpoort. In the fight the farmers had lost one white man and two Kafirs. So far as I know of the affair, it was a perfectly justifiable, plucky, and successful raid. The leader—Mr Erasmus, born in Natal—is now a British field-cornet for the ward in which he then held office for the Republic.

In the early morning, preceded by thirty-six horsemen (forty-three horses had at length reached us), the infantry, fifty in number, marching with the waggon-train, we started into the enemy's country. We were accompanied by a Mapolander named Windvogel, or the Windbird, from his extraordinary speed and endurance. This generous, truth-

ful, and brave savage had suffered terribly by the enemy. His wives and children were slain by Johannes's "volk" early in the war—the breasts of one of the women having been cut off by the murderous wretches while she was still alive. This horrid act was, through a misconception, or a misprint, by one of the colonial papers, attributed to the Boer's Swazi allies; though it was really the work of our enemies, and the means through which we obtained the faithful services of Windvogel and his followers. We had also with us a prisoner named Kameel—a Knobnose Kafir—whose after-alleged treachery cost the life of the gallant Von Schlieckmann.

From Kruger's Post the road to the fort lay up a narrow valley, from which, after an ascent of 150 feet, it stretched out on to a grassy plain, eight miles wide, called De Beers Hoogte or height. On the left of this—we were now going north-west—could be plainly seen the Waterfall Mountains, Johannes's Kop, and the ridges that terminate in the cañon of the Speckboom, which flanked our course till it turned abruptly across it, at the mouth of the pass by which we should descend into the lowlands. The first water was at the bottom of a steep, rocky, but heavily bush-grown gorge, fourteen miles from our starting-point. Near this we slept, guarded and watchful. Morning found us ready to attempt the pass, which through a scene of gloom narrowed before us. The cavalry went ahead; infantry worked along the high ridges of mountain that overhung the road on both sides; whilst the waggons, now nearly worn out by their long journey, toiled along the bottom. At twelve in the day, a scout on the hills within 500 feet of the waggon-track shot a bull koodoo (a large long-horned antelope). Many other varieties of game were seen; and our spies informed us that, in a gorge three miles to the left of our path, a kraal of cannibals had been sighted. These cannibals have since been converted—or slain.

Just as the last waggon was within two miles of the mouth of the pass a wheel broke down utterly, and as the main body had to encamp on the river, I was left with twenty-four men to guard the wreck. This was my first real duty in Kafirland. I got the men into a safe place,

where, lying four yards apart, in a sort of hollow square, they passed the night; alternate men being kept awake in spells of two hours. Had the enemy scented the broken waggon and tried to loot it, half a hundred of them must have been shot before they could have broached cargo. In the morning, no alarm having occurred, the broken waggon's freight was transferred to the others, and with a lessened train we pursued our course.

From this place to the fort is only sixteen miles, yet we had to travel all through the day and the whole of the next night to reach it, in consequence of the hilly and broken nature of the road past the three kopjies (little hills) before mentioned, and round the base of Mount Moronè. On reaching, at sunrise, the slopes above our home, the guns saluted the new company. The journey was at length happily concluded, amidst the rejoicing of those we had come to relieve.

At 2 P.M. I was called to tiffin, where I met James Edward Ashton, acting surgeon to the force, and the other officers, the principal of whom was the lieutenant before alluded to as a failure. He had very martial moustaches, and was apparently clever and well bred. Of the surgeon I cannot speak too highly. He was the most amiable little fellow imaginable, from somewhere near Warrington in Lancashire. Everybody loved him, and deservedly so, for his attention to his sick, as well as his bearing in action, were alike admirable. He was, moreover, a combatant officer, and in the field did duty as an extra aide-de-camp, until some poor fellow with a bullet in his body wanted his services. After tiffin the captain ordered me to fall in the men in silence at 10 P.M.; cavalry to stand to their horses, all duly armed and equipped.

I then went on the rampart to view the country. Two columns of smoke—one from a point high on the Red Krantz of Dwarsberg to the north, and one west of the fort between Mount Moronè and the river—attracted my attention. I was told these came from the enemy's fires; and it was perfectly true. At the fire on the hill by the river, the forms of Kafirs could be perceived by the aid of the glass; the other lot were too far off for me to distinguish them, even in that splendid translucent atmosphere. The reason of their

being allowed so near was simply because Captain Reidel was on leave, and the other artillerists were not up to much. With me, from Pretoria, was a Captain von Spandau, of the Royal Dutch Artillery, who came up for a commission with the highest possible testimonials from his honour the President. He was asked to try his hand with the Krupp, and, assisted by Bombardier Atkinson, an English midshipman who had served in the Euryalus, he soon got a gun out and pointed. They made the range 4800 yards, and at the first shot the shell was plumped on the fire, scattering it in all directions. We never again saw enemy's smoke within three miles of the fort.

At 10 P.M. the men were got under arms, were inspected, and turned in again; but Von Schlieckmann told me to turn out without lights, bugle, or noise of any kind, at 2 A.M. He had information that a large number of cattle were in a kloof seven miles down the valley; and he meant to surprise the village, and take all the beasts he could get. He did not expect serious resistance; the enemy would be surprised. He told me later on, to keep thirty-eight men for garrison, and give him all the cavalry that could be spared. The information on which he was acting he had received from Kameel, whom he had pardoned for some past offences, and meant to use as guide. Punctually to the hour appointed, the men for the expedition formed outside on the parade-ground. No light was seen or sound heard. The roll was called in whispers, and all were ready, when, with a dreadful scream, a man fell forward on his face in an epileptic fit. This was afterwards looked on as an evil omen. Ashton came into the fort with the sick man, and the troops vanished into the bushes. Although the night was still, and the river within a hundred yards, the sentries on post never heard the expedition crossing the river. This I mention as an example of the silence that must attend night movements in Kafirland. Not a chain must jingle, or a word be heard; and a man who would so far forget himself as to light a match or speak should be fearfully punished. When the expedition was well gone, and the fort drawbridges up, Ashton demanded to be let out. He had been in with the sick man, and must now rejoin Von Schlieckmann. No per-

suasion would induce him to stay. He fairly leaped his horse over the sally-port ditch, and rode after his doomed friend. The rest of the night passed off quietly. I remained for hours on the rampart; but morning broke, and the world waked up without sound or sight of conflict, or its African accompaniment—conflagration—being detected.

At half-past ten I was asleep, and was awoke to be informed that three horsemen were riding furiously towards the fort. The gate was ordered to be opened, and in a few minutes Otto von Steitencron, with Kuhneisen and another orderly, came in with the sad news that Von Schlieckmann and six men were shot, and the whole force scattered—part being mewed up with the wounded at some water near the mouth of Mahera's Kloof; that the captain had called for me, and they had ridden in for stretchers, food, and help. A relief-party was at once organised of twenty-eight men, carrying stretchers, brandy, and bandages. In advance of them, accompanied by the orderlies, I rode off to the scene of the disaster, which was at a great kloof in the Dwarsberg, down the valley on the right of the road leading to Secocoeni's.

Crossing the river by the same ford used by the expedition on the previous night, we had ridden not more than two miles when we met some cavalry returning with wounded men lying across their horses.

During the next mile we came across our Kafirs driving before them in triumph a few wretched goats, the capture of which had cost the lives and wrecked the hopes of so many. In another quarter of an hour we came out upon an immense cultivated flat, terminating to the right in a long, dark, and winding gorge, black with bush, and skirted by huge precipices of sandstone and granite. Into this we turned, following a Kafir path marked with tracks made during the night and morning by bodies of our own men. When we had got fairly within the kloof, we entered a bush of about ten acres, in the centre of which, a burnt village, with other sinister appearances, marked Von Schlieckmann's course. From this we emerged on another bare tract, from which again we passed into a similar but smaller bush, also shrouding burned huts. Here marks of recent fighting were plainly visible. By this time the precipices on both sides seemed

to close and frown most threateningly on our way, and the voices of Kafirs shouting and calling to each other, to be heard.

Riding out on the edge of a small stream, we now expected, being in sight of the last kraal — the only one unburnt — and within about a thousand feet of the end of the gorge, to come across some trace of the infantry and wounded. From the left, a Kafir called to us in Dutch, "Come a little farther till we kill you as we killed the other white men." Being but three together, the invitation was, of course, unheeded. We were within easy range, and did not require to get closer.

To attract the attention of our friends, wherever they might be hid away, we now fired our rifles in an order usually used for signalling. No response came, except the howling and challenging of Kafirs from the neighbouring rocks. The signalling by shots was repeated several times.

For an hour we wandered about from left to right, looking for the spoor, or some traces of the whereabouts of the main body. It was not until the arrival of the relief-party that we discovered a path to the extreme right—in fact, actually on the hillside—a short cut to the fort. The surface showing numerous boot-marks, proved it to have been used for the retreat. The dodging about of three white men right in the Kafir front had, however, not been without its effect. The Kafirs could neither make head nor tail of it, and were, by the mysterious movements, deterred from harassing the column retreating with the wounded which, we learned afterwards, had left the ground on the one hand, only a moment before we appeared on the other. Another accident contributed to our safety. The men with the stretchers had laid their rifles and canteens on them, for convenience in carrying, and the sun, blazing and glittering on the weapons thus borne, had misled the Kafirs, who believed the troops were carrying some new kind of cannon, or dreadful instruments of warfare, to a convenient spot for recommencing the action, of which the smoke still hung round the trees and bushes.

Our finally wheeling on to the right-hand path, where our movements were completely concealed by bush, confused

them still more. They could gain no clue to our intentions. This uncertainty of theirs undoubtedly prevented a renewal of the conflict, in which we must have suffered severely. After remaining in position long enough to ascertain that no attempt would be made to molest our return to the fort, we started, in Indian file, for home,—bearers and stretchers to the front, footmen next, officer and the two orderlies behind. In this order we again reached the Steelport River, to be met by the saddening intelligence that our brave commander was dead. The history of his disaster I shall briefly narrate. It is instructive, showing, as it does, that reckless courage and dauntless valour are useless amidst the rocks and stones of a Kafir nest.

A Private's Story.

"We left the fort at half-past two on the morning of Friday, 17th November 1876. At the sandy drift of the river the first mistake was made. The infantry lieutenant, who ought to have known better, hurried the men over the ford, without halting them to take off their shoes and stockings, which of course got wet and filled with sand. This made the subsequent march uncomfortable, and in some instances resulted in men being lamed for days. Kameel, who was acting as guide, led us round and round in the dark through all sorts of thick and thorny places, as it seemed to me, for endless hours; and we were halted five or six times to recover the road, which he pretended he had lost. The sun was very high before we came to a position in sight of the mouth of the kloof, which, had we been properly guided, we might have easily attained in two hours' smart walking. We must have marched at least twenty miles that night.

"The infantry were completely done up by this thirsty and toilsome march, succeeding so quickly as it did on the journey from the Diamond Fields, the effects of which they had not yet ceased to feel. The sun, shining with unclouded brilliancy on the unfortunate and weary men, added to their discomfort.

"At this moment Von Schlieckmann believed that his advance was still undiscovered. He was determined to do something, and after a short rest, sent in a few spies to view the enemy's position, and ascertain if there were cattle before us. Half an hour afterwards—two spies having come back—dismounting some of the cavalry, he advanced up the bottom of a gully running through the glen towards the enemy's position. The stillness was profound. Even the birds had left off twittering, in evident surprise at the strangeness of the intrusion of the filibusters and their horses on the scene. The infantry were directed to keep along the right-hand walls of the kloof, where, sheltered by overhanging bush, they might be in a position to be of use in the coming conflict.

"Turning an angle of the gully, the captain came in sight of the first village. To reach this he must cross a couple of acres of open ground. As he sprang upon the bank a rifle was discharged by accident, and a shrill and terribly prolonged scream rang out at once from an elevated point of rock on the right-hand escarpment of the mountain. This was instantly followed by the horn-blowing and drum-beating of the enemy's vedettes. Schlieckmann rushed to the village, which he found deserted. He sent orders for the remainder of the men to follow him, and dashed across the next open space at another village. A hot fire now broke out on all sides,—from both flanks, and from the front—from every cave, and terrace, and rock that could shelter a marksman,—a fire which never ceased rolling, pealing, and eddying till the final catastrophe took place, and the wounded were borne out of its influence.

"Halting for a moment at the second village, which was also untenanted, Schlieckmann sent six men and an officer to the left, up the rocks, to check the enemy's fire in that direction, and again sent orders for the infantry to be brought into action. The gentleman in command of them, however, who was now in a very wavering state of mind, fell back a few hundred yards, instead of going to the relief of his commander. Some of the men, indignant at this, broke from the ranks and rushed to the front. A few privates also detached themselves from the reserve of cavalry left with the horses,

and pushed forward to join their leader, under a withering and rapidly increasing fire.

"About a dozen and a half reached the captain, who dashed at the third kraal—a high edifice of stakes and rails defended by thorn-bushes and surrounded by a ditch. Here a couple of men fell. On reaching the gate it was discovered to be blocked with two trees, the branches pointed outwards, and the trunks lying inside the enclosure. Volunteers were called for to leap the hedge and pull away the obstruction. Shepherd and Gilbert—Englishmen—at once sprang over; and as they pulled in the huge trees, giving passage to their comrades, both fell seriously wounded. With a rush, however, the village was mastered. The end of the defile had now to be won. Schlieckmann, closely followed by two Americans—Woodford and Martin—with Dr Ashton, Kuhneisen, Wearne, Ribas, and Bayley, prepared for this last attempt. Behind some huge rocks in their front fought the best shots of all Kafirland. Schlieckmann lighted a cigarette, drew his sword, and sprang on a rock, calling, 'Lydenberg Volunteers, follow me! Come on! don't let your bravest men fall here alone!' A rush was made from the rear, but the wave had only reached the gallant leader's post, when he fell back mortally wounded. Wearne had fallen a moment before. The enemy still shot on; and it was with difficulty the bodies of the fallen were dragged by Ashton and others out of the fire to a bank by the stream-bed, where water could be obtained. By this time the whole kloof was black with smoke from the musket-fire and the burning villages. The enemy were heard yelling to each other to fly, when a stalwart Kafir—'Tsikiki—appeared on a rocky eminence on the right attack, and loudly called upon his followers, as well as the demoralised warriors of Mahera, who were falling back in all directions, to charge with their assegais (javelins) and end the conflict. 'Tsikiki was followed by the tribes of the Red Krantz. This added fresh and formidable numbers to the enemy's ranks at the turning-point of the fight. Mr George Eckersley, in the meantime, who had gone in command of the spies, had penetrated to the caves beyond the last village and made a dash for the cattle, which, all through the fight, were heard

lowing and bellowing as they were hurried towards other places of safety. Amidst the farthest rocks, by a waterfall, he found that some cattle and goats were actually tied by the legs to serve as a lure to bring the volunteers under the enemy's fire. A number of these were hastily cut loose by Eckersley and his followers, and driven down to where the main conflict was raging.

"But Eckersley reached the scene only to find the captain and a number of men shot, and that nothing was to be gained by continuing the fight. Then the retreat commenced. Some of the cavalry, on gaining their horses, hurried away with the more slightly wounded men. The men in rear—hastily reorganised by Woodford and others—made stretchers with their rifles and blankets, and commenced to carry out the wounded. After half an hour, and fired at all the time, they reached once more the mouth of that fatal glen.

"Here they were joined by Von Steitencron, who had been sent, as I have before mentioned, with a party of six to guard the left. One of this party—Davis, a Dublin Jew—had also been wounded. From this spot, at Von Schlieckmann's earnest request, Von Steitencron and the orderlies were detached to the fort to call me. After Ashton, in a short halt, had attended to the more immediate wants of the wounded, as the enemy threatened to occupy the bush between them and the fort, the line of march was resumed. The wounded suffered fearfully from thirst—the poor captain's tortures being almost indescribable. At half-past three the sad procession reached a rising ground from whence the fort could be seen. Von Schlieckmann, whose life was now ebbing rapidly away, pulled Ashton's head down towards him, saying, 'Little doctor, tell the President I was faithful to the last.' In another moment he was a corpse. It was wonderful how this hardy soul had struggled so long against death. The bullet with which he was hit must have weighed a quarter of a pound; and discharged, as it was, from a distance of but three or four yards, had carried away the right lobe of the liver, and smashed through the back, tearing off projecting portions of the backbone."

Such was the fight at Mahera's Kloof, described in the *ipsissima verba* of an eyewitness, one of those who were with the captain from first to last.

The volunteers had, except from nine to two on the previous night, been on foot and without sleep for twenty-four hours.

They had suffered horribly from thirst, were footsore and weary, and might have lost terribly had they been attacked in the bush on the retreat; their salvation from which I can only, as I have said before, attribute to what the Kafirs thought the mysterious movement of the relief-party which I had, almost accidentally, interposed in rear of the beaten column. Amongst the fallen men was William Wearne, also shot through the stomach, who died next day. The dead were buried with every honour on Sunday, the 19th. The wounded were lodged in the officers' quarters, which were converted into a temporary hospital. Half of the captured goats were given to Windvogel; and when the dead were disposed of, and the wounded placed in comfort, I set to work to examine and reorganise my command, which shortly afterwards stood as follows:—

Commandant—Alfred Aylward; *Lieutenants*—T. L. White, P. Bayley, Geo. Eckersley, Otto von Steitencron; *Artillery Captain*—Otto Reidel; *Medical Officer*—Edward Ashton; men, 108; horses, 66.

I found matters in anything but a satisfactory condition. The main magazine was in a cellar under the officers' quarters, in the centre of the narrow redoubt I have previously described. In each of the interior angles reed-houses had been built, behind which the fireplaces of their inhabitants had been most foolishly fixed. In fact, the fort was a slumbering volcano. During the absence of Von Schlieckmann on the recruiting service great hardships had been suffered by Reidel's small garrison, thirty of whom had given their statutable month's notice as wishing to resign.

The infantry lieutenant, really the senior officer of the fort, expected to succeed to the dead captain. Von Spandau, the Dutch artillerist, seemed also inclined to claim admission of his superior rank. Some Germans and Frenchmen were likely to mutiny; they had come to serve Von Schlieckmann

and him only. I, however, considered myself to be the man for the situation, who alone possessed the confidence of the Transvaal Executive and of my dead commander. I therefore removed the mutinous, gave leave of absence to the ambitious, and despatched as special messengers, anywhere and everywhere, those whose presence might lead to complications; and having placed a guard of my own private followers on the cannon and magazines, proceeded to enforce obedience. With the precautions I had taken this was an easy matter.

In order that the President might be properly informed as to the position of affairs, three messengers reached him,—one, the infantry lieutenant, who could give his own account of matters; another, Schlieckmann's secretary, a German gentleman of repute named Wendlestadt, who had previously held an important mercantile position in Port Elizabeth. To these was added Adolph Kuhneisen, the dead officer's orderly, with whom my acquaintance was but a few hours old, but who had ridden beside me with the relief into the fatal valley of Mahera. On this man's probity all our hopes rested. He was despatched with the simple instruction to tell the truth, which he promised to do, and which I believe he did.

When the fort was reduced to order, and the discontented got rid of, we had to prepare for the advent of the deadly and pestilential summer. By the 1st of December, of sixty horses that had reached us, twenty-two were already dead of horse-sickness; a few had been stung by the fly in Oliphant's Poortnek—these had also died. Some recruits were coming, under Mr White, with thirty more horses, but they were as yet nearer to Pretoria than to Secocoeni. There was not a truthful or reliable guide to be had for love or money. We could not even guess who were our enemies or who were our allies from amongst the tribes that swarmed on all sides of us.

Our communications with the rear lay through dangerous and dark defiles, liable to be cut at any moment by an enterprising enemy; in fact, at that very time there was lying unburied in the gloomiest part of Oliphant's Poort the body of an American, named Doane, who had been barbarously

murdered, and afterwards abominably mutilated, while carrying the post with Corporal Kettner a few weeks before. But the corps was still hopeful and faithful, and buckled to its work—the occupation of an exposed and unhealthy position—with commendable alacrity.

A week after Von Schlieckmann's death we started, nearly 100 strong, to avenge him. After a toilsome march we reached, unnoticed, the mountains on the right-hand side of the kloof. By daylight we had gained their summit, and established ourselves over the steep precipice from which the enemy had fired so well on the 17th. But to our astonishment nothing stirred in the gorge below. We waited like eagles on a rock till nearly noon, scanning and searching with field-glasses and with our naked eyes the gorge below; but the place had been completely evacuated, and we had to retrace our toilsome way down the mountain after a fruitless and fatiguing journey.

This, as we learned afterwards, is a usual thing with the Kafirs; had we returned in a month's time, we should have found the place once more alive with the enemy. It was afterwards stated, and, I believe, on good authority, that, on the day of Schlieckmann's attack, the enemy were prepared for him, and had close on 800 men, fairly well armed, and thoroughly well posted, ready to receive him.

Here it is necessary to remember that these men were not Basutos, but Knobnose and other hunter tribes, which, with renegade Swazis, were the only enemy the Lydenberg Volunteer Corps ever found opposed to them. The Basutos, as is stated, may be cowards. The Lydenberg Volunteers, for their part, have never met Basutos; for they have invariably found their enemies brave enough.

The men's time was now occupied building huts, digging magazines outside the fort, and excavating a chamber which could be used either as a store-room or as a prison. In this work a singular fact was revealed: the mound on which the fort rested had been the burial-place of some ancient race; the spade everywhere encountered the remains of human bodies, while broken pots, and urns of ancient earthenware, were turned up continually. Who or what this ancient people was, of whose bones we built our fort, has not since

been ascertained. The remains of old furnaces, and indications that copper-mining and other enterprises had been carried on, at some distant date, by a people more civilised than the Kafirs, were frequently met with. No doubt, in years to come, scientific research and regular exploration will bring to light interesting relics of the lost race on whose graves we were treading. Some of us were of opinion that the plain at the mouth of the Steelport pass had been at one time the site of a large and populous city.

However, to return to my story. On the 15th December, the Landdrost of Lydenberg arrived, bringing with him the President's commission appointing me commandant—a fact that was speedily proclaimed on a general parade outside the fort, evidently to the great annoyance of the dwellers in the neighbouring mountains, who, thinking the unusual scene foreboded an immediate attack, lit up huge signal-fires, and alarmed the country in all directions. Arrangements were made by which I should meet Landdrost Roth monthly in Lydenberg to receive verbal instructions and settle accounts. This afterwards proved inconvenient, it being used as a handle by the enemies of the corps for misrepresenting the purport of our visits. In fact, they once put in the papers a statement to the effect that we spent our time going to Lydenberg once a-month on the spree.

On the occasion of Mr Roth's return, I delivered to him one "Andreas," an uncle of Secocoeni, who had been captured in one of Robus's patrols, to the west of Mount Moronè. This man was extremely grateful to the volunteers for the kindness he had been treated with whilst a prisoner. He was eventually sent to the capital, and his evidence completely exonerated the corps from the ridiculous charges of cruelty and unnecessary blood-shedding that had been brought against them.

We had another prisoner, a very black little boy, whose parents were slain at the Red Krantz in one of Schlieckmann's raids. This fine little fellow, whose life had been saved by a Dutchman named Becker, was so terrified at the sound of the cannon, that, in mercy to himself, we found it necessary to send him out of the fort. We gave him to the kindly care of Mrs Glynn, an English lady, living at Kruger's

Post, pending legal steps being taken for his disposal by the orphan master. Many months afterwards I saw him the favourite playfellow of Mrs Glynn's son. He had already learned to speak a little both in Dutch and English, and was as happy as boy could be. In fact, he was in a fair way to grow up a useful and tame member of society. But Government, with a justice that savours sadly of injustice, and a kindness that would be better described as cruelty, tore him, shrieking, away from good Mrs Glynn, and gave him back to some of his surviving savage relations, who, as I am told, finding him a nuisance on the road to their mountain home, dashed his brains out.

Reinforcements reached us before the end of December, and an expedition went out against Umpok. This penetrated through the rough defiles that open from the Origstadt valley, and is memorable, because in it occurred the first case of the fever which afterwards proved so fatal to the Lydenberg Volunteers.

A man named Gardner took sick, apparently with a slight bilious attack, when riding near the old town of Origstadt: he was carried to Lydenberg, where he lay for months, narrowly escaping with his life. On this trip, a village with a vast store of corn was destroyed, in Seelas Hoek, but only one of the enemy, a rainmaker, was killed, although we enjoyed a running fight with a strong hunting-party of hostile Mapolanders, who discovered our vicinity through some nervous individual opening fire too soon.

Another expedition was undertaken to destroy some kraals situated at the foot, as well as on terraces, of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley to that on which Schlieckmann fell. These villages had been discovered by a patrol, which reported them full of men. The march on this occasion was accompanied by a cannon. The wheels of this gun were wrapt thickly with fresh green grass, and bound with raw hide. This was not only an important precaution against noise, but effectually protected the spokes and axles from being injured by bumping over sharp rocks, or plunging down stony places.

We left the fort by moonlight, crossing the usual ford, and gaining the bush-path without having, by noise or alarm of

any kind, exposed ourselves to notice. Kameel, against whom we had no proof, although he was strongly suspected of treachery in the affair of the 17th, accompanied the guides, who of course were selected from the patrol that had reported the enemy's presence. I think he did lead us astray a little: he was, however, suspected, and a rifle to his ear induced him to find the road, if not with graceful alacrity, at least with dogged submission.

We reached a plain, from which we were divided by a broad and well-worn water-course, a few minutes before daybreak. Here the gun rested in position, facing the mountain —a long unbroken range, varying in height from 1000 to 1700 feet, which, as I have mentioned before, ran down the left of the valley leading to Secocoeni. Half the cavalry were sent away to the right, with instructions to ride into the mountain-chain, then dismount, scale the rocks, perch themselves on the top, and await the result of our shell-practice against the villages. They were then to drive down the mountain, cutting the natives off from their caves, and forcing them out into the plain, where it was expected they would fall into the hands of Bailey's troop, which was placed in shelter to the left.

When morning had fully broke, Reidel got the range and commenced shelling a large village, which was dimly visible where the plains and the mountains met. The progress of the bombardment was, as you may suppose, watched with much interest; the third shell, at a range of 3800 yards, burst right in the thatch of a gigantic hut, the very centre of the enclosure. It appeared to create a great commotion, and was immediately followed by smoke and flames, which were at once attributed to its effects. We could see, with the glass, figures rushing from the village; but, to our astonishment, before the gun was again brought to bear, these assumed the formation of a body of Europeans. At the same moment our attention was attracted by the strange conduct of Bailey's troop, which a moment before had appeared charging down towards the fugitives. They had suddenly halted, and were repeating the private signal. A few minutes afterwards the matter was explained. It appeared that Mr White, arriving late, and finding the mountain too

high to scale in the time allowed him, had immediately, on hearing the first shot, rushed his men into the village, which he at once directed to be burned. During his execution of this, he discovered for the first time that Reidel was shelling the very kraal he was in. He had fortunately time to order his men on their faces before the next shell burst within a few feet of their ears. His only resource was to come out in front as quickly as possible, which he did.

All the huts and stores along the base of the mountain had been destroyed without resistance, and the whole troop went to breakfast on the flat by the gun, making a rather pleasant picnic scene, and waiting to see what would turn up. We expected a cart laden with provisions from the fort, which had been directed to trek down to us in the morning for ambulance purposes, if required. At 7 A.M. all was still as quiet in our immediate vicinity as if there were no enemy within miles of it. Some thought the country was entirely deserted as far as the Lulus, while others suggested the possibility of Secocoeni's having withdrawn to the other side of the Oliphants River, and retreated into the fastnesses of Matjaji.

As we sat facing the burning villages, Schlieckmann's Kloof lay about three miles behind us. Our view to the right and down the valley towards Secocoeni was barred by some hilly and broken ridges, lifting up into the steeper hills of Dwarsberg. But high above and far beyond their western limits, glanced and glittered in the morning sun the red rocky bastions and grey crags of 'Isepeke's Mountain.

Here at length fires began to flame and smoke to rise, warning all Kafirland that the raiders were on the road. An hour or so later a Kafir horn blew on the rocky summit over the destroyed town. Then screams and yells rang out somewhere high up on the precipitous sides of the mountain; voices were heard calling, and, as our spies told us, challenging us to go back to the place of our morning's work. This Von Steitencron wished to do with two men. As it was necessary to capture somebody who could tell us of the enemy's movements, I let him take twelve, with whom he immediately raced across the plain to the foot of the hills.

As he did so a puff of wind cleared away the last remains

of the morning mists above his head, and with the glass we could make out a village, perched upon a terrace half-way up the berg, and from which the cries and screams seemed to proceed. Before his men had time to dismount, a volley was poured into them from the rocks above. Leaving their horses in charge of one mounted man on the plain, the little troop dashed into the rocks, where the cover would shelter them equally with the enemy. From this moment the ringing of shots was incessant, and it soon became evident that more work had fallen to our lot than twelve men, however brave, could do. Our Kafirs, twelve in number, were eager to join in the fray. Leaving instructions for the horses to be caught and saddled, so that, excepting the artillery guard, all might follow, I went across with them. When we reached the base of the hill, which at a distance had appeared level and almost unbroken, an amphitheatre 1200 feet high, crescent-shaped, and with a terrace fortified by low stone walls, springing from rock to rock, revealed itself. The width of this crescent was about 650 yards. Its face presented a wild and singular appearance. It would seem as if some vast eruptive force had flung, from the top of the hill on to its sides, millions of tons of black and rugged rocks and stones, which, piled in wild confusion and irregularity on top of each other up the face of the position, presented innumerable caves and crannies, from which, as well as from the stone walls, taunts, jets of smoke, and bullets were continually issuing.

The main body of the volunteers quickly began to swarm up the right and left hand ridges, everybody potting away, whilst a few of us moved up the centre, firing when necessary, and gliding from rock to rock, so as to be in a position to keep the whole action in view. Several incidents peculiar to Kafir warfare now occurred. The leg of a pot, fired from a gun of gigantic bore, smashed away a huge piece of rock between one Blackburn and myself. This was speedily succeeded by a crashing sound as the body of a Kafir, rifle in hand, rolled over and fell from a high rock in our front, killed by a shot by a young Boer named Blignaut. The enemy, between the pauses of the firing, began to talk and interchange chaff with our men. One speaking in Dutch, recognised a man for whom he had worked in the Diamond

Fields, and calling out to him by name, said, "Baas Tom, why do you Diamond Fields men shoot at us? what do you want? Put out your head and let us have a chance." This was immediately followed by the discharge of two rifles, bringing the conversation to an end. Then they began to threaten our allies Kameel and Windvogel. This drew our attention to the first-named person. With commendable discretion he had taken the white band from his cap, so that the enemy might not recognise him. His figure, however, was conspicuous, slinking with his long gun from rock to rock, high up on the right attack. Being plainly visible to our lowermost men on the left, they missing his badge, and unable to distinguish one Kafir from another at so great a distance, immediately directed their fire towards him. Of course, in the locality he occupied, his companions (our own men) were continually jerking out wreaths of smoke.

The fight had now lasted twenty minutes, the enemy's fire was slackening, and the hill nearly gained—some of our men being already in the villages of the upper terrace —when three shots rang out from the position where the gun lay far off by the river. Seeing nothing was to be gained, and much might be lost, by continuing the fight, and knowing that immediate action must be taken to put a stop to the fire from flank to flank caused by Kameel's dispensing with his head-dress, I recalled the men. They were got out in safety, and a moment after, having gained their horses, the troop rode back to the gun, the shells from which now came screaming over their heads, to the utter discomfiture of a few of the enemy who were prematurely rejoicing at our retirement.

As the troop was forming, Windvogel, with an enormous assegai (javelin), executed with his followers a war-dance, within easy range of, and under fire from, the astounded enemy. He yelled, leaped, threw himself bodily into the air, went through all the motions of savage conflict, gesticulating, threatening, pursuing, stabbing the fallen, and generally celebrating his own exploits. As a final insult, he cut down some stalks of nearly ripe corn and held them up to the enemy; while his little tribe, with measured

though not monotonous tramp and chant, sang something which translates as follows:—

WINDVOGEL'S WAR-SONG.

(*From the original Kafir.*)

We ride and fight,
Basutos!
You hide in fright,
Basutos!
We slay and burn,
And home return;
You weep and mourn,
Basutos!

You pick and hoe,
Basutos!
You plough and sow,
Basutos!
We come and shoot,
And eat your fruit,
While you are mute,
Basutos!

Your war-song sing,
Basutos!
Why don't you sing,
Basutos?
Go tell your king,
And cattle bring,
And everything,
Basutos!

That we may eat,
Basutos!
Your cattle eat,
Basutos!
For we are braves,
And you are slaves,
And beaten dogs,
Basutos!

His performance received hearty acclamation in the way of a clapping of muskets and a shower of bullets.

When we returned to the gun the cart had just arrived. It had been attacked in the thorns, hence the recall. After completing arrangements for cooking and eating another breakfast, the whole moved homewards, unmolested save by a few shots, not replied to, from the direction of Schlieckmann's Kloof.

On the succeeding evening a discussion arose amongst us as to whether the Kafirs would now entirely abandon the scene of the day's operations; or whether they would imagine they had won a victory and try to still further secure themselves in the rocks and crannies we had left them. Mr White volunteered to go and burn the village on the terrace before the next sun set. After midnight he departed with twenty men for this purpose. He reached the place unobserved, hid away his horses under a guard, and followed by eighteen of the men, succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain. When the sun was a few hours high, seeing nobody to contend with—the mountain being apparently deserted—he descended the cliffs and entered the villages and huts for which we had been fighting the previous day. He found them full of corn, provisions, and utensils of all sorts, and with fires still warm, showing traces of recent habitation. As he had no carts or waggons with him, he applied the torch of civilisation to the whole, and then galloped back to breakfast.

This proceeding may seem harsh to persons at a distance, but it was necessary, as it proved to the enemy that we were likely to return again and again to complete our work in places once attacked by us. With our other mysterious and unaccountable dodgings about, such operations, though trivial in themselves, helped much to confuse and bother the unfortunate Secocoeniites. They henceforward made it a rule, as we were told after the peace, never to sleep in a hut, lest they might awake to find it in flames. They consequently suffered great hardships from sleeping behind rocks and in out-of-the-way places in a half-clothed and miserable manner within sight of their comfortable homes, to which they rarely ventured till broad noonday brought them some assurance of safety. All this may seem very unpleasant, but unpleasantness is inseparable from Kafir war.

It is as well here to describe the life led by the volunteers generally. Patrols were continually moving with letters, and as escorts, between the fort and Kruger's Post. Whenever men wanted permission to hunt in the surrounding country it was given to them, and in this way small parties, on whose movements the Kafirs could not possibly calculate,

were kept continually dodging about in the debateable land. Other fellows went fishing along the banks of the streams; while large parties maintained horse and cattle guards, and protected the house-builders and timber and grass cutters in the more immediate vicinity of the little stronghold. The bush between us and the Steelport River—and in fact everywhere outside a range of a couple of hundred yards—was preserved, and added to the secluded appearance and general picturesqueness of the place. Mere military men would feel inclined to condemn this allowance of cover so close to the walls. A moment's reflection, however, will show its necessity. While the bush stood around us we could always quit the fort and enter on an expedition in any direction without being seen; and as sometimes our duties compelled us to be absent for days on patrols and missions, taking us a considerable distance from the fort, it was frequently left most inadequately manned by fourteen or eighteen men, whose safety on such occasions was due to the fact that the Kafirs were unaware of the absence of the main body.

As early as the 3d December, to give confidence, I had pitched my own tent, and taken up my quarters with most of the officers outside the walls. No more molestation occurring from the enemy, this example was speedily followed by a majority of the corps. They built comfortable stake and reed houses outside, one of them large enough to serve as a ball-room, where, to the music of a good violinist, they frequently danced. Of course there were no ladies, but nearly half the garrison were compelled to shave the upper lip and enact the character. All cooking was carried on thirty yards outside the line of these houses. The angle of the river below the fort afforded a good bathing-place, which the men constantly availed themselves of. The rations were liberal, and good of their kind; and the men, generally speaking, enjoyed a healthy, innocent, and happy life. Of course they had a jollification occasionally. The arrival of a cart or waggon with luxuries or grog for sale or distribution was an event to look forward to. I remember on one occasion the lads had been entirely without liquor for three weeks, the Commissary having gone to Pretoria. The heat was intense; and although it was late in December

the country was fearfully dry, no rains having as yet fallen.

In the thirsty and thorny desert—for beautiful though it was, it was still a desert—the men longed (and I do not blame them) for some drink more palatable than mess-coffee or hot river-water. About ten o'clock one morning, two troopers arrived to announce the coming of a waggon, with its escort. They added to their news the gratifying information that the waggon contained a cask of liquor. It was, however, twelve miles off. All day eyes were turning towards the point at which the longed-for waggon, with its more longed-for load of liquor, would first appear. The fellows looked miserable as hour after hour sped on and it came not. Towards five in the evening, however, the cracking of whips announced its instant approach. I don't think there were ever so many willing volunteers at the unloading of a waggon before or since. The cask was got into the canteen—an open tent—and the thirsty multitude clustered round, pannikin in hand, to receive their allowance from the proper authority. A brass tap was got, and with a few blows of a mallet popped into its place. But when the key was turned, a flood of ginger-beer rushed out, to the consternation and sorrow of the beholders.

Words cannot describe the scene. It appears the Commissary had loaded up a wrong cask. But the boys were not always doomed to be thus disappointed; they had their sprees—and right jovial ones—at times.

It is an old proverb that there is a special providence for fools and drunkards. This was admirably illustrated at Christmas. A couple of bright youths, having taken too much grog, wandered away from the fort, and scaled the neighbouring stronghold of 'Tsikiki. The Kafirs, afraid of their mad and frantic capers, fled before them. They actually entered the chief's village, and bore back in triumph from it a Kafir drum, with some other trophies. We could not have penetrated under other circumstances, without much hard fighting and the loss of many lives, to the point that these reckless lads escaladed in mere drunken bravado.

There was nothing the Kafirs seemed so much to dread

as the erratic and seemingly devil-inspired movements of a drunken filibuster.

One instance of this will suffice. Late in January, an incorrigible named Miller, having got drunk at Kruger's Post, was not to be found when the patrol he belonged to marched from thence to Fort Burgers. An hour after they had gone, Miller, still dreadfully in liquor, saddled up, took another glass of Cape smoke, and resolved to overtake them. He lost his road, and galloped madly about in one of the ugliest corners of the hostile ground, waving his rifle, shouting, and otherwise conducting himself like a lunatic. At length his horse stopped, and he was flung violently to the ground. No doubt, imagining he was attacked, he went through various awkward manœuvres, pointing his gun in every direction where he thought an enemy might be hid, and, as the dirty state of his arms proved, firing several rounds at uncomfortable-looking objects. Either satisfied with himself, or thoroughly exhausted, he at length sank to sleep—his good and patient horse alone watching over his safety. He awoke long after midnight, mounted again, and seeing that the horse was a wiser brute than himself, allowed the poor beast to act as guide for both. Towards morning he arrived at a station. For this offence he was of course tried and punished. The sequel of the story did not reach my ears till long afterwards.

He had been observed during the whole of his mad career by twenty warriors, Knobnoses. These, flitting from hill-top to hill-top, at length traced him into the valley where the horse threw him; but utterly unable to explain his movements on any rational hypothesis, and bewildered by his astounding, and, to them, inexplicable capers, they arrived at the conclusion that he was a decoy, and most religiously avoided meddling with him.

But to return to the fort. Towards the end of December the enemy had been frightened out of an immense reach of country; and as, no rain having fallen, drought threatened them with famine, and rendered any attempts at agriculture by them impossible, we began to have an easy life of it.

During the week after Christmas a party of us visited the Gold Fields for the purpose of conciliating the inhabitants,

who had been led by a rabid party press to suspect us of hostility to their interests. Nothing could have been more disgraceful than the means adopted to blacken the character and reputation of the corps with this community. It will hardly be believed to what extremities of vicious intolerance party spite had led the partisans of annexation. For the truth of the following disgraceful incident I can vouch. On the day when the news of the gallant Von Schlieckmann's death reached the field, one of its leading men—a member of its protection association—sent from the committee booths a bottle of champagne and a glass to the venerable magistrate, with "his compliments, and that he must drink to their happy release from the captain, and to the speedy destruction of his corps." The ruffian who perpetrated this outrage was spared from the fate he so justly merited only because of our desire to avoid any act which might involve the President's Government still further with the English party. As I have here drawn the distinction, I think it as well now to state what was the composition of the corps as regards nationalities at this period. Of its officers, one was an Irishman, one an Englishman (White), one (Von Steitencron) an Austrian lieutenant of fifteen years' honourable service. The other lieutenant was a Natal-born colonist. The sergeant-major—the finest-looking man in the corps—was the son of a distinguished English general, and well worthy of his parentage, being an honourable and fearless man. The sergeants comprised a Dane, a German, and a Swede, with five English or British-born subjects. The quartermaster and chief of police—Ryan and Beeton—were the one an Irishman and the other an English Africander. The medical officer was also an Englishman; and of the rank and file, six were Germans, two Americans—or rather Irish Americans—and three Belgians. There was a Frenchman from Mauritius, and six Dutch Boers; while the remainder were Scotch, English, or Africanders. Taking the whole corps throughout, a more respectable body of men could hardly be brought together.

They were called mercenaries whilst in the Transvaal service. Most of them have since proved themselves good soldiers, at a much higher rate of pay, under the English.

Von Steitencron, who served under Captain Carrington in the late colonial war with Kreli, has received the highest commendation from his superiors. Sergeant Degenkolw, and nine others, have since fallen with honour while serving under Captain Clarke. If these men were mercenaries and cut-throats under the Republic, our own flag is open to any reproach attaching to the employment of such troops.

In the beginning of January it became currently reported in the town of Lydenberg that Umsoet had expressed his contempt for the volunteers, and wished to see them at his stronghold. We were weakened at this time by having to furnish a garrison of thirty men for Johannes' Stadt, which had fallen.

A party of Boers, under field-cornets Scutte and Erasmus, proposed to co-operate with us in an expedition against the challenger. We had no native allies or guides except Windvogel and his brothers. We were therefore glad to accept of the assistance offered us; because the Dutchmen could bring a hundred tame, armed Kafirs, with their Commando.

In consequence of this, an agreement was made by which, in the event of co-operation, all plunder should be divided, share and share alike, between every man present at the fight in which it would be taken.

On the 9th, twenty-three Boers, under Scutte, with a body of Kafirs, arrived at the fort, where they were hospitably received, being provided with baked bread, meal, sugar, coffee, ammunition, and eight rifles. The field-cornets asked for five days' time to send spies through the country in front. This was granted, and preparations went on pending their return. During the interval a patrol was made to Schlieckmann's Kloof, where a few shots were exchanged. Several plans were proposed and discussed, but the reports of the spies proved very contradictory and unfavourable. A patrol of six men, however, went through the Steelport Pass into the valley at the foot of Umsoet's mountain. They saw some cattle on the sides of the hills, and returned, reporting that they had been discovered.

Another party got into a safe nest among some rocks near the same spot, where, lying still on their faces the whole

length of a summer's day, they watched the movements of the enemy coming and going all round them. Here they had nearly been found out, but their coolness and presence of mind averted the danger. Two large imambas — the most poisonous of all African snakes — were discovered amongst them at a moment when several Kafir men and women with two dogs were within a couple of yards of the rock on which they lay. It took undoubted nerve and courage to remain perfectly quiet and silent, with the poisonous reptiles gliding about between their legs, and in some cases over their bare necks. However, not a word was spoken. The Kafirs passed on, and the snakes coiled themselves up most lovingly together and basked calmly in the sunshine.

On the return of the patrol, it was resolved to proceed at night, with as many men as could be spared, through the Steelport Pass, so as to secure, during the hours of darkness, a position a-top of the mountains for our Kafirs; whilst the cavalry should hide below in some of the water-courses, running into the Steelport River. But as this way was impracticable for wheels, a gun and accompanying cart were sent by a long detour round the south and west of Mount Moronè to the nearest drift to the scene of intended operations.

All this part of the plan was successfully accomplished. With 46 volunteers, 23 Boers, and 120 Kafirs, we reached one morning, by half-past three o'clock, the middle of some extensive corn-fields, on a plain between the Steelport River and the foot of the high mountains that sheltered the enemy's villages. Here the Kafirs brought by the Boers shrank at the last moment from the task of scaling the gloomy and sombre peaks that towered above them. As silence was imperative I simply ordered them into ambush. Then dismounting twenty-three of our own forty-six men, I put them in charge of Thomas L. White, who, with them and Mr Eckersley and Windvogel's people, were at once despatched to escalade the heights under the following orders: They should remain in a secure position till any hour, no matter how late, at which the Kafir cattle might be driven out of the kraals, and spread well over the grazing-ground between the mountains and the stream; then they must initiate matters and make an attack. We, with the

Boers and their Kafirs, should remain below until the fire of the mountain-party would call us out from our ambush; then the rest of the volunteers would make their way to White with the horses; when the whole, mounted, could act as circumstances might require. Accordingly the dismounted vanished into the hills, while we struck away in the ravines.

I was well aware that we would have to lie still a long time, as the Kafirs never let their cattle out till near noon. I was by this time acquainted with their habits, and knew that before daylight every warrior would come out of his hut and listen with most intent patience for every sound that might betoken the approach of a foe in that chilly hour which is generally selected for morning attacks. I also knew that when daylight had fully dawned they would sleep again, and that it would be very late in the morning before the men and cattle-herds would commence the ordinary operations of the day.

Before the sun had risen I was asleep, with most of the men, notwithstanding the discomfort created by our bodies being literally covered with ticks and creeping things, which swarmed on us in endless variety from the grass and the bushes that sheltered us from unwelcome eyes.

About eight I was awakened by the neighing of a colt which some foolish young farmer had permitted to follow its mother, which he was riding. This sound was most alarming, as if heard by the Kafirs it would completely ruin our plans. The field-cornets began now to be annoyed by their men, who insisted that nothing was to be gained by lying still so long, and some of whom were no doubt of opinion that our foot-marks in the open corn-fields must long since have discovered our presence. In vain I reminded them of our agreement with Mr White, and of the danger to which a premature movement on our part would expose him. After much talk I succeeded in obtaining an hour's delay, but a restless spirit was upon them, and being all volunteers under no discipline, and subject to no punishment in case of disobedience, it soon became impossible to restrain them any longer. At ten o'clock they rode out, turning up the valley along the course of the river.

Their horses' heads had hardly cleared the bushes when ear-splitting shrieks arose along the mountain; and we were barely mounted, and had only commenced leading our comrades' horses into the plain, when a sharp firing began crackling along the ridges of the Berg. In order to observe the action, and to put ourselves in a position to relieve White as soon as possible, we rode out to within 400 yards of the base of the hills. As the firing increased, the scene along the mountains, which terminated about eleven miles to the west in a stupendous cliff, became extremely varied and interesting. As signal-fire after signal-fire was lighted, broad columns of smoke rolling into the air, and repeated from summit to summit, quickly told the warriors of Umsoet and Mapethle that an enemy was upon them. A party of ours, under Mr England, which I detached to penetrate a valley on the left front, was driven in on us by a furious fire; while all along the woods that fringed the sides of the steep hills in front of us, jets of smoke marked the downward progress of the volunteers. As the crackling and flashing approached the bush where the hills met the plain, individual forms of combatants could be made out; and then, coming swiftly towards us, there broke out from the dust and smoke a small mob of cattle, quickly followed by the skirmishing-line running rapidly in.

Three villages were left behind them in flames. The cattle with the Kafirs being permitted first to pass through us, the storming-party mounted their horses. White and Eckersley told me that we had missed a magnificent prize. They had seen from their elevated position two mobs, numbering thousands of beasts, before the alarm, coming down towards the feeding-grounds, but which, on the too early disclosure of our presence, had been and were now being hurried into distant and inaccessible places.

At this moment occurred a revolting incident, which, as it illustrates the character of the warfare waged not only by the enemy, but by all Kafirs, I shall describe as it occurred.

At the war-dance, before the expedition was undertaken, an aged Swazi, when his turn for display came off, had told us that he was an old man, that he had killed nineteen persons in his lifetime, and had joined us because he could

not sleep in the earth till he had completed his number to twenty. As the troop was wheeling off to follow our retreating cattle and Kafirs, this man danced, with reeking assegai in hand, covered by his shield, decked with monkey-skins in all the glory of native full-dress, up to where we were consulting. He was literally mad with fury: at each stamp he drove the sand into the air as a buffalo would; he writhed, wriggled, plunged forward, fought with and slew imaginary foes without number, defying, threatening, and boasting over the slain by turns. At length he straightened himself up, and made his oration. He wanted to tell me that he had slain "his twentieth victim, and a little one over:" he was perfectly happy; he had killed a woman and a child. I vainly endeavoured to point out to him that such useless barbarity could add nothing to his reputation as a warrior.

The enemy diverted my attention effectually from his proceedings. They began to appear at many points along the sides of the hills; in some places they appeared to be dropping like monkeys from crag to crag; and it was easy to see that if the Lydenberg Volunteer Corps was to be preserved, it must seek a better position for fighting than a valley surrounded by mountains, and from which egress, in case of a struggle setting in, would be difficult. We therefore rode back towards the point where we had crossed the river during the previous night.

As we did so, the rear sections, with all the officers, had twice to turn to drive off the enemy, who began to torment us from behind. Facing about, Von Steitencron charged at them and silenced their fire to the right. A few more of us galloped to the left rear, where the shooting began within thirty yards, and where a duel, muzzle to muzzle, between Lieutenant White and a powerful native added to the interest of the affair. On this occasion we all had some narrow escapes. However, in twenty minutes we rejoined the main body, with which we soon reached the cannon, just where we expected to find it, Reidel having accomplished his march most successfully.

The bullocks that drew the gun were running loose, and the men were making coffee; while a Kafir on a neighbour-

ing rock was conversing and expressing his desire to be informed as to the nature of their business in that direction.

This thing could not last. The whole country was alarmed, and the enemy's skirmishers within 300 yards began to pop. The ground all around us was of a loose calcareous nature, and occupying as it did the space between mountain and river, was torn and cut up in every direction by deep white gullies, by which Umsoet's people were now approaching us from many sides at once, and with perfect safety to themselves.

The ridges between these gullies afforded our enemy additional shelter, being grown over with scrubby bush. Half the cavalry were sent on to cover the passage of the gun through the river. In a quarter of an hour, protected by the remainder of our men in rear, it got through in safety. At this time the Boers rejoined us, having found nothing. They had, however, seen the cattle that had been reported, and now saw and acknowledged the error into which their impatience had hurried them.

A smart fire breaking out near the bank of the river, three of them very gallantly rode over close to the enemy, engaging them at short range. Erasmus and Vandemerwe particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion; and a few dead bodies which floated down the river amply proved the accuracy of their aim.

We had now a tedious and dangerous little march to accomplish. The utmost speed of the cannon and the cart was two miles and a half an hour; and they had to pass through a place where the road led under a large hill, occupied by the remains of Johannes's people, and towards which Umsoet's boldest men were making their way to cut us off. Desirous to secure a position, a small party of us trotted on. Here a bit of prudent calculation marked the conduct of some of our Dutch countrymen who were making their way home. Just within range of the hill, where they could see the road leading out under it, they got off their horses and sat down comfortably to smoke by the roadside, chaffing and joking with us as we passed, asking what was our hurry. It was all soon explained. It was well we reached the hill in time. One sudden volley rang out from

its cover; but the enemy, surprised at the speed of our motions, vanished at once. In fact, they were not yet in sufficient numbers to obstruct the march. Hardly had the sound died away when clattering and racing along the path came our friends that had been smoking. They had secured their object—we had drawn the enemy's fire, and the coast was clear.

The cart, after one upset, was got safely through the pass, and in an hour we were all upon high and open ground, where, if the enemy pursued us, we could meet them with advantage. The extraordinary rapidity of the movements of the Boer light horse was here peculiarly noticeable. They went twelve miles to the fort, packed up their traps, and had ridden in to Kruger's Post, thirty-five miles off, before our advanced files were home.

There are undoubtedly brave and excellent men amongst them, but the youngest boy, the greatest coward, or the most ignorant recruit, can claim a hearing for his opinions, and demand that his judgment must be accepted on the line of march or in the field, as if he were the hoariest and bravest veteran of them all. This leads to their continually, in deference to each other's opinions, stopping to take counsel on points which can properly be settled only by some authoritative decision.

This, with their principles of equality which accompany them into the field, is the cause of their failures. If, however, from a multitude brought together, only such were taken as would volunteer to obey implicitly, the troops so picked would be almost invincible as dragoons. Their patient endurance of hunger, thirst, long journeys, watching and privations, makes them resemble, in some respects, the Indians of North Mexico.

They are not soldiers, and perhaps they never will be; but, as a rule, they offer materials for the construction of the most intelligent and active cavalry force in the world. On the occasion of this attack on Umsoet I gave them no share of the plunder. This was partly because their Kafirs had not all accompanied our detachment to the ambush a-top of the mountain, and partly because of their own impatience and breach of agreement.

While they had lain at the fort some of their prejudices were strongly displayed. The night before the march a few of the elders, attracted by the sound of the music, looked into the filibusters' ball-room, where various couples, shaved and unshaved, disported themselves on the floor. "My goodness!" said one old gentleman, "Captain Aylward, those Englishmen are soul-less devils, to dance like that when they may be all killed to-morrow!" Just to amuse him I looked in, when I found, as usual, that the dancers, most of whom were Africanders, could all speak Dutch. I called them, one after another, for his inspection, when he was still more astounded to discover that some of them belonged to eminent Boer families, whilst the majority claimed Africa as their parent country. Peace be with him! the old man was astonished, and, I fear, disgusted.

But to return to the expedition. The next day all were again safely within the fort. There had been a great many narrow escapes, but no loss of life on our side. I have been particular in describing this affair, because its effects upon the Kafirs were outrageously out of proportion to its real importance. They believed us omnipresent, and christened us "wild dogs" because of our ubiquity and speed. They never knew from this when to expect us, or to what lofty height they must look to see us rushing—apparently from the clouds. There is a great difference between fighting against brave and disciplined forces who, worked on fixed principles, hold positions only for definite and intelligible reasons, and fight not only with a will but with a purpose; and the sort of warfare we were engaged in. We speedily learned that to lose men for a position of no value to either party when gained, and whose possession could have no possible influence on the result of the war, was simply folly. The Kafirs' system, if they ventured to attack, was simply to make a snap and get away as quickly as possible. If we attacked them, unless specially ready for our reception, their unprepared outlying people ran in at once towards the first rocks that offered shelter. There they would begin to resist, falling back as they were forced from one rocky grotto to another, and detaining us as much as possible in our approach to the centre of the stronghold. This was almost

invariably like a rabbit-burrow, with this difference, that instead of grains of sand and roots of trees, nothing but rocks, stone walls, caves, and crevices in the cliffs presented themselves. It was simply wonderful into what a little hole a Kafir could insinuate himself. Sometimes, however, three or four of them would get together in one spot—generally a small cave almost inaccessible from either above or below, and which could be only approached by working along the sides under the fire of dozens of other caves and loopholes, every one of which seemed scooped out for the especial purpose of creating a cross fire. To force home the attack on such positions is the greatest folly an officer can be guilty of, especially if he is working with only small numbers. Let us suppose that only two or three of his men are hit in gaining the principal platforms: they will have to be carried out of fire slowly, and with great inconvenience and trouble. If the troops should be repulsed, unless they have immediate access to a very open country, great disasters may occur; in fact, if the enemy find the retreat hampered with wounded, they may worry one sorely. New officers occasionally make the great mistake of considering that they have *driven* the Kafirs from every wall and kraal they and their men may have succeeded in gaining in the beginning of a fight. The retreat from wall to wall and kraal to kraal, especially in broken and mountainous country, is as much the Kafir's method and manner of fighting as the bayonet-charge used to be the peculiarity of the English. The great secret of Kafir warfare is to terrify your enemy; to make him unhappy; to leave no path or road, no glen however deep and dark, and no mountain-top however high, where he can hope to avoid you.

Patrols even of small numbers must be organised every day. These, selecting the best and highest ground, and moving with every reasonable precaution, continually meeting, changing their course, appearing and disappearing at distant and unexpected places,—will, by their moral effect, reduce to terrified submission any Kafir tribe in the world. It breaks their hearts, sitting behind their rocks in chosen positions, to find that you have learned their own game, and know better than to throw away men fighting for fifty or a

hundred yards of cliff, which, when captured, would not be worth the heel of an old boot. A good plan, however, is to make reconnaissances occasionally against the chiefs' strongholds, commencing the fight, exploring the position, and drawing your men off before the affair becomes too serious. This wastes the Kafirs' ammunition, and as they always attribute the worst possible motives to your every action, causes them many a sleepless night. As a rule, a repetition of the reconnaissance, if stealthily made at any time within a week, will find the place deserted.

The middle of January found us extending the fort and improving the houses, as the lateness of the arrival of the rainy season, with the intense heat, threatened a possible outbreak of sickness. The war was languishing, and I wrote to the President, consenting that the corps should be reduced to 100 men, on condition that horses should be re-supplied more promptly than they had been.

Unfortunately a fresh band of recruits were announced as on their way to us from Pretoria. These were under the command of a person calling himself "Gunn of Gunn," and sometimes "The Gunn of Gunn." He was a handsome, soldierly-looking though rather foppish man, with a most engaging, and apparently candid, manner. He, however, overdid his part a little, having the unblushing impudence to sport, not only the Iron Cross of Prussia, but the Victoria Cross, won, as he asserted, in some hairbreadth Indian adventure. His conversation was suited to the character he assumed. He knew Scotland better than any one I had ever seen or heard of; and he interlarded his accounts of the places he had visited, and the castles he had been welcomed at, with so much physical fact and correct description, that many took him at his own valuation, and believed him to be the chosen companion of men of the highest rank and repute, whilst he was merely a clever and plausible humbug. Is there a "Gunn of Gunn"? If there is, and I were he, I would send my gillies, if necessary, ten thousand miles over sea and land, till they had scourged the impudence of this claimant to his dignity.

How he got into the Transvaal service at all is easily told. A Mr Perrott had been instructed by Schlieckmann to beat

up for more men on the Diamond Fields. Perrott was sick, and gave over the work to his boon companion and brother convivialist, "The Gunn of Gunn," who, with five decent men and twenty ruffians—the sweepings of Kimberley jail—entered the Transvaal, and introduced himself to Mr Burgers as an officer in search of employment. He actually stuffed the President with the tale that he had been distinguished on the special staff of his Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia; so that his Honour, not knowing what to make of him, told him to hurry on to Fort Burgers, shrewdly calculating that there, at least, he would meet with people able to estimate correctly the exact value of his pretensions.

"The Gunn of Gunn" had an amusing side to his character. He was, in fact—although forty-five, and a Scotchman—the very counterpart of some of Lever's reckless heroes. He was nothing if not extravagant and bombastic; and he ran his pretensions and their successes to the utmost while they lasted. In Pretoria he added nine other *sans culottes* to his band, for whom he had supplied the following extraordinary costume: Caps and havelocks, blue hussar jackets, with yellow braid, colourless cord knee-breeches, with stockings, boots, spurs, shoes, veld-schoons, and every conceivable form of disguise for the foot. But his most magnificent idea was when he established two gallow-glasses and a piper, whom he compelled to attend on him, as if he were indeed a "Lord of the Isles." His pretensions met with a ready acceptance among a certain set in Pretoria. He put no bounds to his extravagant insolence, and night after night entertained his friends in the Edinburgh Hotel; while his piper (a real Scotchman in real Highland togs, and armed with real Highland bagpipes) strutted fiercely up and down in front of the great man's mess, proclaiming in hideous, ear-splitting music the fame and the triumphs of his chief and his clan.

Having christened his gang the "Gunn Highlanders," this modern Con Cregan was at length induced to start for the front. The excesses committed by his men along the road attracted considerable attention. He added to his numbers a deserter, who was even then a prisoner, having

been placed in his custody for conveyance to Middleburg, to take his trial for a crime of abominable obscenity. He also picked up a man we had just expelled from Fort Burgers, and banished from the war district. "The Gunn of Gunn," knowing that when he reached the fort he would have to confront German and Austrian officers, as well as others who had known him and watched his career, with amused interest, from 1871—did his utmost to avoid completing his march. He delayed so long on the road, and in Lydenberg—all the time demanding immense supplies of goods and provisions — that the Landdrost was compelled to suspect him of harbouring ulterior designs. What these were we afterwards discovered. They are of no public interest, as he was never permitted to initiate them.

When his presence in Lydenberg was reported at the fort, an order was at once transmitted to him to move up at once. The adjutant, White, subsequently called on him, and vainly endeavoured to induce him to obey the district commandant. "The Gunn of Gunn" was fertile in resources and fruitful in excuses; and it at length became necessary to ask him by what commission or authority he was marching about the country, with an armed band, yclept the "Gunn Highlanders"—a body unknown to the law, and who could not be permitted to carry on their intrigues and drunken capers unchecked. He refused to give any authority, alleging that he was promised the command-in-chief by the President, and was independent of any lower functionary. However, he moved his main body as far as Kruger's Post, whence, with his staff and his piper, he again returned to Lydenberg, and continued his course of delay and intimidation. This became unbearable, and summary measures were resolved upon.

It was impossible to allow the "Gunn Highlanders" to remain at Kruger's Post, whence they might easily march to the Gold Fields, where the malcontents would have been only too glad of their assistance to drive out the constituted authorities, and commence a sedition which would have immediately placed the Europeans and Boers of the district in a position of hostility to each other.

Taking the cavalry from the fort to Kruger's Post during

the night of the 24th January, we succeeded in cutting the mutineers off from all chance of escape, and arresting "The Gunn's" lieutenant—a well-meaning though deluded man, a native of Lancashire, named Styles. On the same day warrants were taken out for the arrest of "The Gunn," and Cooper the prisoner whom he was harbouring. An interview extracted from him a promise that he would proceed without further delay; but on the same night, it being ascertained that thirteen of his men were forelaying the drift on the main waggon-road, with evidently desperate intentions, "The Gunn of Gunn" received notice that he and his men would be treated as rebels in arms if the fellows were not moved from their threatening position and marched at once to the Steelport.

This seems at length to have aroused him to a sense of his danger. The next day he actually commenced his march, and entered the defiles leading to the low country. He was followed by a large force, who carefully watched that none should escape, or conceal any arms, or make away with the valuable property "The Gunn of Gunn" had accumulated, and which accompanied him, loaded on three waggons. When he reached the vicinity of the fort he took up an independent position. His hours of liberty were, however, numbered.

On the second day a peremptory order that he should parade his force for inspection reached him through the adjutant; while, at the same time, a band of mounted men galloped off with his cattle and horses, leaving him without any means of transport whatever. At the moment his squad commenced their march for the parade-ground, another company left the fort and secured his camp. When the now uneasy mutineers formed on the place of inspection, a cannon loaded with grape was run out on their flank, and they found themselves at length face to face with the law. As I could hardly blame the men for having up to this moment strictly obeyed the orders of one who till this moment was undoubtedly their commander, having been placed over them by the President himself, with instructions to hand them over to me on his arrival, I now stepped forward to try their temper and obedience myself. When within eight paces of the

centre of their little line, I told them my rank, the extent of my authority, and my fixed determination to be obeyed. I then gave the word "Attention! Rear rank take open order! March!" instantly followed by "Down with your arms!" (*ground arms!*) The majority obeyed at once; a few only, with murderous glances, hesitated. With presented rifle I repeated the order, when the last mutineer quailed. "To the left-about turn! Quick march!" brought them a hundred yards from their weapons. I followed them, and was about to have said something harsh, when I felt myself tipped on the shoulder by our quartermaster, who, seeing the trouble over, now lounged up. He whispered in my ear, "Don't be cross, old man! remember we have been all rebels ourselves!" A laugh ended the affair. "The Gunn" and Cooper, with two others who had committed crimes, were imprisoned in different directions; the remainder had their choice to join our corps or go under sufficient escort back to the next settlement. The majority accepted the former proposition.

Even this utter downfall did not suffice to suppress "The Gunn." He attempted to open communications outside the fort, and although offered peace with honour if he would only apologise for his misconduct, began to put on airs, talked of complaining to the British Government, and made himself out a much ill-used person. He was consequently a nuisance, and was removed on horseback to Lydenberg, whence in due course of law he was sent to Pretoria, under the honourable escort of Lieutenant von Steitencron. It is to be regretted that in the capital a great many deluded persons patronised and treated him as a martyr. He was even, after his liberation from jail, appointed captain of a volunteer corps by Colonel Weatherly, a man of amiable disposition, but whose weakness of mind and easily flattered vanity left him open to imposition. "The Gunn" was also taken up for a time by society and the military. He has, however, succeeded in exposing his real self; his alleged want of scrupulosity in matters financial have led to inquiry; he is now, if telegrams are to be believed, a prisoner for sedition, having proved as false and troublesome to the new Government as he was to the old one. Of the band he had gathered

together little need be said. The jail-birds went back to their old avocations; the others had their individuality stamped out, and after a while became assimilated to the other men of the Lydenberg Volunteer Corps. The piper abandoned his martial dress, and relapsed into the condition of an ordinary Lowland Scotchman.

By the beginning of February one-half of the horses supplied to us had died; we had but forty left at the fort. These were barely sufficient to keep open the road, protect waggons, and furnish a mounted guard for the cattle. We intended to wait, before making any attempt on a large scale, till the sickness would abate at the end of the summer, when an expedition in force—of Boers and Swazis—with an advance from the two forts, would bring the war entirely to an end, by the ruin of Secocoeni's tribe, then already starving. The arrival of Sir Theophilus Shepstone at Pretoria, with the distracted state of the country consequent on the intrigues of the Annexationists, unfortunately induced the President to accept the submission of the chief. On the 12th February peace was proclaimed along the border. The neighbouring Kafirs immediately (*and this shows how little truth there was in the charges against us of having "embittered the war by atrocities"*) flocked eagerly to the fort, only taking the precaution of sending as *avant-courriers* two utterly miserable and starved boys, whom they no doubt imagined would not be likely to tempt our appetites if we were cannibals.

We now learned the details of many matters which had been hitherto obscure or doubtful. Amongst others we heard of the fate of a poor fellow named O'Reilly who had been lost from the great Commando in the August of the previous year. This man, finding his horse absent at morning muster, putting his saddle on his head, went heedlessly into the bush in search of the missing animal. This duty should have been only undertaken by a mounted patrol. The poor fellow lost his way, was captured, stripped naked, and roasted alive.

The volunteers and their late enemies met everywhere on very amicable terms; many recognised each other as having been acquainted in the relation of master and servant long before on the Diamond Fields. It was not a little remark-

able that the dressed natives who had experienced the influences of civilised labour, and learned, as Mr Trollope puts it, new wants and the value of wages, had been invariably our worst enemies, and were still advocates of a war of extermination against the whites. This was saddening and disappointing. Some of Secocoeni's most astute advisers were well acquainted with European habits, many of which they had adopted, especially a fondness for breeches and breech-loaders, in the use of which they were fairly proficient. In no case did we meet amongst them any who had escaped from domestic servitude under the Dutch.

In another chapter attention will be more fully drawn to the Dutch, in their capacity of masters and civilisers, where, after ten years' experience, I am now prepared to assert they have succeeded better than the English.

Our visitors were lavish in their compliments and praises of the conduct of the volunteers, and especially of Mr Eckersley, whom they christened the Bush Buck (*Umbabala*), because of his speed and pugnacity.

It will not be out of place here to record a singular instance of conscientiousness on the part of a savage, accompanied by a truthfulness and sacrifice of personal feeling worthy of a white man. Our Kafir Kameel's conduct on many occasions had been open to suspicion. It was asserted that he had twice delayed small forces on the march, and on one occasion with terribly fatal results. There was also evidence that often before delayed expeditions, on the occurrence of which, by the questions asked him as a spy, he might calculate, he had been noted lighting fires in unusual places and absenting himself without leave. It was also said that, knowing how much he had to fear from Schlieckmann's vengeance, he had himself fired the fatal shot that slew our commander. The bore of his gun, which was enormous, helped out this theory. A court was held, and Windvogel, our most faithful ally and Kameel's most deadly enemy, was called in evidence. He hated Kameel, and had killed the prisoner's brother but a short time previously. He knew that the court was strongly biassed against the suspected guide, but he spoke as follows:—

"Captain, you may kill Kameel if you wish; that is but

right—he is your dog; but he has not betrayed you. He should not have been brought to guide us to Mahera's Kloof, where Schlieckmann was killed. His own people lived in that kraal. He had got his wife from there, and knew the way well. It may be that he delayed, thinking the captain would not attack after daylight, but he did not bring the men into a trap. I hate him! I want to kill him myself; but I must tell the truth. He is a great doctor, and his absences were in search of roots and plants, which he would never find elsewhere. The fires he lit, like every Kafir, who, if he can, will make fire, and sit in it on the warmest night. If you like I will take him away and kill him, but it is wrong!"

It is needless to say that this generous defence saved the man's life. He was sent in safety to Kruger's Post, in the neighbourhood of which he is now living, and doing, I fear, notwithstanding the want of evidence against him on the former occasion, considerable mischief to the English settlers.

Having now but few guards to keep, we determined to devote our leisure to a thorough exploration of Secocoeni's country. There were miners and others amongst us who had only joined that they might be in the first flight over this very land, which was currently believed to afford everywhere indications that gold would be found in payable quantities. Leaving the prospectors to prepare the necessary material, accompanied by Ashton I now went to Lydenberg, where we established a hospital in view of coming calamity. By the 27th of February the fever was upon us. Its approach had long been expected. An easterly wind, blowing steadily from the sea, carried deadly vapours through the great poorts (gates, passes, openings) that led up from the lower bushveld into our valleys. Every morning a dull, bluish-grey haze lay along the ground, which rose slowly into the air, and became dissipated as the sun got higher. This haze, first noticed in September—and then only in the lower valleys—week after week rose higher, until, by the middle of February, it flooded all the low grounds, finally beginning to climb even above the level of the fort. The disease seized a man in various ways,—sometimes beginning

with drowsiness, succeeded by racking pains, followed by high fever, complete dilatation of the eyeballs, and death. In other cases it resembled jaundice, beginning with vomiting, but ending in muttered delirium and a low typhoid state, from which the patients but seldom recovered. In two or three cases the men died suddenly, after a few days' restlessness, want of energy, and appetite. Seventy miles to our rear, in the Crocodile River valley, whole families were swept away by this fatal scourge, which continued increasing in severity till the 18th May, after which there were no more new cases. Arsenic, in heroic doses, with cinchona bark, was found to be the only reliable remedy in the low stages of the disease. At one time, of sixty-four duty-men thirty-two were ill. Of course the loss of life was considerable. The death-rate seemed to be utterly unaffected by the previous habits of the patients; and drinkers and weakly worn-out men went off no quicker than did fine fellows in good condition, who had never drank spirits, or committed reprehensible excesses, in their lives.

New-comers who had arrived during the summer were much more liable to an attack than those even partially inured to the climate. The strongest, and those who did not suffer directly from the fever, yet felt the weakening and lowering effects of the pestilential miasma that filled the bush-country. Both men and horses got weak, sluggish, and disinclined for continued exertion. Even keen sportsmen gave up the gun and the rod for the pipe and the novel. Such was the fever of 1877. In my account of the present war I shall endeavour to point out the differences between it and the fever of 1878, which, in the same district, also cost the country many valuable lives.

In February also, towards the end of the month, we were suddenly called on to take part in the active life of a more civilised part of the country. Poor Captain Van Deventer was summoned from the other fort, with twenty-five of his men, to watch over the peace in Pretoria; whilst we were called upon to maintain the authority of the law on the New Caledonia Gold Fields.

CHAPTER V.

THE LYDENBERG VOLUNTEER CORPS AT THE GOLD FIELDS.

Surface diggings—The shop-boy aristocracy—An outrage—Peace-making—A gay and festive scene—"Sic transit."

THE "Caledonian Gold Fields" were from the beginning most improperly named. They were not in Caledonia, and they were not Gold Fields—in fact, they had no pretence whatever to so broad and so significant a title. It had been known for years that "color" was to be got pretty well anywhere in the higher grounds of the Transvaal. "Color" means a few specks, perhaps hardly even perceptible, in the bottom of the prospecting basin after the washing of a properly selected shovelful of dirt (I don't mean dirt in the filthy acceptation of the word, but in the sense of gravel, mud, and pay-dirt generally). In some streams—noticeably Jokeskey River, Elands Spruit, and the Blyde—coarser gold had been met with. In 1872 and 1873, rushes broke out in a corner amongst the lofty mountains that hem in the Transvaal territory east of Lydenberg.

The principal discovery, made by Barrington and Osborne, resulted in little mining settlements being started about Pilgrim's Creek—a gully which contributes some water to the Blyde. The place is only accessible by going up and then down a steep mountain, the dangers of the road across which must for ever dwell in the memory of those who have journeyed to the so-called Gold Fields. The descent into the valley of the Blyde is sufficient to ruin any animal, and strain to pieces even the strongest of Africander waggons.

The hill consists of soapy shale, and the fall is something like a foot in twelve. This difficulty overcome, however, the visitor finds himself on a comparatively level spot, towards which numerous gorges and rocky valleys open. The view from the bottom is not ugly. A few pretty falls of water are to be seen tumbling from the surrounding mountains, which are in many places clothed with bush, marking, by their variety, the different degrees of temperature and elevation. The Blyde itself is, except during flood-time, an insignificant stream, flowing between recent alluvial banks. The "Pilgrim's Creek," which joins it from the valley, or rather long glen, in which the principal diggings are situate, with a fall of about a foot in fifty, has scooped for itself a deep distorted channel, that is now loaded with mud and tailings. The ground to the right, looking upwards—that is, on to the left bank of the creek where the mining village was built—is so narrowed between mountain and stream that it only affords room for one street, and that a very indifferent one. Embryo mountains, in fact, rise up abruptly from the backs of the houses on the one hand, while the shanties on the other side of the miserable thoroughfare appear to be constantly in danger of slipping over a steep bank. There is a "diggings," and nothing more.

Attracted, however, by the puffs, and, I am afraid, the untruthful and exaggerated statements of persons interested in the prosperity of the place, during the years 1873, 1874, and 1875, large numbers of gold-seekers flocked to the new El Dorado. The place was no richer at its best than many parts of Wicklow; and I think I have heard of places, even in Sutherlandshire, where more gold was found and better wages earned within the last few years than ever rewarded the poor people that flocked to Pilgrim's Rest.

However, there was a rush which, no doubt, gratified its promoters. Natal shopkeepers made little ventures in that direction; and Lydenberg, through which all transport for the Fields had to pass, assumed quite a busy aspect. Stores were piled up with goods; a few new houses were hastily constructed, and waggons thronged the streets of the little quiet Dutch village. Bankers, lawyers, parsons, and a newspaper, appeared suddenly at Pilgrim's Rest, and, favoured

by heavy rains, the first season of the rush proved lucky for at least a few.

But the gold was not there—at least not in sufficient quantities or sufficiently payable to justify all the fuss and expense gone to about the place. When the claims most easily accessible to water were worked out, the diggers had to go higher and higher on the terraces. This necessitated the expensive leading of water, by flumes and artificial constructions, to the workings. Australians came and cursed the place. Men failed there as they do everywhere else. The ground was what is called "patchy." One man might perhaps find a lump, or succeed in washing up well for weeks at a time, whilst his neighbours could never hit the lead,—and this for the very good reason that there was no regular lead to hit. Science and experience were utterly inapplicable; so that not unfrequently the best men had the worst luck. Geologists and mining engineers found themselves more at fault than the merest tyros in the art could possibly be. In fact, by 1875 the mining concern began to present a most unsatisfactory look-out. Then came bad seasons. The South African digger somehow falls into a habit of wanting all or most of the ruder portion of his labour done for him by blacks. Now the Kafirs did not take comfortably to gold-digging, most of them preferring the far-easier and better-paid labour of the distant diamond-mines. The diggings had the dry-rot. Poverty began to set in, and became more and more sharply felt as the bulk of the population came to the end of their little means, which they had to spend on tools and necessaries, whilst waiting for the fruition of their golden hopes. This was especially saddening to the hucksters, petty chandlers, and shopkeepers, who had already, in fond anticipation of wealth to come, elevated themselves into an aristocracy. They became discontented, and ceaselessly pressed on Government the necessity of what they called "opening up the country." Everybody's rights should be set aside in (theirs) the digging interest. They were "the people," and the whole country should be taxed for their support. By-and-by to the evils of dear provisions and expensive transport were added those of neighbouring war.

The miners, though reduced in numbers by the most natural of all causes—the poverty of their diggings—were, before and at the beginning of the Secocoeni war, a compact and influential little community of about 470 souls. Their discontent assumed the unpleasant form of hostility to the institutions they lived under. They wanted protection, and yet would not submit, in their own proper persons, to taxation. They desired that the whole country should be taxed in their interest; but they declined to live under its laws, and expected to be treated as a separate community, having distinct interests, which, in their opinion, were paramount and far superior to those of the State. They had a newspaper which soon fanned the flame. If the President was authoritative, the 'Gold Fields Mercury' called him an emperor; if he was too easy, the paper screamed for strong government.

Some of these people, I have no doubt, really believed that if a change of government could be brought about, the rains would become more plentiful; farms, land, and houses would rise in value; while claims and chandlers' little shops would become priceless;—in fact, that nothing was wanting to their prosperity but the removal of one Government and the substitution of another. Accordingly they wrote letters to Natal—and even to Sir Henry Barkly—representing themselves to be poor abandoned British subjects, in danger of being swallowed up at every moment by countless Kafir enemies. I am sorry to say that they went even a little farther than the truth in their representations. They filled the English press of neighbouring colonies with most absurd and exaggerated stories of Boer cowardice, volunteer atrocities, mis-government, and continual acts of petty tyranny and weakness, which had no foundation save in their own fears, their own turbulence, and their own reckless strivings after wealth where its materials did not exist.

At the very moment when they were loudest in calling for protection against Secocoeni, they did their utmost to prevent a garrison being secured for Fort Burgers. In fact, they always did their best to embarrass the President and cripple his government. The after-history of these miserable people will point out, by the logic of incontrovertible fact,

how mistaken and unpatriotic was the course they permitted themselves to be led into by their dominant faction—"the huckster's party."

The gold-miners had been granted exceptional privileges, and returned two members to the Volksraad or Parliament of the country, whose views were ever listened to with respect. If they made a bad choice, and sent men who did not represent them properly to Parliament, the Republic is not to blame. It showed itself to be catholic enough and liberal enough to welcome new blood, and to seek the counsels of progressive men. Even this did not please the Gold Fields community. They went on from bad to worse; one of their idols was committed for contempt of court by their magistrate — John Scoble — an Englishman; and this event serving as an excuse for a display of most unwarrantable passion, they released the prisoner. It is painful to have to state the discreditable fact that they added to this outrage personal insult to the highly respectable gentleman filling the office of Gold Commissioner. They knocked him down, insulted his white hairs, pulled his beard, and subjected him to vilifications and indignities. Such conduct could not be permitted to continue. It had not been participated in by all the inhabitants of the Fields; in fact, considerable numbers viewed the proceedings with displeasure. The rowdy element was but a small part of the little mining community; but as it had been encouraged and let loose by the workings of a political party which loudly proclaimed itself to be "the people," there was, for a moment, some danger that order might be seriously disturbed. It was impossible to expect impartiality from the insulted officials.

The chief of my district—Landdrost Roth—a man of great tact, experience, and ability, was absent on a tax-collecting tour. Captain von Brandis, formerly an officer in the English service, requested me to intervene, and at all events restore the rule of law and order. From the fort was concentrated on Kruger's Post all our available horsemen; and a guard of infantry accompanied Captain Reidel and a cannon to a spot convenient for the assumption of the offensive should hostilities ensue. If the whole of the popu-

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lation of the Fields had chosen to revolt they could have been starved out, and brought to their senses in ten days. Below their mountains, to the east, stretched (cutting them off from Delagoa Bay) the fever and the fly; to the north and south lay the pathless mountains of Secocoeni and the Amaswazi. Only through Lydenberg could they receive help; and the presence of the volunteers on the main road effectually prevented this.

I was, however, satisfied that the diggers were anything but unanimous against the Republic, and that the disorderly party must speedily be abandoned by its more intelligent members if the quarrel were not allowed to go too far.

Leaving the troop at Kruger's Post, I went in alone to the Fields. On my arrival I found that, with tact, the matter admitted of settlement. Eighteen of the principals, at my solicitation, surrendered themselves, and were put on their trial for riot. I then bailed out all the prisoners, and succeeded in patching up matters between the editor and the magistrate. There had undoubtedly been faults on both sides; but rather than have permitted a breach of the peace, I would have removed the officials and installed myself as Gold Commissioner. Suavity and determination carried the day, and I was more pleased with the pacific settlement of the Gold Fields question, by which I put down the rising enmity between English and Dutch, than I would have been had I won ten victories over the Kafirs.[1]

The matter came up again in a month, but all ill-feeling had then died away, and everybody has ever since lived on the best possible terms with everybody else.

It was March 1st when I returned to my camp, which I speedily broke up, sending the men again to the frontier. The after-history of the Gold Fields I may as well insert here.

British government, as everybody knows, was proclaimed over the Transvaal on April 12, 1877. Just forty-two days after the rising above mentioned, Captain Clarke, R.A., went down the Pilgrim's Hill, and entered the village, escorted by the tag-rag and bob-tail, who look on free drinks as the wisest and most natural result of revolutions. He was preceded

[1] See Appendix B.

by Gunn's celebrated piper, playing a triumphant march, and was closely attended by the Glynns of Kruger's Post (two in number), who had always hitherto described themselves as "her Majesty's British subjects in the Transvaal." Champagne-corks flew in every direction, rags looked sprightly for one sunny day, tumble-down shanties put on a festive appearance, and Pilgrim's Rest was very gay as it hailed the representative of the new order of things.

The rejoicings have been short-lived. Even Captain Clarke could not turn a poor patchy diggings into a gold-field; he had no influence with the clerk of the weather. A season of drought, difficulty, poverty, and even hunger, followed swiftly upon the hour of triumph, and the population began dwindling away,—vanishing from hour to hour, as their misery and their necessities compelled them to abandon the luckless place. Their weekly post-cart—their solitary connecting-link with civilisation—was soon taken from them; and when, in February last, a fresh war broke out with Secocoeni, the Dutchmen, whom they hated, had the pleasure of seeing that no special protection was afforded to them by the new Government, while their best men volunteered and were drafted off to the fort beyond Middleburg.

Their condition as a community was, in fact, rendered worse than ever through the abandonment of Fort Burgers —the advanced post on their side of the Lulus. Between drought, war, and want of luck, Providence has dealt hardly with the diggers and the hucksters. The Kafirs have thrice since the British government was established invaded their valleys and carried off their cattle; and their numbers are reduced to less than 124 adults, who eke out a miserable existence on the scene of their former boastfulness and folly. They never had a "gold-field;" and I emphatically warn every person who may read this book, to avoid Pilgrim's Rest, Peach-tree Rush, Plum-tree Creek, Macmac, and Spitzkop as they would the workhouse. I have known respectable men, hard-working, honest creatures, sober and industrious, who have slaved and starved for many weary months on these so-called "Gold Fields," unable to obtain, day by day, more than some crushed maize or Kafir corn to assuage their hunger or keep up their strength.

The "Pilgrims," with their thirst for gold and their foolish "making haste to be rich," have been the real and principal cause of the annexation of the Transvaal, and the estrangement of its Dutch inhabitants from their English colonial brethren. God send that this may not result in anything worse than the destruction which fell like a blight on the gold-diggers themselves! As a community, they have no longer any influence, political or otherwise. Their newspaper has been prosecuted by the Government it invoked, and has happily ceased to exist.

Sic transit!

CHAPTER VI.

THE LYDENBERG VOLUNTEER CORPS AGAIN—1877.

Keeping the wolf from the door—Prospecting parties—An ambush defeated—Change of rule—Guilty or not guilty—Right or wrong—Good-bye.

At this time—the beginning of March—when the Gold Fields affair was brought to a happy and peaceful conclusion, the President wrote us a letter, in which, after thanking the corps for its services, he proposed its disembodiment. This was speedily followed by another announcing that the contract with the corps had terminated, that its pay and allowances were forthwith to cease, and that at as early a date as possible, surveyors would be sent to put them in possession of their lands. Thus the Company had fairly completed its service, and so far had earned all the rewards, grants of land, burgher rights, and other privileges included in its contract with the State. An obligation was created, which certainly is entitled to take its place amongst those contemplated and guaranteed in the following paragraph of Sir T. Shepstone's annexation proclamation,—"All the *bonâ fide* concessions and contracts with governments, companies, or individuals, by which the State is now bound, will be honourably maintained and respected, and the payment of the debts of the State must be provided for."

Up to this date no actual cash by way of pay, with the exception of the £25 advanced for our use in Pretoria, had come to hand. The men had received, as a Company, credit to a large amount; and this, through the enterprise of the representatives of Paul Henwood & Co. of London, and Percy Hope & Co. of Durban, with others, had been largely

used for the purchase of boots, belts, clothes, and other necessaries. For these supplies we had given drafts on Government as against the whole of the pay. The drafts were generally at four months, so that the system adopted by the officers of the corps benefited Government by giving it breathing time, whilst it gratified the men by supplying their necessities as they arose. Each man had a separate account, and was debited with the amount of goods received by him or supplied to his order, and the Company was at the risk of all losses by transport, damage to stores, &c., that might occur. To leave a margin sufficient to cover such possible losses, a small percentage was almost invariably added to the wholesale price of goods brought to the fort. By these means, although they had received no actual cash, the men had been kept from grumbling. There is perhaps no fact connected with their history which reflects more credit upon them than this. Although accused of being filibusters, and represented as a set of mercenary scoundrels, whose sole objects were pay, cattle-stealing, and plunder, they had voluntarily placed themselves on that part of the enemy's border where loot was utterly unobtainable; and they endured toil, exposure to danger, and sickness, in the most patient manner, neither pressing for pay, nor relaxing in discipline because of its being withheld from them by their embarrassed Government. I doubt if such self-sacrifice has ever marked the service of any irregulars and mercenaries before. The whole country lay helplessly at the feet of these men and their officers. By a word they could have gained the active co-operation of hundreds of discontented spirits, with whose assistance they might have secured their own position and even usurped the Government. Instead of that, their patience and fidelity to the embarrassed State that had accepted their services, proved a most complete and noble refutation of the calumnies with which the corps had been aspersed.

Even the disembodiment without funds was accepted with loyal promptitude. Another letter, however, arrived from Government requesting the men to be kept in hand for another month. Advantage was taken of this to make a prospecting expedition into Secocoeni's more unknown valleys lying

between Dwarsberg and the Oliphants River. Thirty-four men under Captain Reidel proceeded, with twelve gold-miners and a cart-load of tools and provisions, to the work. Guides had been obtained from the chief of the Red Krantz, but there were no roads, and hardly even any available tracks, into the district sought to be explored. On the morning of the third day the party found itself enveloped in terrific defiles, around which Kafirs began to appear, calling on them to proceed no further. They had scaled precipices, crossed steep and apparently impassable mountains, endured toils, and overcome difficulties of no ordinary nature. They were not far from a spot where they expected to find gold and gold-bearing rocks in vast profusion. But they were destined never to reach it. A great chief, not Umsoet but Masoet, barred the path. With a brother of Secocoeni's he shortly came into the filibuster's camp to hold a parley. The guides were hidden away so that he should not see them—the vengeful and treacherous nature of Kafir custom and law leading our men to suppose that their lives would never afterwards be safe if hostilities should unhappily occur.

The chief said, when the talk commenced, "Where did you people get wings from, that you fly silently over the mountains like birds?—mountains so lofty and so waterless that even the wild beasts avoid them. What do you want? This is where Secocoeni and his Kafirs keep their cattle; we think you have come as spies. Why are you not on the roads where waggons go?" Captain Reidel explained the nature of his mission; but the chief, who said he was in charge of that portion of the country for Secocoeni's herds, peremptorily forbade any further advance. Knowing that peace had been proclaimed, and that a renewal of hostilities would be looked upon with the greatest disfavour, Captain Reidel, in the exercise of an undoubtedly sound and just discretion, retreated. But this retreat was not to be so easily effected. The guides, terrified at the alarming aspect of things around, had fled, and the expedition must return as best it could; for Masoet, on being asked to point out the shortest road to the fort, plumply refused, saying, "You have flown like birds over those hills—fly back again!" Meanwhile the Kafir horns sounded in all directions; Kafir

commandoes crowned the summits of the hills, who rejoiced, shouting triumphantly, "You are now in our power; we are above and you are below!"

They, however, were reckoning without their host. Reidel conducted his march with consummate skill, taking advantage of every possible cover and position, and so directing his little force that the enemy could neither anticipate their movements nor arrest their progress. Shots were fired, but to these the stubborn German paid no attention. His object was to effect a retreat without fighting, and in this he was perfectly successful. After thirty-eight hours' constant marching, he baffled his pursuers, and reached the fort in safety.

Towards the close of March rumours circulated through the country that annexation would not be long deferred, and a hint reached me that the fort might be visited by British emissaries coming, *viâ* Secocoeni, with whose people they were in constant communication. I was at this time in Lydenberg with the clerks arranging the accounts between Government and the troop. In the end of March I commenced my last journey to Fort Burgers. Advantage was immediately taken of my absence by a worthless traitor to throw our affairs into confusion by absconding with valuable documents to Pretoria, where he calculated on ingratiating himself with the new *régime* by making groundless charges against his officers. Close to the Speckboom River I met Captain Clarke, who had slept at the fort the previous night. He was accompanied only by coloured servants, but the announcement of his name and rank in the British service had secured him a hospitable reception, given in a frank and soldierly spirit, which he ought not soon to forget. He informed me that he would be glad if I remained in the fort, as he expected to revisit it in a few days on business of public importance which had better be conducted between principals. He then rode on to Kruger's Post, escorted by Captain Reidel, and assisted by horses which we had lent him—some of his own pack-animals having broken down under his severe journey. Some few nights afterwards the sentry on the walls announced the approach of visitors. At half-past two on the morning of the 14th, bearing with him

a proclamation[1] and a couple of copies of the 'Government Gazette,' in his uniform as an English artillery officer, Captain Clarke was again admitted to the little stronghold.

The President's protest plainly indicated the only course that could be honourably adopted.[2]

The officers and sergeants were informed what circumstances demanded of them. At sunrise there was a parade; and before seven o'clock, cannon, muskets, and men were all placed at Clarke's disposal. A majority of the officers and men, believing that all their rights would be respected, agreed to serve under the new rule, and to devote their best energies to the maintenance of law and order. The oath of allegiance to the State—really an oath to support the law—was relied on as being a sufficient guarantee for every man's fidelity to lawful authority, in the hands of whomsoever it might be temporarily vested. Arrangements were made for permitting to return to their homes a part of the garrison, who left, firmly believing that ere long they would return with their families to occupy the lands guaranteed them by the Transvaal Government for services performed under the contract that had terminated with the month of February.

Here I think it but right to mention that the documents on which the Company can rely for proof that the Transvaal Government acknowledged the completion of their contract, and that the guaranteed lands were actually their property, remained in my hands until June 8, 1878. On that day they were lodged in the hands of the British authorities at Pretoria—Messrs Osborn and Jorrissen—respectively Attorney-General and Secretary to Government, undertaking that they would be placed as public deeds and titles in the hands of the Registrar of Deeds,—a course which commended itself to me as being fair to every person interested. The British Government has nothing to complain of as to the treatment of its commissioners to Fort Burgers; nor can the Republic allege any infidelity to its interests by the volunteers; as I can most truthfully state that not a penny or a promise, save the stipulations set forth in the annexation proclamation, entered into the transactions by which the only force in the Transvaal accepted the change of rule.

[1] See Appendix C. [2] See Appendix D.

Having first voluntarily requested Captain Clarke to place all the books and papers of the Company under arrest, I was summoned a short time after, along with the regimental clerks, to Pretoria to give an account of my stewardship. It was confidently believed by the enemies of the filibusters that our arrival in Pretoria and committal to jail would be coincident. At the capital, however, the Government had fortunately at their disposal the services of Colonel Edward Brooke, R.E., who sat as President of a general commission of inquiry into the affairs of the volunteers. He was, I will not say assisted, but accompanied in this duty by a yeomanry colonel and three others of various grades of inability. With admirable tact, and a display of ingenious conciseness beyond praise, the engineer officer speedily got at the facts. His work resulted in a complete vindication of the character of the corps; and although I have never even read his report on the matter, I have no doubt that it is characterised all through by an intelligent appreciation of the circumstances of danger and difficulty under which our work was performed.

Another commission, presided over by Mr Joseph Henderson, a man of business of great and undoubted capacity, was engaged in unravelling our finances. The corps had reason to be proud that its accounts, though purposely confused by a traitor, came creditably through the inquisitorial ordeal to which they were submitted at the hands of this austere and harsh, though painstaking and clever examiner. On 11th May I was informed that the Commissioners could dispense with our further attendance. I also then heard, for the first time, that on Captain Clarke's recommendation it was determined to totally disband the Lydenberg Volunteers as soon as circumstances would permit. That this was mistaken policy events have since proved. I implored the Government to keep at least twenty-five troopers together for the defence of the border, and to give confidence to the farmers who were beginning to occupy the neutral territory—but in vain; and I of course unmurmuringly submitted.

On the 30th of the same month I was again in Kruger's Post on my way towards the fort. I could not, however, bear to revisit my old home under its altered circumstances;

and instead of proceeding, I handed in my resignation and claim, which were accepted, whilst my services in some undefined capacity were retained. The men were kept in service for but eighteen days more.

It is but justice to them to publish the address they received at the time, which is the only proper acknowledgment they may ever have of their undoubtedly good service—a service rendered under the most trying and painful circumstances conceivable.

"ORDERS, LYDENBERG, 30*th May* 1877.

"MR ADJUTANT WHITE AND GENTLEMEN,—Before you separate, I feel it incumbent on me to thank you for the personal devotion you have exhibited to me during the period of my command; and in doing so I think it not unfitting that I should enter upon a *résumé* of your services, and a criticism of your conduct. Your behaviour in the field has been better than could have been expected from volunteers hastily drawn together from different sources and of various nationalities. Your readiness to obey, unquestioningly and promptly, the orders of your officers; your coolness under fire and firmness in retreat—even under difficult circumstances—deserve praise. You have borne hunger, thirst, and fatigue uncomplainingly; and your discipline has been such, that even under almost unbearable neglect, you have never given your commander one moment's anxiety. You have been thanked six times by the State for ordinary, and twice for special, services. Your treatment of the half-hostile population whom you were called upon to assist, has, notwithstanding their marked ingratitude, been characterised by forbearance and generosity. I may here advert to the fact that you served without pay, or even the hope of receiving it, from the 14th of August 1876 to the 17th April 1877; and that, although crippled by want of resources—horses and other military necessaries—you have actually performed all your officers engaged that you should do—that is, hold the fort, cover the Lydenberg district, and harass the enemy. You have faced fever in its stronghold, as well as a treacherous enemy in the most rugged and difficult part of the theatre of the late war. You have lost one captain, two lieutenants, one sergeant, two corporals, and six men—a very large number in proportion to your strength and the losses of other corps engaged on similar service; and several of you have suffered much from wounds and sickness. Let us rejoice that through your charity and valour, the bodies of all our comrades have received Christian burial, not one of them being finally left to the enemy or the desert. You have never forsaken your wounded on the field, no matter how dangerous the task of bringing them out of the power of the enemy. And here I feel called upon to mention, with the highest commendation, the conduct of those men, foremost amongst whom were Dr Ashton and Philip Ribas, who assisted your bravest officer, the late Captain von Schlieckmann, from under fire at Mahera's Kloof.

"In one thing only you have disappointed me,—you have failed to assist your leaders to carry out their original plans. We sought to obtain your consent to a deed of partnership, by which you would have

become 'a corporation,' as well as a company of soldiers. Had you done so, your finances would have been to-day in a flourishing condition, and your power could have been exercised to the direction of so large an immigration to the country granted you by the Volksraad that the great and serious difficulties of the 'settler' question could never have arisen. For reckless courage we will ever remember that Adolph Kuhneisen and Karl Haagman deserve our meed of praise. To name all who have distinguished themselves would be an impossible task, as well as an invidious one, when so many have earned honourable mention. I trust that you will ever remember to speak well of our native ally Windvogel, whose services have been priceless to the Company. Amongst the officers I have specially to thank Captain Reidel for his cordial co-operation; Lieutenants White, Bayley, and Eckersley, for their assistance both in the field and fort; and Lieutenant von Steitencron for his perfect performance of many fatiguing and dangerous duties. Amongst the non-commissioned officers, Messrs Ashley, Rogin, England, Ryan, and Degenkolw, merit especial mention. The Company should also remember that it owes a debt of gratitude to Messrs Jvy and Pearson, for having, after six months' mismanagement, taken the books in hand, and put the accounts in the clear, fair, and complete form in which they were finally presented to Government. Mr Beeton, in his department, has also deserved well of the Company.

"In conclusion, I can only say that your conduct, when engaged in the suppression of certain civil disturbances—your patience under trial and neglect—your discipline, obedience, good conduct, and freedom from crime,—have disproved the whole of the slanders circulated against you by those who said you were picked out of the 'gutter.' I have only to call on those who enter the services of the new Government, to be as faithful, loyal, and obedient to its officers, as the Company has been to its most obedient servant, THE COMMANDANT."

The next step taken by the Government was to forward to Pretoria all the arms and military stores from Fort Burgers, leaving the north-eastern border utterly defenceless in the event of an attack from any quarter. Very strong representations, however, secured for Lydenberg 1 gun and 66 rifles, 25 of which were, by Captain Clarke, lent to the Gold Fields community, who were subject to ill-defined fears, probably the effects of remorse of conscience. I shall now deal with the after-treatment of the volunteers by Government—a treatment which nothing can palliate or justify. In doing this, I make no attack upon Sir Theophilus Shepstone, whose valuable time had to be hourly devoted to the consideration of more important questions. Whatever wrong has been done proceeds entirely from the little views of little men, whom the unfortunate circumstance of the connection of the new Government with Natal brought into office.

A very large number of the volunteers had sold their farm rights for ridiculously disproportionate sums as they were mustered out. These, of course, should be disallowed, as a few of these sales only were completed with the formalities required by the Dutch Government. One bad boy sold his "right" for £2, 7s. 6d.; while the highest price obtained on any of these occasions was £20. These sales were all, as a rule, contrary to the laws of the corps, which provided that farms should be sold subject to the production of substitutes, who would perform the five years' border and occupation duty contemplated by the law, gazetted October 28, 1876. But still a very large number retained their certificates, announced their willingness to fulfil the occupation clauses, and expected to be put in possession of their property. Than this proposition nothing could be fairer. Government could insist on a five years' occupancy of the neutral and conquered territory, in the face of which it would have been comparatively easy to them to have bought up the rights of the individuals, fairly and openly, for what they might be worth when tested along with all their servitudes and inconveniences.

This course, unhappily, did not commend itself to the little men I have referred to. They devised a scheme called the "bonus" arrangement, and then, denying that the war had been brought to a successful conclusion, repudiated *in toto* the land-claims of the corps, offering to each man £20, for which he was to sign the following receipt:—

"*I hereby acknowledge to have received the sum of £20 sterling from Captain Clarke, R.A., his Excellency's Special Commissioner for Lydenberg, being the bonus allowed by Government to Private —— on his discharge from the Lydenberg Volunteer Corps.*"

This receipt was readily signed, as it said nothing about the lands. In Pretoria, however, men on signing were asked to give up their land-certificates, which some of them did. The bonus is now held to be a complete settlement of all claims against the Government. By this, *bonâ fide* purchasers have been defeated; the border, which would have been protected by a corps of military settlers, left utterly undefended; and much discontent created. Secocoeni was also, by this

foolish measure, led to believe himself unconquered, and was enabled to reoccupy territory from which his people had been banished during the war.

The result is now patent. Government has had recently to pay as much as 6s. per man per day cash, and all found, for a police force, and £10 a-month each to volunteers, to go over the old ground, although, I am sorry to say, not in the old way or with the old success. Thus ends the history of the Lydenberg Volunteers, who were really not volunteers at all, but the properly enlisted soldiers of the little State which has ceased to exist. Many of the men have since rendered good service to the new Government; and, as I think I mention elsewhere, a majority of those who have fallen with honour under the British flag belonged to that corps which Government last year got rid of so cavalierly.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSVAAL RESOURCES.

Land-sharks—Professional mine-salters—Artistic swindling—The reason why—Agriculture—A happy home—Princely profits—What we can grow—Statistical—Stock-farming—Profit and loss—A shameful gold-swindle—Our mines—Glacial action—Sculptured stones.

WHEREVER one goes to, throughout South Africa, excepting always the western provinces of the Cape of Good Hope, a man is apt to have forced upon him, sometimes by well-meaning men, but oftener by rogues and fools, or by fussy and over-sanguine persons, most deplorable accounts of neglected riches, of unexplored and unworked mines, and of most pitiably and unaccountably undeveloped sources of wealth which are represented as abounding on every side. In the Transvaal especially the stranger is wearied by the endless parade of resources: to-day it is a gold rush; to-morrow it may be cinnabar; yesterday it was cobalt; last month it was lead; and in a year hence it may be coal or iron. Some people seem almost to have "minerals on the brain." By some people I undoubtedly mean those who impudently speak of themselves as "the people"—the good-humoured, lazy, cigar-smoking, brandy-and-water-drinking shopkeepers, agents, waiters on Providence, barmen, and loafers, comprising the unproductive class, whose sole idea of progress is a something grand and sudden, by which things generally will be doubled in value about twice a-month.[1] Now these fellows, as a rule, have no property,

[1] "In the English colonies in South Africa at any rate, there are a set of people who answer to the mean whites of the Southern States of America. A large portion of OUR people are more or less vagabonds." —FROUDE.

and indeed many of them are the veriest idlers that ever deluded themselves into the belief that they were men of business, by having an office and several private brandies-and-sodas in it every morning. Some of them, however, have land; or rather, which is just the same thing in their estimation, they have "land-certificates" and transfers in considerable numbers; but the farms concerned are either in possession of the natives, located in the fly and fever countries, unsurveyed, claimed three deep, or non-existent except on paper.

Other fellows of this class, and decent men too in their own way, have land which they are colourably entitled to represent as their own, but for which they have never paid a shilling, and the possession of which by them is neither beneficial to the country nor to the farms in question. These men, of course, invariably speak of themselves as "capitalists." I shall briefly describe their line of proceeding. Say it is reported that land is likely to rise in value, an annexation is taking place, or troops are going to some town where their advent had never been even dreamed of before; or a man has found a little bit of gold, and is beginning to kick up a stir about what, with sublime hopefulness, he at once calls a new gold-field. The speculator, borrowing a trap and begging a bottle of brandy, rushes off to the scene. It is of no consequence to him whether the gold has been found, the troops are really in motion, or even that the annexation idea may not have been already abandoned. He may make something, but he cannot lose, as he does not intend to invest any of his own capital, unless his brass may be called such in the speculations, which, in the most cheery and jaunty manner, he alludes to as "the swindle" and "my little game."

Arrived on the scene, he gets from perhaps a dozen or more farmers, the refusal of their properties at what no doubt is then a fair, or perhaps even more than fair, value for the land. This refusal may hold good, according to the tale he has worked up for the occasion, for three, six, or even twelve months. With the papers in his pocket he now returns to his office or his hotel lodgings, as the case may be, and gets inserted into the Government paper for the

time being, an account of the high value of properties in "the rising district" he has just left. He speaks of them changing hands at enhanced rates, as if his refusals were purchases. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the operator fails to sell, even within the specified time. In one case, perhaps, he catches a flat, to whom he transfers one of his refusal farms at an advance of a couple of hundred pounds over the price he himself had promised to give for it. These operators contrive, in fact, without any investment of money, to obtain a temporary right of disposal over property, by which they are sometimes enabled to cheat both buyer and seller during a fictitious rise occasioned by their own puffing and false statements.

Now to these—the busy bees of speculation—add a few shopkeepers, legitimate holders of lands taken on mortgage, or in payment for goods, and the large class of semi-respectable persons to be found in all new countries waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up; mix with these, miners in search of work, and liquor-dealers anxious for fresh openings for trade, with an enthusiastic discoverer, or perhaps a professional mine-salter,—and you have the exact class that is continually blowing the trumpet of the Transvaal mineral resources.[1]

I have mentioned "professional mine-salters." This phrase I had better perhaps explain.

There are in the Transvaal, as well as in all new countries, unscrupulous persons who make their living by discovering minerals, and by prospecting generally. Some of them have been known as water-finders. These go about from farm to farm in dry and arid districts, pointing out, of course for payment, where springs must be dug for and wells sunk; but they invariably contrive that the work indicated will be extensive enough to enable them to leave the district before their pretensions can be fully unveiled by results. One of these men, a sailor, many years ago, travelled through Victoria West, and a portion of the Karooveld, with a quadrant and several other important-looking instruments, by means of which he professed to discover hidden fountains and

[1] "The English trade and speculate, but do not care to cultivate the soil."—FROUDE.

streams that, if dug down to and exposed to the light, would flow for ever. Having once slept in the same room with a well-sinker, or by some similar easy-gained experience, he calculated on guessing, with at least occasional correctness, where water might possibly be found. A confederate went before him who effected a double purpose. He glorified and puffed the merits of the advancing charlatan, and at the same time picked up from each farmer an accurate knowledge of all the moist and spongy places, where peculiarities of vegetation indicated the existence of springs on each "plaats" (farm). This information he of course communicated to the water-finder, whose seemingly accurate knowledge procured him at once the respect and confidence of the Boer. After a considerable amount of taking levels, squinting through glasses, and instrumental demonstrations of various kinds, the farmer was duly informed, for a consideration—sometimes not an inconsiderable one—when and where he must dig for the great necessary of life. The poor victim went to work, and the swindler passed on his way rejoicing.

Other fellows, well-sinkers, have been known to contract to find water at a given depth. This they invariably contrive to do—sometimes, however, having to carry the water themselves to the well at night, when the time comes at which they have promised to show results; and as their bargains invariably are, that they should receive an instalment when water first comes into the well, with a final instalment when a given depth is reached, they always contrive to obtain one payment, if not both, even when there is no chance whatever of their honestly earning either.

Spurious gold-hunters and reef-discoverers are another class of swindlers common in Africa. Some are bad enough to discover gold when there is no gold whatever; others merely add a little foreign gold to the "prospect" at likely enough places; but there are others—well-known men—who go systematically to work, and deliberately "salt" (conceal gold-dust in) some spot showing auriferous indications. This plan is usually adopted for the purpose of selling a reef, or perhaps a farm, or, as has lately happened,

even for the grander villany of drawing attention and a rush to a district, and getting it thoroughly "prospected"—a course by which, even if gold is not found in payable quantities, a considerable amount is at least brought into and spent in the country, to the general advancement of everybody concerned. It has been said—and well said—that it is not the gold found in a digging that enriches the country, but the expenditure consequent on the search for and finding of that gold.

South African, and especially Transvaal speculators, leave out of their calculations altogether the finding, and look to enrich themselves and develop trade by the expenditure involved in the searching for minerals, whether the search be successful or not. These men rely on "spurts" and "rushes," with the accidents of mining and prospecting enterprise, to cause a speculative if not a real increase in the value of property. Therefore it is that there is so much talk about the mineral resources, not only of the Transvaal, but of other poor African districts. I am afraid to say what percentage of the English-speaking population of the Transvaal wink at, if they do not wholly approve of or encourage, this vicious system of false prospecting. I may say, however, that they are not a small minority.

When you meet a man in the Transvaal with a store, or even a couple of stores (African for "shop"), studs, wristbands, and a clean shirt, adorned with, perhaps, diamond links,—and who drives in a trap from Government House to the Club twice or thrice daily,—you are naturally led to believe that he has a stake in the country. A few such men —and but a very few—have anything of the sort. The shopkeepers, as a rule, do not even own the counters across which they sell their goods. They are merely the bondsmen, and generally a little less than the servants, of houses in the seaports or elsewhere, by which they are what is called "supported," and to whom, often, the up-country branches are always over head and ears in debt. Some of these men are deserters, refugees, and perhaps still worse; but because their hands are not marked with labour,—because "they toil not, neither do they spin, or gather into barns,"—they think themselves superior to the farmers, who, take them as

a class, are the only independent body of men, as they undoubtedly are the only producers, in the Transvaal. Of course there are real merchants and respectable shopkeepers; their names, however, are not legion, and their political influence is utterly swamped by the clamorous outcries of the knavish and greedy crew of moneyless adventurers around them.[1]

These knavish and needy persons have got up three cries of late years: one is, "Our mineral wealth;" the second is, "Our undeveloped resources;" the third is, and was, and ever will be — at least until such time as a Government obtains that will devote its talents only to the encouragement of artistic swindling — "Misrule!" "Misrule!" These are the people that hounded down the Republic, and whose outcries and letters to newspapers of late years, from every town and village and mine, have been the subversion of what the farmers considered to be their just rights of self-government. They have cried out, "Cowardice and failure!" "Slavery and cruelty!" where there were none of these things; and they were, in August 1878, as discontented with the rule of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and as great a cause of trouble in the land, as they had been in the days of Mr Burgers and his Volksraad of farmers.

I shall deal now, not with their political mischief-making, but with the resources of the country in which they live, and to which their clamour has drawn so much attention. In this view of the Transvaal I shall omit any mention of supposed sources of wealth outside of the line of white occupation.

Agriculture naturally claims first mention. The whole country consists of an unascertained number of (say 25,000) farms, of which one-third, at the very least computation, are bushveld, and another third rocky and unimprovable uplands. Of the remaining third—from want of water, and pending the construction of dams, which will cost on an average £30 sterling to every acre of irrigable soil—but

[1] "The Transvaal Republic, the Alsatia of Africa, where every runaway from justice, every broken-down speculator, every reckless adventurer, finds an asylum."—FROUDE.

one acre in every 500 is capable of immediate use for the production of wheat crops; but a very much larger portion will produce mealies, Kafir-corn, pumpkins, and the like. It may be as well to mention here that the word "dam" in Africa means *reservoir*, and not "containing wall," as it does here.

The reason of this apparent infertility of the largest portion of the country is, not that the climate is excessively dry—not that the Transvaal is subject to drought (which it is not)—but because wheat, as a summer or rainy-season crop, is subject to rust, and therefore can only be profitably grown as a dry-season or winter crop under irrigation. At one time large breadths of land were under this cereal, of which it happened that by far the largest portion lay in the fever-veld, and has since been practically abandoned.

Besides this cause for the abandonment of wheat-culture, there was the enormous expense of the waggon transport required to draw it from the farms to distant markets. This is even now so great that it ought not to be reasonably expected that Transvaal farmers, for many years to come, should attempt to produce more than is likely to be required for immediate consumption in their own neighbourhoods. Taking the year through, the average price of the transport of corn from the wheat-growing districts of the Transvaal to "Pieter Maritzburg" (Natal) will not be less than 16s. per cwt.—that is, of course, where the article is carried by hired waggons. If, on the other hand, the grower attempts to perform his own carriage, thereby earning the money which would otherwise be expended on transport, he must be absent on a journey that can be reckoned by months from his homestead and family, to the great neglect of his other and perhaps better interests. Common-sense will show that while this is the case, farmers, whether they be Dutchmen or Englishmen, are not likely to go in for extensive cropping. Circumstances occasionally arise that promote a local demand for corn at high prices, such as wars, movement of troops, and gold-rushes; but such isolated and almost accidental markets, the duration of which cannot be computed, and sudden demands, the extent of which cannot be pre-estimated with any degree of accuracy, are not likely to

encourage steady and persistent effort in any direction. Even if a railway is made leading to a port of shipment, there will still be considerable difficulties to be got over before the best parts of the Transvaal become the fields of waving grain that imaginative persons anticipate. There are dams to be built and lands to be enclosed at an expense of millions before corn cultivation and export can ever become of serious importance as a source of material prosperity for the dwellers north of the Vaal.

Pumpkins, maize (Anglo-African mealies), oat-forage, potatoes, and the like, in sufficient quantity for the needs of the country, can be grown without any marked extension of the lands at present under tillage; and the supply of these minor products and daily necessaries can be increased without involving any great additional expenditure for works of irrigation. So far as present appearances go, the Boer system of large farms, on which herds of cattle and sheep can pick up a cheap subsistence, but on each of which some small running water indicates a naturally inexpensive and convenient site for a cottage and a garden, with perhaps ten or twelve acres of plough-land, is the only one under which the Transvaal can be said to be habitable by Europeans. If English emigrants choose to select Central South Africa as a field for their labours, they must to a very great extent begin under similar conditions to those in which the Boers exist.[1]

African farming does not promise large fortunes; and enterprise will find in Africa few opportunities for extensive and readily remunerative improvements. Progress for years to come must be slow. Success is not to be achieved by rushes; and I feel myself bound, as a public writer, to warn people not to be led away by the glowing accounts of interested land-jobbers, or of enthusiastic travellers, into dreams of high farming, wonderful improvements, and immense returns in connection with any part of the Transvaal. It is a fine country to settle in, for a man of moderate expectations,

[1] "The English and Scotch in South Africa have gone there mostly to make fortunes, and to return when they are made. The Dutch alone are attached to the soil; and unless we change our ways, the Dutch must be the ruling race there."—FROUDE.

who hopes, by the exercise of thrift and energy, to leave to his family the means of comfortable subsistence, as rich peasants or second-class graziers. The emigrant must, from the first, look upon himself entirely as a settler and a colonist; and on South Africa not only as his own home, but as the birth and abiding place of any descendants he may be blessed with. No idea of the speedy acquisition of wealth, with a subsequent return to England amid all the glory and *éclat* of successful adventure, must be indulged in. If such bright anticipations are formed, they must be realised in Australasia, New Zealand, or elsewhere, for they certainly seldom can be in South Africa.

In fact, the intending South African settler, if he means farming in the Transvaal, must look to becoming a Boer—a rich Boer, a successful Boer, and a well-washed and nicely-dressed Boer; but a South African Boer, though not a Dutchman for all that. His children will learn Kafir and Dutch before they can speak a word of English; and although for generations to come they may speak of England as "home," yet in a very few years they will have become Africanders, in feelings, instinct, and prejudices. The world for them will have all but stopped. Still, if I were an English farmer with some means, but not enough to provide well and handsomely for a growing family; or a man blessed with a large family, and a capital utterly disproportionate to the position in life which they were born to, and in which I hoped to place them, I think I should go to the Transvaal—to its wider fields—its freedom from pretence and expense, its immunity from the inflexible tyranny of certain social enactments, its cheerfulness, its economy, and its stagnation. I should be very happy even in a house built of dried bricks, although the floors could not be boarded for a few years, and snakes wriggled in and out amongst the sheaves of oat-hay in the loft over the stable. My children would have health and lands to inherit, horses to ride, and ample occupation for their hands, if not for their minds; and although they did speak a little Dutch and Kafir, and perhaps visited towns only once a-year, and then for a short time, I think that, with books and newspapers, and perhaps a year or two at school, they might

grow up to be good, useful, and happy men and women. I do not think I should even regret their being Boers.

Africa will and must have a future, and with that future the descendants, both of Boers and Englishmen, can well afford to be content. There are openings for sheep-farmers on the Transvaal Highveld, as well as on the barren-looking plains of the Free State. A man in time may even have ten or twelve thousand sheep, which will clip 3 or 4 lb. lighter, and 6d. a lb. worse, than Australian sheep of the same age. A man may have a comfortable home, twenty or thirty acres of plough-lands, a decent house, and be able to pay £100, or perhaps £200 per annum for a schoolmaster and a governess,—and all this may be obtained from small beginnings by a very small capitalist indeed; but the sensible immigrant must not hope for better or greater things than these. If he does, he will certainly be disappointed. There are men in South Africa whose ideas are too great for the circumstances of the country, and who will not see, in the pride of their wonderful knowledge, and in the enthusiasm of their undoubtedly honourable though misdirected zeal and ambition, that it is not the Boer that has made Africa what it is, but Africa that has formed, moulded, and constrained the industrious Dutchman to be the apparently unprogressive and ignorant farmer the world recognises him to be.

Of course, if roads are opened, markets created, and millions spent on the development of the Transvaal, the country will offer a widely different future, an almost boundless field, for the employment of the energies of the industrial and the agricultural immigrant. Then there will be not only hopeful prospects, but certain wealth for cotton as well as wheat growers, copper-miners, and gold-diggers, with all the countless trades that follow in the wake of enterprise. But I must say that at present I see no prospect of the speedy bringing about of such a state of things; therefore let the merely speculative keep away from the Transvaal, for as yet that little world is unprepared for their advent.

There is one class of investors, however, who can, even now, do well by turning their attention to laying the foundations of future fortunes in South Central Africa. These

are men with sufficient means to purchase blocks of ground suitable for immediate settlement. In the Transvaal there are large and fertile valleys, which, if divided into allotments and peopled by a race of small cultivators, would repay the investment a hundred-fold in ten years. Here and there throughout South Africa, settlements peopled almost entirely by Germans are to be found; where cultivation, which might almost be called "high," is carried on—where the necessaries and even comforts of life abound—and where compact, and consequently progressive, communities, are already existent.

Formerly the greatest names of England seem to have been connected with schemes of colonisation and settlement. In the West Indian Islands, on the continent of America, and elsewhere, princely estates were created, and the foundations of almost princely fortunes laid, by Englishmen already possessed of both rank and wealth in their own country. It is much to be wondered at that somewhat similar processes are not taking place at the present day. Every "new man" cannot have, be he ever so wealthy, large estates commensurate with his fortune or his ambition within the narrow limits of Great Britain and Ireland. In South Africa, in the Transvaal especially, such estates are to be acquired at a comparatively small outlay; and with assisted emigration, tree-planting, and proper subdivisions into farms and allotments, such estates would become, in a very few years, just sources of legitimate pride and princely profit to their proprietors. There are many specialties that would repay the investment of capital even to-day in the Transvaal, chief amongst which will be found to be tobacco-growing, beet-cultivation, with the manufacture of beetroot-sugar, and the formation of plantations of trees to provide fuel and timber, which, always scarce, will soon become priceless.

Lydenberg district, especially Origstadt and its vicinity, was famous for growing the best wheat in Africa; and the country generally thereabout, if proper sanitary measures were taken by the inhabitants, offers one of the finest fields for agricultural production in the world. The Waterfall Valley produces a native indigenous cotton, as well as some of the best subtropical fruits that can be named. Grapes,

oranges, loquats, and even bananas, ripen in the open air; and the soil produces both the ordinary and sweet potato, different kinds of pumpkins, maize, Kafir-corn, imphi or sweet reed — a species of wild sugar-cane — whip-sticks, and various kinds of timber. In some parts of the Lydenberg district, especially Kruger's Post, very fine oak-trees have been successfully planted. The blue gum, seringa and poplar, with weeping willows and rose-trees, thrive everywhere; and though sugar averages eightpence a pound, and sometimes fetches as much as a shilling, beet-root-cultivation, which is eminently suitable to both the climate and the soil, and which is capable of indefinite expansion, has not yet been attempted except experimentally.

As I have said before, the Boers look with no favour on the lower grounds because of the horse-sickness, the unsuitability of the country for sheep, and former losses and sufferings of families from fever. The Lydenberg country, or at least a portion of it, is reputed to be rich even in the precious metals; and gold has been more or less extensively sought for, three "placers" having yielded a large amount of that metal; but the great wealth of the country will, I hope, in the not distant future, if proper lines of communication are opened with the coast, prove to be copper.

North of the line of the main road from Lydenberg to Pilgrim's Rest, virgin copper, as well as copper ore, has been extensively found. I shall return to the questions connected with the future development and opening up of the country, when, later on, I deal with the vital question of railroad communication.

The whole district of Lydenberg, stretching as it does from Vaal River to Secocoeni's, and from Middleburg to the Drakensberg, is at present very sparsely inhabited; and yet some parts of this country resemble in many ways Wicklow in Ireland, and the best parts of Wales. I was extremely interested in hearing from a florist, Mr Mudd of Cambridge, whom I saw there searching for ferns for an august personage, that he constantly met with ferns and other plants similar to those of the British districts I have mentioned. Lydenberg, which is as large as a principality, contains within itself, perhaps the widest variety of climate to be

found in any one district in the world; besides which, towards Delagoa Bay, it affords immediate access to the splendid hunting-fields—fields for large game—that extend between Drakensberg and the Indian Ocean. Indeed almost everywhere there is to be found a fair supply of game within easy reach of the hunter. A distinguished general and keen sportsman, who made a tour of considerable length through the district last year, has, I am sure, no reason to complain of his success among the larger game, although he may have much to say against the means of transit.

A recent writer seems to doubt the existence of accurate statistics, either of production or population, in the African republics. Had he made further investigation he would have found that a yearly census is taken by the "field-cornets," from which can be gathered not only a correct estimate of the population existing in each ward, but a carefully compiled estimate in detail of the amount of land under cultivation, with the number of cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, and even fowls, on every farm in these countries. The author to whom I refer has ventured to doubt the correctness of the numbers given him respecting population in the Free State, and has also referred rather slightingly to Mr Jeppes's statements regarding the wheat produce of the Transvaal. If he had extended the range of his inquiries a little farther than he seems to have done, he would have learned that an annual register is kept of population, and that he could have ascertained, by reference to the books of the Colonial Surveyor, relating to tolls on bridges in Natal, how many waggon-loads of produce passed from the Transvaal to Pieter Maritzburg in any given year from 1868 to the present hour. So accurate are the field-cornets' returns of population, stock, and cultivation in the Transvaal, that in a single month, were it needful, ample and correct statistics, affording the fullest information, could be provided by the Secretary to Government. The some holds good of the Orange Free State; and I have no doubt the President and his officials are prepared at a minute's notice to produce complete detailed lists of the burghers of the several wards and districts of the State, with a tabular statement of their ages, property, qualifications, and possessions of every sort.

Should the interest in the resources of the Transvaal aroused by this work demand further satisfaction, I shall be happy to lay before the public the amplest and fullest details on these subjects.

Pending the introduction of capital and immigrants, the Transvaal is a poor country, for whose occupation and development the Boers deserve infinite credit; and they ought rather to be admired for their energy and enterprise (which in twenty-five years have turned a desert into a habitable country) than sneered at because their clothes and their hands are not so clean as those of the brain-workers and literary men that adorn our European civilisation.

For present purposes, I think I have said enough of the Transvaal and its resources, from an agricultural point of view. As a grazing country for large stock the Transvaal is simply passable. I have made most minute inquiries from farmers in nearly every district, and I cannot find any who have not complaints to make of a want of success, which is equally noticeable in Natal and the other South African colonies. Herds, except under the most favourable circumstances, do not seem to increase in anything like a fair ratio. The stocks of most farmers, apart from wars and other exceptional causes, have not permanently yielded even the natural increase—much less that which might have been expected in a country which has not been subject to the desolating droughts that have so frequently decimated the herds of the other colonies. I have asked the question point-blank of many farmers, What increase have you to show in your breeding-cattle for the last ten years? The answer almost invariably has been, "No increase." This is generally attributed to calf-sickness and lung-sickness, which have proved fatal to seven out of ten of the breeding-cattle and young ones on an average of years in most districts. Still, the herds have been kept up, and farmers have made a profit by the sale of oxen, and should have calculated as income the value received during these years from spans of bullocks working in the plough and the waggon.

Only the better portions of the Highveld are free all the year round from horse-sickness. With the exceptions of New Scotland and Wakkerstroom, the Transvaal is not in any

sense a horse-breeding country, and the horses bred in these districts, it must always be remembered, are as liable to perish of the disease called horse-sickness when they are exposed to its influence in the Bushveld and low-lying divisions, as if they were foreign or imported stock. Sheep can hardly as yet be said to have had a fair trial, it being only within recent years that the value of the Highveld as a sheep-walk has revealed itself. On all new soils sheep must be thoroughly acclimatised before results can be even approximately guessed at. I have consulted a friend, Mr Cornelius Van der Berg, residing near Standerton, on the subject. He, with a number of relatives and friends, migrated from the county Weenen, in Natal, into the Transvaal Highveld, in the beginning of the winter of 1870. He himself became the purchaser of two farms—one pasture, and the other a winter farm of considerable extent on the Pongola River. These he stocked with 170 head of cattle, 17 breeding mares, and 750 ewes, all in good condition. He had also with him a considerable number of Angora goats. The result of his settlement is that he has lost thirty per cent of the cattle, all the horses, all the goats, but gained in eight years forty-five per cent on sheep. The experience of all those who accompanied him is, with one exception, nearly similar. This exceptional case shows an increase in the value of stock, in the seven years, of £1700 on an original outlay of £400. All these people, however, it must be remembered, have been able to exist, defraying expenses by their wool, assisted by the produce of the small patch of land they had placed under cultivation, and the income they had earned by their "trek" and working stock. This is not a very great result, but, at all events, it maintains Van der Berg and his friends in the only position which I claim for them—that of substantial proprietary peasants.

I shall now turn for a short space to the much-boasted mineral resources of the Transvaal. The Gold Fields I have dealt with at very considerable length elsewhere. I shall, however, for the benefit of speculators, detail an act of rascality, the exposure of which will, I hope, tend to check enterprise of a similar sort. There was a reef showing a "prospect," discovered in 1874, which it will suffice for my

purposes to call the "Labrador" reef. Now, in 1877, a couple of gentlemen, with an eye to the development of the country, visited Pilgrim's Rest, inspected the Labrador reef, and bought it for speculative purposes, giving for it £300, for which they took a receipt for £3000, to give a fictitious value to their purchase. Their plan, of course, was to get up a syndicate, to whom they would transfer their claim at its fictitious value. Whether they have succeeded or not I cannot say; perhaps they effected some other object. Speculators of this stamp nearly always have a double purpose in view. The spreading abroad of the report that £3000 was given for this reef undoubtedly tended to raise the value of farms in its vicinity, and this may also have been within their intentions. That there are in the Transvaal genuine and workable auriferous reefs I do not deny. Gold exists in many places throughout the country, and is certainly to be found in payable quantities in many localities, of which "Blaauw Bank" is the most noteworthy. This really valuable property—the reef, not the reported alluvial—has not received the attention it merits. Of "alluvial diggings," in the great, wide, profitable meaning of the word Gold Diggings, there is none in the Transvaal proper. It was stated by a distinguished traveller that he had seen on his journeys pieces of yellow metal lying on the surface of the ground, which the Kafirs compelled him, when he attempted to pick them up, to replace on the ground, saying "that their chief did not want white men coming into his country to dig holes." The traveller's tale was perfectly true,—the place was the valley of the Oliphants River, below Secocoeni's country; but the metal was copper—pure virgin copper—of which I have seen specimens picked up exactly in the way described by Captain Clarke, R.A., and other gentlemen.

There are in many places in Africa small deposits of gold, which would be called in Mexico "placers;" but these will never carry population, and when discovered ought to be given as concessions to the finder, instead of being divided out in claims. Were this done, such places could be worked out quickly by companies formed for the purpose. The mistake about the whole matter prevalent throughout all South

Africa is the use of the big word "gold field," where the little ones, "pockets," "placers," or "diggings," alone are applicable.

Other minerals the Transvaal has, of which iron, coal, and copper are the principal; but none of these can be made of the slightest value until railways or tramways are constructed to bring them into connection with each other and with the coast. Cobalt also exists, and is worked in a feeble sort of way. It is unlikely that the Transvaal will ever be enriched by its export of this metal. There is also lead, and no doubt the lead-ore contains a percentage of silver. Immense quantities of lead have been dug out, smelted, and got to market. The Boer Government did all in its power to encourage this industry; but the high prices payable for transport, with the limited demand amid so small and widely scattered a population, when added to the first cost of production, forbade any hopes to be entertained that the enterprise can be even moderately successful. People must remember that the Transvaal is a very distant province indeed, and that its capital can only be arrived at after a most exhaustive uphill land journey of 400 miles from the sea, the great highway of the world's commerce. If rich in minerals, these can never be rendered available for profitable working until the country is put in connection with the sea. It is very doubtful whether it would be worth while to make a railway from the Transvaal solely on account of its alleged mineral wealth. My opinion is, that that wealth is vastly overestimated, and that the Transvaal is destined, like the Free State, to be at least for many years merely the mother of flocks and herds, and the abiding-place of a healthy, hardy, and respectable race of proprietary peasants.

It will be interesting to geologists and others to learn that the entire country, from the summits of the Quathlamba to the junction of the Vaal and Orange rivers, shows marks of having been swept over, and that at no very distant period, by vast masses of ice, from east to west. The striations are plainly visible, scarring the older rocks and marking the hillsides—getting lower and lower and less visible as, descending from the mountains, the kopjies stand wider apart; but wherever the hills narrow towards each other, again

showing how the vast ice-fields were checked, thrown up, and raised against their eastern extremities.

I may here mention, as the most fitting place for it, the occurrence of some very remarkable sculptured stones along the banks of lower Vaal River, which do not seem to have as yet attracted the attention they merit. These sculptures are sometimes of considerable size, and are well executed, having evidently been cut with instruments of very superior temper. My attention was first attracted to them by Mr Kidger Tucker, claim agent of Kimberley, to whom I would refer inquirers, and from whom possibly could be obtained drawings of the more noteworthy. One of them, which he showed me at Riverton, was cut into the face of an enormous monolith of greenstone, the surface of which was blackened and glossy from aqueous action, the waters which had passed over it for ages having evidently been largely impregnated with iron. This work was an image of the sun, surrounded by rays, and argued the possession of very much skill in the use of stone-cutting instruments by the sculptors. Other avocations prevented me from investigating further. I have no doubt, however, that attention being once drawn to the subject, it will be followed up by those who delight in such inquiries.

Another subject of interest for speculators of a scientific turn of mind ought to be whether the whole of the Kalihari desert north of Orange River, and west of the great main road leading *viâ* Kimberley and Kuruman to the interior, must remain uninhabited. I can only say that, in a journey made in search of silver in the district between Prieska and Victoria West, in 1874, I found a number of Cape Colony farmers who seemed to consider the so-called desert likely to turn out not only habitable, but valuable. My books, containing notes on this and subsequent explorations, both north and south of the Orange River, have unfortunately been burned. Were this not so, I certainly should feel inclined to add to this book a chapter on the mineralogy of the northern border of the Cape Colony. I shall merely state, in a general way, that gold is more likely to be found in payable quantities from Prieska to Kinnairdt than in any other part of South Africa. Some alluvial gravels, occa-

sionally capped, are to be met with on the summits of the mountains close to the Orange River. Lead and silver are also to be found; but not, as I think from their surroundings, under circumstances likely to prove immediately payable. Diamonds undoubtedly exist along both banks of the Orange River, as low as Englishman's Drift, and for a considerable distance on either hand. The Cape Colony Government does not seem very anxious to develop its mineral resources. My partner and myself sent, by post-cart, in July 1875, specimens of lead and silver, smelted and unsmelted, from "Banghoek," not far from the Brak River, for the inspection of the Secretary of that Government, the receipt of which was never even acknowledged.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILD AND HOSTILE KAFIRS.

Boundary-lines—The Zulus of Zululand—Ecclesiastical opinion—Polygamy —The Amaswazi—A white chief.

DESIRING as I do to present in each chapter, as far as may be possible, a complete picture of some one portion of my subject, I shall here devote considerable space to the wild Kafirs, whose name has been made use of to justify or excuse every aggression upon Boers (as well as upon English colonists) that has occurred within my memory. Bounded on the south by the Tugela, and on the east by the Indian Ocean, is a long and irregular strip of diversified country, flanked on the Transvaal side by the Drakensberg and Lobembo mountains, which may be rudely defined as the backbone of South Africa. These mountains vary in elevation at different parts, ranging from 4000 to 10,000 feet. From these inland summits, the country, very broken and rugged at first, gradually falls away into the more level grounds of the Central South African plateau. This plateau, whether it be called Orange Free State or Transvaal, is essentially the land of the Boers. It, of course, is not everywhere level; but many enormous breadths of it present prairies and plains of great size. Across and skirting this plateau run the large streams flowing from east to west, that, uniting below the Diamond Fields, form the great Orange River. The most northerly tributary, or perhaps more properly, branch, of this stream is called the Vaal River, — and it constitutes the southern boundary of the Transvaal. Immediately to its north—and still, be it remembered, on the western side of the backbone—stretches east and west over a vast area,

the Highveld, a plateau averaging 5000 feet above the sea-level. This plateau has a northerly as well as a westerly and southerly watershed. More than one-half the streams from it, after flowing to the north and north-east, sometimes for longer and sometimes for shorter distances, unite into rivers, finally turn entirely eastwards, and flow, through gaps in the backbone, down to the Indian Ocean. The country to the right, between the backbone and the sea, will be seen on the map to be rugged, broken, bushy, and apparently well watered. The great range of mountains presents a very steep face towards the sea, and from it thousands of streams descend, through its foothills, into the country at its feet. These also form rivers, and run into the Indian Ocean.

This whole country to the right of the ranges, but north of Natal and the Tugela River, is Kafirland. The portion nearest to Natal is occupied by the Zulus, whose power extends along the coast itself almost to Delagoa Bay. It must be remembered that the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay is small, poor, and unhealthy, and that it exercises no real influence upon east-coast savagery, amidst the vast mass of which it resembles a pin's head in a main sewer. Perched on the Drakensberg in a cave country, and a little south-west from Delagoa Bay, occupying a district resembling Wales in some respects, are the Amaswazi—a people numbering about 6000 males, of the same race, but deadly enemies to the Zulus. These Swazis live actually in the Transvaal proper, and have for years faithfully served the late Republic. With the tribes directly north of Delagoa Bay I shall not deal. They have no connection whatever with the subject this pen is engaged on. Lydenberg is the north-eastern border district of the Transvaal, and overruns the termination of the Highveld in that direction. Where the land of this district breaks away from plateau into low country and bushveld to the north, we again meet with Kafirs; but this Kafirland, by treaty with Sequati, should be bounded by the Steelport River from a point in its course opposite the southern end of the Lulu Mountains to its junction with the Oliphants River, and thence along that stream to its debouchure through the great backbone mountain. Secocoeni's country was a reserve, but not an independent state.

The western boundary of this Kafirland, after running along the western plateau skirting the Lulu range, strikes the Oliphants River opposite the village marked Mafefer. It then runs east along the north bank of the Oliphants River to the 32d degree of S. lat., along which it should proceed northward to the Limpopo. For the rest, following a line of nearly a thousand miles in length, with a general westerly direction, finally bending southward, the whole Transvaal is surrounded by Kafirs. The only great distinction between these Kafirs and those on and east of Drakensberg, is that the tribes of the east are all Zulus or Kafirs proper; those of the north, west, and east, are of the Bechuana race. Far north of the Republic, however, but separated from it by Bechuanas and peaceable tribes, dwells another Zulu nation called the Amandebele. These are a powerful people, occupying an enormous territory, but who have had no important conflict with the Boers since they fled into the land they now occupy.

Having, I think, now roughly but plainly stated how the Kafir tribes enclose the Republic, I shall deal with the most important points in relation to them and their neighbours the Boers.

First in importance come the Zulus of Zululand, alleged to be the fiercest and best warriors in Africa. They are at present united under one king, have a fixed government, which may be briefly described as a despotism tempered by polygamy. Their numbers have been vastly exaggerated, and their prowess in war magnified by interested persons for purposes which, I trust, the whole course of this narrative will tend to expose. They were a conquering people until 1840, when they were utterly and thoroughly humiliated by about four hundred farmers, armed with flint-lock guns and pocket-knives, who attacked the majority of the nation with the assistance of a small minority under one of its chiefs—the brother of the reigning king—whom they, the farmers, then declared and appointed king of the Zulus. Since then, excepting raids against the Amaswazi and other neighbours, the Zulus have done nothing to justify the reputation for skill and courage in war which South African tradition, fostered by the intrigues of cunning self-seekers, has secured

to them. The Red Kafirs of the Cape Colony, who, under their undoubtedly brave and experienced chiefs, Kreli and Sandilli, have been recently utterly destroyed by the colonists and soldiers, with a total loss of only fifty on our side, are as much braver and better men than the Zulus, as Tartars are to Mongolians, or New Zealanders to either. The Zulus, however, have a peculiarity on which sufficient stress has not been laid by political scribblers and colonial press men. They cannot be converted. They are an utterly impracticable, polygamous, pagan race. The Rev. Mr Thomas, in page 346 of his excellent book on 'South Africa,' after ten years' work amongst the Amandebele, who are the very best of the Zulus, says, in regard to his long and weary labours: "It would have been very pleasant and satisfactory to have been able to enumerate instances of positive and direct spiritual results. Nor would it have been less pleasing to Christian friends at home to read the accounts of such. But, unhappily, I have no such bright stories to relate, nor has our mission been a success—if, indeed, by that is meant a number of people crying out 'Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?' or even a church formed; for we cannot boast of such glorious things in the Amandebele country." Again, at page 415, this excellent and truthful writer says, referring to those same northern Zulus,—"We cannot speak of direct or evident conversion in any one instance."

His experience exactly tallies with the result of inquiries I have made as to the possibility of converting any Zulu. I remember well, in 1869, asking the Right Rev. Dr Allard, who had been most successful amongst the Basutos, why his priests had neglected the great open field for them amongst the Zulu Kafirs of the coast. He told me "that it was useless; they were lost in paganism and polygamy." He had known a Zulu made worse, but never better, by teaching. The Rev. Father Barrett, O.M.I., of Maritzburg, stated subsequently that his was a similar and equally sad experience. In June last I asked the Roman Catholic pastor of Durban, who has now laboured for twenty-one years on the coast, how many Zulus he had improved by his religious instruction; he said, "Not one." I also spoke to the lady-superior of the convent at Durban—an Irish lady—one of the dis-

tinguished and devoted sisterhood over whom Mrs Somers (Mother Scholastica) presides at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, what she thought of the Zulu mission. At the same time I asked permission to make use of her answer. She said: "When I came first to this country I was most hopeful and earnest in my desire to do good amongst these people. It is impossible, and will remain so, unless God changes them very much."

I know it is said that Zulus have been converted; but so far as my own experience goes of them, they are a nation of liars, and have only been converted into more expert and greater liars. Now these barbarians have by degrees been permitted to fill Natal up with refugees from the cruelty of their king, or who had left his country and come under British protection to avoid the arduous military servitude to which they were subjected at home.

In Natal, consequently, Zulu politics are of importance, and the Zulus, both within and without Natal, constitute a real danger to the 22,000 white men, women, and children, who are compelled by vicious laws almost to encourage, as they certainly are to permit and protect, the fearful polygamy and female slavery of those most abandoned and impracticable pagans. It is stated, and with some show of reason, that Sir Theophilus Shepstone a few years ago had attained to a wonderful degree of power over the barbarous races in Natal. This power had to be fostered and strengthened by a policy that played off one savage against another—that made Pagadi an instrument to destroy Langalibalela! and the power of the Zulu king, a terror to all the chiefs and sub-chiefs south of the Tugela. In the same way the whole of the Natal Kafirs threatened Cetywayo, whom Sir Theophilus actually went into Zululand to visit, and whom he added to the anointed kings of the earth. This king, as is alleged by the Boers, has for years been encouraged to seek causes of quarrel with them.

The Boers laid claim to a piece of territory which was equally claimed by the king. It lies between the most northerly corner of Natal—the westerly border of Zululand—and the late Republic. I do not say that there is any truth whatever in the allegation so made against Sir Theo-

philus Shepstone by the people whose country he has, rightly or wrongly, added to the empire of England. But it is a very unfortunate circumstance that this annexation was accompanied by Zulu demonstrations, which at the same time were put forward, along with other matters, in vindication of the policy by which the Natal Native Secretary forced himself on Pretoria. It is still more unfortunate that the Right Rev. Dr Colenso has produced a witness—one Magema Mahala—who asserts most positively that the Zulu king considered Sir Theophilus a possible ally against the Transvaal, and that at the critical period of annexation. Now I do not believe in the Zulu power at all. They have 30,000 warriors more or less, organised on a regimental system; but their first appearance on the great plateau of the Transvaal would be their last on any battle-field.

This very organisation, with the reputation they have got among silly people for unconquerable valour, would lead them to instant destruction, at the hands of even very inferior numbers of mounted Boers. That the Zulus would be formidable enemies in their own country I have no doubt. Even there, however, they would be found to be no better or braver than other savages, and perhaps, from their inexperience, not even such dangerous enemies as the Basutos, who have frequently fought with the whites with varying success during recent years. The Zulu nation is a bugbear, and the sooner Bogy is got rid of the better.

An aged Transvaal farmer, speaking of this matter to an officer some time ago, said: "Profane people and blackguards often say that the devil is necessary to the existence of the parsons. If things go on much longer as they have been going for years past, political scoffers will say that the Zulus serve the Shepstones in much the same way." There can be no doubt whatever that the farmer merely echoed public opinion. South African politicians keep up a sort of domestic devil for everyday use. His name is Cetywayo.

As I have stated before, north of the disputed territory live the Swazis, whose name in full is Amaswazi; and as their power comes next in Kafir estimation to that of the Zulus, I shall deal with them now. These people are of the same race with all the east-coast Kafirs, speak a modification

of the same language, use similar weapons, and are subject to similar tribal laws. They are at deadly feud with Cetywayo, and have been the subject of endless intrigues with the Kafir wire-pullers in Natal. Many years ago, when they were threatened with extermination, a Boer led them to victory, saved their lives, and preserved them as a people from destruction. Since then they may have been flattered and courted; but however much they may pretend to be influenced by the promises of the enemies of the late Republic, they never ceased to be its allies in war. Here a singular feature in their character discloses itself. They respected the man who had saved them, and amongst all the whites his voice alone had power with them while he lived. If poverty came on him it made no change in their allegiance; if he even had sunk as low as it is possible for man to sink, they would still have obeyed his orders, and striven to the utmost to gratify his wishes. This man died and left no sons of his own; but he had reared two orphans—children of his adoption—and to these, on his death, the Swazis transferred the fidelity and love they bore him. Their friendship with the whites must be manifested by and through these men only; to none other would they, or will they, listen. I have known great man after great man to visit them with presents and solicit their assistance. They would not listen to Bell; they turned a deaf ear to Thomas Burgers; and they were not even to be charmed by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who is believed to have more influence over Kafirs, and to understand Kafir character and nature better than any living man. They will say "yes," and pretend acquiescence in every proposition made to them by great men, whether English or Dutch; but at the beckoning of Philip Custar's little finger they would leave their homes to engage in the most distant foray.

This fact, known well to the Lydenberg officials, was communicated to Captain Clarke, who in the beginning of this year relied on the Swazis to assist him against Secocoeni. His Excellency the Administrator was also informed of it. Both ignored the fact. The result of this—a result patent to the whole Transvaal, and which lowered British prestige very much amongst the English and Dutch who were ac-

quainted with the facts—has been that Government asked in vain for the aid of the Swazis, which was of course promised, without any intention that it should be given.

In April last, Matatyana, a general of the Swazi king, came to Lydenberg to see the Special Commissioner. But those who were skilled in Kafir customs remarked that he did not wear his war-dress, nor was he accompanied by a retinue of armed and properly caparisoned chieftains; on the contrary, he was half naked, and appeared more as a beggar than an ambassador. Captain Clarke was in Fort Weeber, and the Swazi general went to see him there; but like Mabonk and others of the allies of the late Republic, he finally refused to assist the new masters of the country in their wars with Secocoeni. Before leaving the Swazis, who, like the Zulus, have a most exaggerated reputation for valour and skill in war, I think it right to mention that they have never proved themselves at all worthy of the character that has been given to them. They are good at a dash, and have even undertaken long and distant expeditions; but whether they win or lose the first fight, the minute it is over they make for their homes to mourn their dead or to rejoice over their victory. Like all the other savages I have known, they are incapable of sustained and continued effort in the field, and their wars are consequently merely a series of irruptions and flights. To so great an extent is this the habit of the nation, that they have been known to proceed against an enemy a march of many days without bringing with them anything to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Thus they have been twice defeated, with terrible slaughter, by Secocoeni, whose people are supposed to be a race of cowards utterly inferior to both Swazis and Zulus. Even recently I have seen the bones of lost Swazi expeditions whitening the plains of "Mosegu." These people extend for a considerable distance along the New Scotland border,—some of them live away from the tribe amongst the white people, and are entirely faithful to them. On the other hand, two petty chiefs who broke away from their home many years ago—Umsoet and Mapethle—have joined themselves to the Bapedi, and constitute, when fighting on their own ground, not the least formidable portion of Secocoeni's little nation.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOCOENI.

The present quarrel—Death of Jonathan—A critical position—White witchcraft—Amenities of Kafir war—An error of judgment—Soldiers' war-dance—A contrast.

This chief, whose name has been brought so frequently before the public by recent transactions, has had more or less justice done to him in my sketch of the Lydenberg Volunteers and history of the second war. He is a tall man, over the middle age, very fond of drink, pock-marked, and continually suffering from inflammation of the eyes. It would not be surprising if he is really seeking to make himself, in the eyes of the Kafirs, a great statesman and leader, as Moshesh was in Basutoland proper. Many indications tend to show that Secocoeni has all along pursued a somewhat similar course to that by which Moshesh, when he discovered a country suitable to his purpose, welded together all the scattered and broken peoples, whose power afterwards became so formidable. The chief may not be brave, but he is undoubtedly a politic and very deep-thinking man. It is a remarkable fact that during the present war his people have carefully avoided attacking the Boers, but have in every instance, save one case of shooting, which might have been accidental, confined their demonstrations to essentially English farms and locations. Whatever may be Secocoeni's reasons for the adoption of this course, it is the most interesting feature of the war. Sir Theophilus came into the Transvaal avowedly to protect the Kafirs from the Boers, and, as he himself repeatedly asserted, to prevent the Zulus from invading the Transvaal, and to stay the progress of

Kafir insurrection against white power, from endangering the peace of the essentially English colonies.

The Bapedi, however, again went to war, not with the Boers and the Borderers, but with Captain Clarke, Sir Theophilus Shepstone's special commissioner and ambassador to native races; and with the late administrator himself, the only man in South Africa who can manage the native races. This is very odd, and needs no comment. That Secocoeni is clever, as most Basutos are, is perceptible by plenty of proof. The Boers think that if Secocoeni appealed to the law courts to-morrow, and the judge acted with a due regard to his oath, it would be very doubtful whether he would not be able to prove, not only that he was not the aggressor, but that the present proceedings against him have been unjustifiable, if not criminal. Secocoeni's friends argue thus: The first question before the Supreme Court would undoubtedly be, Who is Captain Clarke; and what authority had he to make war, or to undertake hostilities either in or out of the Transvaal territory? That territory has laws which set forth precisely when, how, and by whom Commandoes are to be placed in the field, or wars undertaken. There is no such officer known to the law as Special Commissioner, nor are his powers defined by any warrant or proclamation. No war has been declared against Secocoeni, nor has the formal proclamation of the Commando law, required by the constitution, been gazetted. As this has not been done, say Secocoeni is merely a rebel, and has been proceeded against as such. In this case a still greater wrong has been committed. Legal forms and proper proceedings being utterly set at nought, Captain Clarke, who is not authorised by any published law or authority to put down rebellions, and who is acting in execution of no legal process, has caused sad bloodshed. Secocoeni can say: "I told Clarke that people under me were doing wrong,—they committed breaches of the peace and stole cattle—they laughed at me and treated me as if I was no longer a chief. Clarke went away whilst this was doing. He did not punish these people who got for me a bad name, and committed crimes in every direction. I sent to the office word that I would send Commandoes to punish these bad people; but on com-

ing back Clarke encouraged the disturbers of the peace by taking ten guns from my men and giving them to the rebels. Then he attacked my sister with a force consisting of enemies of my name and race—barbarous and bloodthirsty Zulus from Natal. I am only defending myself from unjust attacks. See! I have not meddled with the Boers, who plough and sow and go about in peace, even in the valley of Origstadt, where I am strong, and from which I have driven Mr Wainwright. I put Government's cattle together when told to do so in September. I looked for Clarke every day, thinking he would come for them; but he was away in Natal for months, during which lung-sickness came, and the cattle died. When Clarke did come, Zulus, my enemies, of whom I am very much afraid, came with him. He attacked me; he killed my people. What must I do? I asked Government to help me against the Boers. Who will help me against Government?" This is not only a statement which the Kafirs may make, but is the substance of what they were actually saying in Lydenberg on the 12th May.

Captain Clarke's friends, on the other hand, can say "that his authority is derived directly from the Crown, and that in the disturbed condition of the frontier, much must necessarily be left to his discretion; that when the best interests of the Transvaal are at stake, the action of Government cannot be impeded by local restraints; and that the Crown must necessarily hold him indemnified for all acts done in the course of his duty."

Secocoeni and his people are not to be confounded with utterly uncultivated and entirely barbarous savages. Many of them, as I have said elsewhere, are well acquainted with the use of both breeches and breechloaders. Nearly all of them have worked on the Diamond Fields. There are amongst them a great number of half-instructed Christians, among whom I must especially notice, Aaron, the brother of the late chief Johannes; Martha, the head woman of this tribe; and forty-four men—the remains of her people, who, when her town was broken up, went over to Secocoeni, whilst the other half came to dwell in the Lydenberg mission station.

It is interesting to know that the principal victim on the

Kafir side, as yet, has been "Jonathan, the preacher," who was cut off by the Government people in the Waterfall, with five or six others, towards the end of April.

As well as having some little cultivation and much cunning, Secocoeni's people have also some slight sense of honour. I would never forgive myself, nor would I be worthy of consideration as a just and impartial writer, if I did not give at least one instance of this. On the morning of the 7th February last, when surrounding Fort Burgers, 500 war Kafirs, under Secocoeni's own brother, got possession (of course without any resistance) of an exposed store on their side of the river, belonging to a gentleman named Ryan. When they called a parley with Mr Eckersley, the native commissioner, whom they wanted to surrender the fort, Ryan was with the other white men. The chief therefore knew him to be his enemy; still, desirous to detach him from Eckersley's small force, he told him to cross the river and go to his store—that no harm would come to him. As, however, Mr Ryan would not desert his friends, the wily Kafir tried another plan. He taunted Ryan, saying, "You are afraid to go over there among my warriors; you don't like to die,—that is why you won't go back to your house to watch that my people pay for the blankets they are taking." Mr Ryan very resolutely told him that he was not frightened to go anywhere under the protection of a chief's word; and accordingly he accepted the invitation, and went with every outward sign of confidence amongst them. Notwithstanding their rage, which was great at being checked by the small force opposed to them, they did not harm their visitor, who left them and accompanied Eckersley on a retreat made that night under circumstances of unusual danger.

Of course, amongst the Bapedi there are also very ignorant men, to whom our arms and habits were quite strange. I remember one of these calling out to Captain Reidel from the rocks at the close of a fight in which he had been throwing shell,—"You witch! you witch! you are a great doctor. I would like to be near you to learn what spell you use to make your guns shoot twice." He referred, of course, to the explosion of the gun, and the bursting of the shell.

Kafir simplicity goes hand in hand often even with considerable knowledge. A chief who can read and write, and is otherwise pretty well educated, was visited not long ago by a friend of mine, a trader, who had a very indifferent lot of goods to sell. It was near the end of the dry season, and my friend found that there had arrived at the station two days before him another trader, who had ridden up in his travelling-waggon, so as to be a good deal in advance of his wares. Trader No. 1 described the stuff that was coming on in such eloquent terms that the chief would not even look at No. 2's stock; and until trade was permitted, of course the tribe could not buy. For four or five days No. 2 cast about vainly in his head for some plan by which to make a market, as he knew thoroughly well that if the other fellow's waggons came in, the place would be overstocked, and he would not sell £10 worth. One day when the waggons were within a few hours of arriving, he noticed his rival looking into a tree. On joining him he found that he was examining the skin of a large iguana (river-lizard), which he had killed shortly after his arrival at the village. Off went my friend to the chief, whom he saluted politely—then, as is customary, sitting down for a time without speaking a word. On being at length asked what he wanted, he said, "When had you rain last? The grass is burned up; why do not your rain-makers go to work?" The chief immediately informed him that the rain-makers were busy and would make rain soon. "No," said the innocent white man; "not so long as that man with the three waggons coming wants to cross the river without wetting his feet. He is a great doctor, and has hung a lizard's skin in a tree, with the tail to the sky, so that it cannot rain while he is here." Indunas (headmen) were instantly despatched to search for the magic skin. It was found as described. The king, indignant with the astonished trader, whom he would not permit to open his mouth, and who therefore was utterly unable to guess what charges were made against him, hurried the man at once out of his country, and turned back his waggons, already within three hours' journey of the place. The unfortunate reputed witch was bundled on from kraal to kraal, and finally returned to civilisation, his trad-

ing prospects entirely spoiled, and having lost a season without knowing why or wherefore. His only rival being thus got rid of, my inventive and mendacious acquaintance sold his goods at a splendid profit, and returned to his home rejoicing. The hero of the tale is now alive and doing well in Lydenberg.

I have stated that even Secocoeni's Kafirs have a principle of honour, as illustrated by their conduct to Ryan. They have also a certain spirit of fair-play, which enables them very often to judge rightly of acts which, with enemies of less fair and impartial character, would certainly meet with misconstruction. On the 30th of January 1877, for sufficiently good reasons, I deemed it necessary to send a few men as a stealth-patrol a long way down towards Secocoeni's. These I put in charge of Mr Bayley, with whom went Mr Eckersley as interpreter, with private instructions to capture some of the headmen—if possible alive—but not, under any circumstances, to kill any one unless in case of necessity. This party started before daylight, and succeeded in fixing themselves unobserved on a path that led from one of the king's principal kraals to others—kraals, path, hiding-place and all being in a valley, the hills around which were thickly planted with Kafirs. During the morning many people came and went along the path, but they were women and children—people of no account. At length a warrior was seen, attended by a few others,—all highly decorated in full war-costume of tails and feathers. From what I have since learned, I believe the fellow was the king's adjutant-general on a tour of inspection. With his followers he was walking nicely into the little trap, when a horse unfortunately broke out of the bush, showing at once that Europeans were in the valley. Some of the Kafirs immediately turned for safety towards the side from whence they had come; whilst others, believing they were as yet unseen, simply vanished—sinking down where they stood amongst the rocks and bushes. Eckersley, however, could not lose his prize so easily. He galloped after the fugitives, telling them to halt, and promising that he would spare their lives. He spoke good Kafir, and they understood him well; but instead of surrendering, as his horse gained on

them—just as they reached the edge of the bush for which they were making, they turned and fired at their pursuer. A second time he asked the principal fugitive to submit. His reply was another shot that nearly spoiled George's curls, who of course then put a bullet through the Kafir, rode back to his ambush, picked up his party, and got away home out of the valley, which by this time was alive with drum-beating, horn-blowing, and other sounds of alarm. In thus returning to his party, he passed through one of those groups of the enemy that I have mentioned as not having fled, but that had merely sunk to cover on the ground where they stood. Any of these could easily have shot him down; but they afterwards explained to us at the fort that they would not do so, because they knew "Umbabala" (Mr Eckersley, the "Bush-buck") had offered life to their chief, and did not kill him until he was forced by the old fool's firing twice. Of course all these Kafir sayings must be taken with a grain of salt; but still I have no doubt that they appreciated Eckersley's motives on this occasion, and well understood that he had no desire to shed blood uselessly.

Kafirs altogether are a queer lot, and circumstances apparently very insignificant often produce most disproportionate effects upon their minds. I remember on the Queen's birthday in Lydenberg, at the review and *feu-de-joie* firing in honour of her Most Gracious Majesty, two or three little incidents occurred, one of which showed the observant and peculiar character of the South African savage in a very strong light. The officers, after the work was done, had a sort of impromptu tiffin in the large marquee facing the parade-ground. Without any intention deliberately to offend, they yet managed to neglect the little courtesy of inviting the Dutch officials of the village, who were present, to join their company. It must be remembered that there were no other persons present as representatives of either the British Crown or the Dutch Republic but the officers of the 13th P. A. Light Infantry and the Dutch officials of Lydenberg district. The latter, with a proper respect for themselves and their offices, having received no special invitations to the *déjeûner* in her Majesty's honour, of course with-

drew to their homes. The result was, that the loyal toasts were not even proposed; the gulf between English and Dutch was still further widened; and a Kafir commander, who was present on a visit, came to me and said, "Have you seen that the Boers and the English will not eat together? They will soon fight." Now I do not believe that Captain Cox, then in command at the camp, meant any disrespect to the Boer officers and Dutch officials; in fact I know that he did not. He and his officers are most courteous and amiable gentlemen. They merely forgot that a Dutch Landdrost, who really ranks next to the Governor and Judge of the High Court, was a person in the public eye of much more importance than a potboy or a huckster's counterman.

The same Kafir was filled with delight at the new bayonet exercise, which he had heard of, but never before seen. He thought it was the grand war-dance of the red-coats, and went, eager for battle, to his great friend and confidant, Mr Stafford Parker, formerly "Lord of Misrule," at Klipdrift, and President of the Vaal River diggers, saying,—"Inkosi! what a beautiful war-dance the Queen's red soldiers have! Now Secocoeni must tremble. The English have taken their medicine and danced their dance; to-morrow they will be on the path to the mountain." The poor fellow judged of our practice by his own. Not only he, but many of the enemy were deceived into expecting an immediate attack. The soldiers, however, as might be expected, remained in their quarters; and after a couple of weeks British prestige was seriously injured by the report going through Kafirland that the soldiers had danced their war-dance, but dared not leave the village to march against the enemy, from whom they had to be protected by the Boers and the volunteers.

It is as well that the public should learn something as to the real state of the Bapedi in regard to education, religion, and morality. During my journeys through their country, I have found many who were well aware of the power, and had acquired some little of the learning, of Europeans; but I have never seen one who was the less a savage by reason of his education or his acquired habits. I agree most heartily with those who consider that a Kafir is capable of

adding the vices of white men to his own more primitive ones; but, as a rule, if he remains under, or goes back to, tribal influence, he retains none of our better teaching. In page 408 of the work I have so often referred to, published by the London Missionary Society, I find the following pregnant remark: "My observation goes to show that these wanderers (Kafirs), by their short residence with white people, have adopted the worst habits of the latter, while they are much more treacherous and unmanageable than the raw heathen. From these statements it will be evident that the mingling of the native tribes and foreigners is far from being an unmixed benefit." The evil "rather than the good qualities of the latter are propagated." In the same way, I have failed to find that improved methods of cultivation, the possession of ploughs and other agricultural implements, or even the acquisition of habits of luxury, leading them to increased intercourse and trade with the whites, have in any way tended to wean the Kafir, *while still under tribal influences*, from war and bloodshed. It will be found that the tribes who have availed themselves to the greatest extent of the advantages of civilisation offered to them in and about British Kaffraria, have been as prone to revolt as the most utter barbarians.

I have seen many very pretty and highly creditable bits of cultivation in Kafirland, especially in the beautiful valley of the Speckboom, where, after passing Johannes' stronghold, the river, amidst lovely scenery, flows through a rich and fertile valley to the plain. I have seen Kafirs who could talk English, and steal, drink, and lie, as well as if they had been born in Europe; but these same men in war time became utter savages, and even began to resume truthful and honest habits. That there are tame and civilised Kafirs I admit; but they belong to no Kafir nation, sit under no chief, and, as a rule, are to be found dwelling only amongst the Boers. With these people I deal more at length in another chapter.

CHAPTER X.

OUR TAME KAFIRS.

Value of language—Slaves or servants—A bond of gratitude—Teaching him manners—Mr Froude on serfdom.

I WILL now honestly confess that during my residence on the Diamond Fields I had been led to believe that some at least of the Boers were slave-owners; and when I went into the Transvaal Republic, and felicitated myself on the opportunities for doing good to captives and the oppressed that must be thrown in my way, to my astonishment I found that in the Transvaal, Mr Froude's assertion, "that the white people were much more in the position of slaves to the Kafirs than the blacks were to them," was literally and unreservedly true. I have never seen but one case of slavery during my whole residence in South Africa, and that one case was in British territory. It is quite true that natives could not become either voters or legislators in the Republic; but it is not so many years ago since the majority of the free and independent inhabitants of the British Isles were in a similar position in their own country, and under their own most liberal constitution. Under the Boers, and amongst their servants and black tenants, have I found the only real approach to conversion, if conversion means the changing of a life from bad to good, that can be seen in Africa.

At the very outset of my journey I was forced to notice a singular and interesting fact. In Natal, and amongst Englishmen, the European learns the language of the native, and is valued in proportion to his proficiency in it. At Welford's, Knox's, Walsh's, and nearly every other store I had

hitherto frequented, assistants were invariably kept who conversed with the customers in the native dialects. In Boerland it was far otherwise. The stores were in many places thronged with coloured customers, but they invariably spoke Dutch, and were vastly more civil and agreeable than the types I had hitherto met amongst the English. I have since learned, with very great pleasure, that this is also a marked feature in the Cape Colony. In the Dutch parts of that country the coloured people are tame, submissive, industrious, and well-behaved, speaking the language of their instructors and natural masters; whilst in the essentially English borders of British Kaffraria the colonist has to use the tongue of the inferior race. By inferior, I here mean nothing more than lower in the ranks of civilisation. As I proceeded further on my journey through the Transvaal, I saw in various directions gardens, fruitful orchards, and small square houses in the possession of blacks, who were living in a condition of ordinary propriety, having abandoned polygamy, and other horrid customs resulting from it. So great an improvement I had not noticed during any part of my previous residence in Natal. When I had time I inquired of the Landdrost of Lydenberg who were these people, and what was their condition? He explained to me that they were the so-called slaves of the Dutch, and that, as a rule, in earlier days they had come voluntarily amongst them, or had been placed in their care by their parents when suffering from war or famine,—that a few of them had been snatched from the danger of death and suffering during the various border feuds of the past,—but that all of them, in their own words, had been "made big" (*groot gemaacht*), or brought up from childhood amongst the families whom they now willingly served. I have seldom seen a farmer's house where there were not coloured female assistants of some kind or another. The husbands and fathers had bits of land and locations of their own on the farms, and put in their off-time as waggon-drivers, ploughmen, and herds. I have gone into the huts of hundreds of these "tame" people, and have rarely seen one where there was not a gun and ammunition ready to be used, willingly and faithfully, for the defence of the flocks and herds of the much-maligned Boer. These

folk, or "maacht volk," as they were usually called, were perfectly free to come and go; yet I have never known an instance in which an Englishman, with all his virtues, or an English lady, with all her goodness and kindness, could keep his or her house full of servants in the same way as the Boer could. I have myself repeatedly offered large wages to this class of people to live with me and others. They would never do so,—the Boers "had brought them up and they would remain with the Boers."

Almost as forcible an instance of native attachment to their Transvaal masters as I have ever heard of, occurred within the last eighteen months. Mr George Roth succeeded as Landdrost to Mr Cooper. Roth had previously lived in the village of Lydenberg, but had been away for twelve long years. About six weeks after his return, a little mob of men, women, and children (Kafirs) came to see him, squatting deliberately around his kitchen. They told him that he had been a long time away, that when he was there before they had lived under him, had worked for him, and, when he went away, had sorrowed for his absence. They now came to work for him again, and would take no denial, "for he was a good man." Mr Roth had to do, as many another Dutchman has done before him, and will do again. He bought a piece of land and installed the poor natives on it, assisted them with their ploughing, and acted as a father to them. Consequently in his house there are female servants; while English mothers must intrust their children to Kafir boys. Such is slavery in the Transvaal.

The Boers are constantly spoken of as treating their servants with great harshness. This charge I cannot endorse. In the few pages which I have devoted to the condition of these domestics, I have shown them to be a contented class, faithful and attached to their masters. This certainly would not be the case if they suffered much ill-treatment at their hands. Nothing marks more distinctly how far behind the Dutch other Europeans are in their management of natives, than the superior respect shown even to the youngest child in a Dutch house by blacks who would be savagely insolent to Englishmen and others. The native, whether servant or visitor, who crosses the threshold of a Dutchman's dwelling,

does so always with smiling civility and uncovered head. He salutes with different degrees of politeness every member of the family, from the grey-haired patriarch to the smallest infant; he inquires, not seemingly in a servile spirit, after the health and welfare of those with whom he is acquainted, and in turn is gratified by the exhibition of a kindly interest in his own hut and its little belongings.

There are many little matters which form topics of discussion between him and his masters, both young and old; and when travelling with the waggon, hunting with them in the veld, or seated with them at some bivouac fire, they keep up a continual chatter about their journeys,—the fate of this horse and the conduct of that bullock, the trouble nephew John had, and the good shot uncle Peter fired, forming subjects of never-failing interest. If his wife or his children want medicine, the good Boer woman supplies it; and it is rare indeed for a family of farmers to visit the townships without buying some little present or another to gladden the hearts of their "volk."

Far different, indeed, are the relations between an Englishman and his Kafir. As the native is seldom respectful, the master is often angry and vengeful. A missionary with whom I rode from Bushman's River, in Natal, to Mooi River —the next station—illustrated his attachment for Kafirs and theirs for him one morning in my presence in a manner which I hope is at all events exceptional. We were three together—Gert Pretorius, the parson, and myself—when a Zulu passed by in the open road and saluted the teacher as "Umlunga." My companion was instantly off his horse, and being a powerful, active man, nearly six feet six inches high, made no difficulty in catching the nigger, whom he held easily with his left hand. He said a few words in Kafir, and then set vigorously to work thrashing his captive, who, grovelling on his knees, yelled out incessantly, "Inkosi! Umfundisi! Umfundisi! Inkosi!" When the flogging was over, I asked my clerical friend what was the matter, and what was the meaning of the scene. He said, with much triumphant delight, evidently thinking he had done a most virtuous action, "The black villain saluted me as 'Umlunga' (white man), although he could plainly see

by my dress I was an Inkosi and a teacher. I have, however, taught him to respect my robes." You could hear him yelling "Umfundisi" (teacher) for miles along the road. A native will speak to a European, or even a European lady, with a pipe in his mouth, who would not dream of doing so in a Dutch house.

This reverence for the Dutch seems to me to be rapidly becoming innate in the character of the South African blacks. Their misconduct under English training and English masters is the theme of saddening complaint everywhere. Mr Froude says on this subject: "It would be better to make the natives into serfs under an organised system, with security for life and property, than to give them the rights of freemen and leave them to be eaten up, as it is called, when public policy pretends that an example is wanted." All real colonists must agree with him.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR SUPERSTITIONS.

The Little Tugela ghost—An exorcism in Irish—A spiritual victory—The spirit of the storm—A midnight apparition—The demon-dog—The snake at Spion Kop—Tutelary spirits.

PERSONS desirous of information about Africa and its inhabitants will very reasonably expect that I should say something of the superstitions of the people. This in any case I should feel inclined to do, because superstition is a characteristic of national life—has often, in fact, partly moulded national habits—and is quite as much a ruling influence in a community as religion itself. Where there is paganism there will of course be superstition, partaking of the character of the peculiar paganism of the place—cruel and blood spilling, or gentle, dreamy, and imaginative, according as the worshippers have been under the influences of the light and pleasant fancies of a half-poetic priesthood, or the gloom of some harsh and murderous creed. Africa is subject to four principal classes of what might properly be designated as unreasonable belief. There are remnants of Hottentot mythology, full of talking beasts, animated trees, and moving, living, loving flowers, whispering fishes, and clever songbirds, pretty well everywhere amongst the Dutch "volk," whether they be Hottentot or slave descendants. There is the Kafir belief in witchcraft—a terrible irreligion, their faith in which is marked by blood and fire on every page of tribal history. Then there are the superstitions of the descendants of the Dutch and German settlers, amongst which a belief that the earth is often visited by ghosts, for

comparatively harmless and utterly unreasonable purposes, is the most striking feature. Last of all, there is in the Cape Colony itself, a widespread and mischievous belief in modern magic—the spiritualism of Home and his fellows. The last-named folly has never yet advanced, and I hope never will, to the lands north of the Orange River. The other three are to be found in every part of South Africa, where Bushmen, Hottentot, Bastaard, Bechuana, Kafir, or Dutch are to be met with.

The Dutch believe in ghosts—and yet, in the whole of my long intercourse with them, I have never met but four positive evidences of this belief. These I shall narrate in their order of occurrence, as they will tend to illustrate in a wonderful manner the habits of thought, and the simplicity of my heroes, as the South African Boers undoubtedly are. In 1869, a rumour spread over the county Weenen that the house of a farmer named Van ——, on the banks of the Little Tugela, was the scene of nightly devilries of a harmless but extremely annoying description. The family complained that, when the doors were shut and the windows secured, stones of large size, maize-cobs, and other ponderous matters, began to be pelted about by unseen hands, inside the boundaries of their narrow and well-lighted sitting-room. Everybody knows what the appearance of a South African waggon-team must be. There is a long double row of oxen, carrying yokes to which is attached a mighty chain or rope, a still weightier disselboom (waggon-pole), and the weighty African waggon. The "spooke" at Van ——'s used to vary its stone-throwing entertainment by arranging oranges and pumpkins in something like the appearance of the African ox-team—the oranges yoked two and two with thorns, and a pumpkin, or, in some cases, a very large head of Indian corn, attached to them by a chain of straw. This was evidently a hint to the family to go. The manifestations, which at first were only of occasional occurrence, became after a while a cause of nightly dismay and consternation to the poor Boers; and by the beginning of the winter of 1869, the extraordinary occurrences were the theme of every tongue in the wide uplands of Natal. Various propositions were of course made by neighbours for the

suppression of the ghost, who was alleged to be a woman three years deceased. This dead woman was said to have got up the *séance* in revenge on her husband for his having married a second time, and permitted the step-mother to ill-use the first wife's children.

One evening towards the end of May, a large party, consisting of some of the more intelligent farmers of Weenen and the neighbouring district of Klip River, accompanied by two Britons—M'Cormack (an old soldier), and a friend of the present writer—assembled with guns and horses to exorcise the Evil Presence. The house was situated on a level plain, had no trees within forty paces of it, and had no cellars, the ground underneath never having been disturbed for drainage or any other purposes. It was forty feet long and fourteen feet wide, the walls springing from foundations of solid stone. The roof was well and solidly thatched, was perfect in every respect, being almost new; and it came down fairly and fully over the wall-plates, leaving no possibility of any space being found through which the stone-throwing and annoyance could be conducted from the outside. This whole building was divided inside into but three rooms, of which the centre was nineteen feet, and the others respectively ten and nine feet long. The party-walls dividing these rooms were only eight feet high, pierced with openings from top to bottom. Instead of doors, these openings from the central into the two side rooms were commonly closed with curtains. For the whole house there were two doors of exit and entry, directly opposite to each other, and opening from the central room into the veld. These were a front and a back door alternatively, whichever you choose, both fitted into good frames solidly set into the wall, and were, in the proper and protective sense of the word, doors. In this little mansion there were four windows—two in the central room, and one to each of the side rooms. The latter would be better described as holes in the walls than windows. They were very small, and the window-frames or casings were filled with small sheets of muslin instead of glass. These openings, however, when I saw them, were firmly secured on the inside by heavy wooden shutters bolted to the walls. The inside of the house was sparsely

and poorly furnished. The main room had a small table in a corner, and a bigger one in the centre; a home-made sofa, a barren-looking structure of hard wood and strips of hide; three hard wooden chairs; a waggon-box painted green; over in the corner, by the little table, a soft chair, with a footstool in front of it; and on the table a Brobdingnagian coffee-kettle, with a small fireplace under it always full of glowing charcoal. The two side rooms contained beds, comfortable, but of primitive construction. There were no pictures to obscure the walls, which were, of course, white-washed. The bare rafters and the solid roof were, as usual, everywhere open to and visible from the inside of the house, there being no ceilings. The floor was of hardened ant-heap, level and well beaten, and was smeared out every day with a paste or soap of *bois-de-vache*. On this floor, so washed or smeared out, were everywhere visible the circling traces left by the laborious hands that did this work without any assistance from brush, besom, or other artificial scrubber.

When once inside the house, and the doors and windows properly fastened, it would seem as if the inhabitants were perfectly free from any molestation from the outside, and could readily see and detect, without difficulty, any attempt that might be made to play tricks upon them by persons within. There was no fireplace or kitchen-range, all the cooking being carried on at an outside kitchen. On the arrival of the party of investigators and exorcists, an armed watch was placed around the house outside. This consisted of men quick of eye, and rapid to detect the approach of even the smallest animal, and to whom every quiver of a leaf or wave of the grass had an intelligible significance. The guard being posted, seven men entered the house and carefully fastened up all the doors and windows. There were two servants in the house, who were taken charge of and placed, sitting, between the knees of two powerful and watchful men. The family were requested to sit under the centre table, which they did. The candles were lighted, and, in deep silence, the watch was commenced. I have omitted to mention that the moon was almost at the full; there were no clouds, and the outside guards could see plainly every mark and flaw, every knot and nail-hole, in the whitewashed

walls of the exterior of the haunted cottage. Ten minutes after the arrival of the guests, the *séance* commenced by the fall of half-a-dozen pomegranates on to the table. This was succeeded by a shower of gravel, the small stones of which I had the curiosity to inspect. No pebbles of a similar nature were to be found within ten miles of the place. One of the guards got up to examine the pomegranates. He had no sooner left his chair than it was flung with great violence after him; then lumps of ironstone, the smallest of which weighed ten pounds, began dropping from unexpected places, and a mass of clay appeared to tumble through the roof, breaking and scattering about the floor as if it had come from a considerable height. The remarkable feature about the whole affair was, that not one missile struck or injured any of the large party now assembled in the small room. Their excitement was increased by hearing a violent banging at one of the shuttered openings, but which, as we afterwards learned, attracted no attention from the outside guard.

M'Cormack, who is still a living witness to the facts of this entertainment, being, after his own fashion, a pious man, determined to show the power of his faith and the strength of the exorcisms at his command. He stood up with uncovered head, and boldly addressed the ghost in Irish, ordering it in the most solemn manner, and by the most sacred influences known to Christians, to retire to where the wicked ought to cease from troubling, and the weary are presumed—by all but spiritualists—to take their rest. Whether, led on by his subject, he went too far or not, I cannot say: he was stopped in the midst of a torrent of eloquence by what he afterwards described as "a lick from a three-year-old;" in fact, a "young paving-stone" brought him to his senses and his seat at the same time. This violent counter-attack was too much for the visitors; already in a state of high alarm, they hastily released their prisoners, flung open the doors, and dashed out into the moonlight, followed by showers of stones, mealy cobs, potatoes, pomegranates, oranges, and all the handy weapons of South African spiritual warfare that the deceased had accumulated —where? In the still moonlight they saw their watchful

comrades keeping their posts in undisturbed silence. Waiting for no explanations, the signal for flight was given,—every man caught his horse and galloped home as rapidly as possible.

Now it is not my intention to go into the vexed question of spirit or no spirit. People can just believe what they like. The wise and good will doubtless arrive at sound and just judgments, whilst the foolish and vain are not likely to be disturbed in their convictions by anything urged by reason or common-sense. It is enough for my purpose to say that the "spooke" of the "Little Tugela" became a far-famed and very troublesome ghost. The manifestations were continued for two months, during which the persecuted head of the house was struck by a stone that nearly blinded him. They then ceased for three years, being resumed in March 1872, but whether they continue to the present day deponent knoweth not, as he has not since been to the vicinity of the haunted mansion.

A similar series of equally absurd manifestations took place, about the same period, at a lone house on the Harts River, which had formerly been the scene of a murder. These were witnessed by traders, robbers, gun-smugglers, and other persons who may be supposed to have been strong-minded and reckless characters. They were described to me by Edward Wilson, a notorious freebooter, who had lived, loved, prigged, and plundered for years to the north of what is now called Griqualand West; and his simple tale of what to him seemed to be supernatural occurrences, was often corroborated by independent witnesses, who, without any suggestions from me or others, detailed their own experiences of the haunted Harts River House. Harts River is 400 miles from the Tugela. I have heard of other stone-throwing and house-disturbing ghosts; one description, however, must do for them all.

There is another class of ghost or spooke with which the Dutch are equally familiar, and with which I can vouch for almost a personal acquaintance. A gentleman who is most intimate with me, was riding one day on a road skirted on the left by high embankments, while the right sloped away into grassy meadows, when a thunderstorm coming up from

behind caused him to look back that he might calculate whether he could reach the town, two miles in front of him, without being caught in the rain. The horse, as horses will, looked around and backward at the same time. In a moment the brute was madly plunging, striving to bolt up the high bank, and endeavouring, with evident terror, to get away from some fearful thing. The rider, of course, restrained this impulse with his powerful bit, forcing the animal back into the road and keeping his head in the original direction. The horse was still restive and nervous, glancing occasionally to his right rear, and endeavouring to burst away anywhere off the road to the left. It was 4 P.M. on an ordinary summer afternoon, when short thunderstorms from the Drakensberg, transitory but violent, are of almost daily occurrence. Strongly interested by the fear so palpably exhibited by his horse, and expecting to see, at the worst, a wolf, the rider again turned his eyes towards the rapidly approaching rain, which was sweeping towards him like a wall, bending under its weight the tall grass, and not now distant more than 300 yards from his position. He was not a superstitious man, he was not drunk, or suffering from low spirits or "want of spirits," and yet he saw in the broad daylight coming floating towards him, with outstretched arms, in front of the moving mass of rain, but several feet raised from the earth, a young, fair, ethereal, golden-haired female, whose robes of glittering white trailed just over the highest points of the grass. She spoke not, but came steadily down on him in advance of the storm. His horse now kicked and plunged more madly than ever, and at length, wild with terror, snapped the strong bridle-reins into pieces, and tore away in headlong flight straight down the roadway to the distant village. The rider, after the manner of the country, sat him throughout his headlong course with unmoved resolution. As he had never been used to what jockeys call "riding the reins," he felt no inconvenience from their loss, and no fear from the accident, knowing that his well-trained beast would stop at the river below. Twice, however, during the headlong gallop, he turned his head to watch the swiftly following rain, which was still preceded

by the fair girl with her outstretched arms. In less time than I have taken to write this story, his frightened horse bore him down the hill and to the bank of the Little Bushmen's River. Here, however, he did not stop, but plunged recklessly through to the farther side; then, shaking all over, but neighing with satisfaction and triumph, just as the rain-drops caught him, he halted and permitted his master to descend and put together the remnants of his broken bridle.

The pursuing "spooke" vanished as the storm reached the river; and though it swept on, overtaking and drenching man and beast, accompanied by whizzing and crackling streams of lightning and hoarse stunning roars of genuine South African thunder, the horse showed no more dread, but permitted himself to be handled, remounted, and cantered to his stable. On that evening this strange circumstance having been mentioned at the table of the Public Prosecutor, that gentleman—a man of undoubted probity and veracity—stated that, months before, coming in from "Oliver's Hoek" at night-time, and accompanied by another European, he had seen the same apparition, which was then also the cause of much terror to his horses, whose plungings first drew his attention to it. Not only he and his companion, but their four horses—for each of them rode with one in hand—seemed to have seen the "spooke," or whatever it was, at the same time. What he saw, at all events, was the luminous figure of a young, fair creature standing close to the roadside, above the level of the grass, on the top of which her feet seemed to rest. She, however, began to vanish before they attempted to pass, disappearing slowly from the feet upwards, the head being the last part of the apparition visible. The official who saw this is now magistrate of a large and disturbed district—a man of undoubted firmness and oft-tried nerve. I do not seek to account for any of those things. I state the facts as I know them, and am prepared to prove them by ample references to living witnesses should any person interested in such things desire further information.

I have heard amongst the Dutch of many still more peculiar appearances. It was even gravely asserted on one occa-

sion that a farmer named Boshoff was driven from his place by the apparitions of some Kafirs he had shot years before, who enjoyed their most unspiritual existence, galloping round his house on wild dogs and wolves, which they had got into what might be called diabolically good training. Once, however, I became acquainted with a "spooke story," in an up-country village, which fatally lowered my belief in the supernatural.

When the people on the Diamond Fields were discontented with their government, a small party of them resolved to seize on the offending officials, carry them out of the country, and finally deport them in safety within the Cape Colony, to which their enforced return must prove sufficient evidence that they were no longer wanted in Griqualand West. It was necessary to obtain possession of a house in the neighbouring Dutch state suitable for the temporary detention of the intended prisoners. A member of "Ling's Cavalry" sought for a suitable farmhouse, but with little success, till he heard of a nice two-storeyed cottage, situated in a peach-garden of considerable size, the property of an old and very wealthy Boer. This house and garden were in the outskirts of a pretty village. The Boer would not let his house on any terms. It was empty, and should remain empty till he wanted it himself. The Dutchman said "that the house ate nothing, and therefore need not earn anything." Mr W—— felt himself compelled to introduce ghost-stories into the village and a ghost into the house. He managed matters so well that at length the old Boer determined, gun in hand, to look after the intrusive spirit himself. For this purpose he was accompanied, when the night came, by the cunning contriver of the play, the slim diamond-digger. They started for the scene of operations at half-past eleven on a dark, damp summer's night; about ten minutes before, however, there had been smuggled into the lonely dwelling an immense dog, which had been first carefully rubbed all over with phosphorus. As the Boer and his companion crept towards the house they heard the noise of the dog leaping up to the windows, hurling himself against the doors, and doing all he could to get out. Once they saw something like a flash of light—no doubt the dog's phosphorus-covered

body appearing at one of the windows. The Dutchman, however, pressed valiantly on, took the outer padlock off the door, and, after some little delay, pushed it boldly open. Instantly the dog, which had heard them at the door, seized his opportunity, dashed between their legs, upsetting them both, and tore off, glowing and gleaming all over, through the rain and the darkness down the garden. The old man's gun had gone off in the shock; neighbours and niggers came to ascertain the cause of the disturbance; they found him a firm believer in ghosts, smelling horribly, and his nether limbs glowing with some luminous marks of his contact with the departed devil. The rebellious young man obtained the haunted house without difficulty at an easy rent; but circumstances, and the good sense of Sir Arthur Cunynghame and Judge Barry, rendered unnecessary the purpose for which it had been taken.

The sailors' idea that Friday is an unfortunate day has been, in the minds of the volunteers and border inhabitants, most singularly borne out by the almost inexplicable occurrences of quite a number of calamities on that particular day. There was hardly a Kafir attack throughout the whole of the late and the present wars, nor was there a white expedition, taken on a Friday, that did not result in disaster to our side. Robus and Knapp were killed on a Friday; Schlieckmann's unfortunate attack was a Friday job; Wainwright's, Parker's, Pettigrew's losses, the evacuation of Fort Burgers, the murder of Venter, — in fact, nearly every calamity that happened us, oddly enough occurred on a Friday.

Popular superstitions, native traditions, and border prejudices, are all worthy of remark, and must be noted by whoever pretends to be a commandant; because each and every one of them have their influence more or less upon the feelings and actions of his opponents; and a neglect of the most insignificant of such circumstances often proves very embarrassing.

Kafir superstitions are not at all like those of the Dutch. The only one with which I ever came in actual contact was their idea that the spirits of the great departed pass into the forms of snakes. Under this guise, therefore, they indulge

in the worship of their forefathers, but in a dangerous and unpleasant way. I was once shooting—now many years ago—when I was a raw emigrant, and still what Natalians call a "Jimmy," and vulgar Americans a "Mick." I noticed the high grass, which was everywhere above my head, laid in one direction in a narrow trail, evidently left by the passage of somebody or something; and believing that by following this I would arrive at an easy opportunity for distinguishing myself as a sportsman, I turned on to and pursued the "spoor." After a few minutes I came suddenly out upon a small open glade of short grass on the margin of a deep spruit. But my first step from the tambookie grass was arrested by the formidable appearance of an enormous snake, the forepart of whose body was entirely raised from the ground, and whose expanded crest and glaring eyes were within two feet of my own. My gun was loaded with but a single bullet. I was too close to the brute to bring it to the shoulder; so I stood with it in the capping position, watching for an opportunity to make effectual use of what I at once conceived to be my only chance of safety—my one shot. There are people who deny the existence of snake-mesmerism. All I can say is this, that my eyes became fixed on his almost involuntarily, and accompanied every movement of his graceful head and neck, which were continually and without apparent effort, and without my being able to connect the movements one with the other, changing their place—appearing each instant at different points right or left, but always close to me, and higher than my breast. The feeling of astonishment and disgust with which I had at first regarded the reptile utterly left me. His eyes seemed to my bewildered senses to grow larger and larger. Gleaming in every tint of opal and carbuncle, they appeared to spread from the size of a shilling to that of a saucer, and then suddenly seemed to pervade all space, while I could still feel my head swaying from side to side as the snake's did. Suddenly something—I know not what—broke the spell. The eyes disappeared, sight returned to me, and I saw the brute's body vanishing over a rock into the stream-bed. I rushed forward to hurl stones at him; but judge of my astonishment when I found he had no tail. His body

terminated in a stump, like an amputated leg. He was about eleven feet long, and as thick as my own calf.

After this I fired at a buck which ran down to, and was killed at, the house of one Jury Potgieter. I then turned homewards, when, being pressed for an account of my doings, I told of the snake I had seen. Mr Alfred Wright, at whose place I was visiting, knew this remarkable snake well. The Kafirs would not allow any one to kill it. It was stated that the reptile years before had appeared in one of the Zulu kraals when they were burying a chief. An impulsive young barbarian struck at it with a battle-axe, amputating its tail. The elder Kafirs interfered, saying it was the "dead warrior come to see them." The snake recovered from its injuries, and was thenceforth sacred to the tribe—a branch of the Hlubi recently extinguished by the Natal Government. This monster has not, so far as I have heard, been since killed. He is particularly fond of honey, and is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Spion Kop, in the county of Weenen, a mountain where there are many nests of wild bees.

The Kafirs also believe in the existence of river and water spirits, to whose agency they attribute all deaths by drowning; and in witchcraft, to which they attribute all diseases to them otherwise inexplicable. They have plenty of folk-lore which is well worth collecting and preserving.

The superstition of the Bushmen and Hottentots is chiefly evinced by their dread of ghosts and their habit of listening with pleasure to pretty child-like fables of the loves and stratagems, the amusements, wanderings, and even political intrigues of the lower animals, amongst whom the jackal seems to be given the first place for cunning and intelligence. These tales have all something in common with those in use amongst the Irish and the Icelanders, and reminded me of that pretty conceit by which the wren is made out to be the king of birds, because, on one occasion of a competition for the sovereignty, he perched himself on the eagle's head, thereby getting higher up in the world than any of his companions. Some statesmen are said to rise in a somewhat similar way.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR SPORTS AND TRAVELS.

When not to hunt—Horse-sickness—"Salted" horses—How to start properly—Whipping a lion—Bushcraft—A hunter killed—Diminution in game—Game or wild beasts—South African sportsmen—Snakes and swords—Wolves and dogs—How to choose horses—*Vid* Delagoa Bay—The mocking-bird—Stampeding.

I HAVE alluded elsewhere to the days when I was a raw, fresh immigrant, and liable to be sneered at by older colonists as a "Jimmy." I am even now so impressed with the magnitude of the follies which men similarly situated and equally ignorant of the facts of South African life are guilty of, that I will endeavour to save some at least of our visitors from errors which prove not only annoying, but sometimes even most expensive to hundreds of persons yearly.

Even lately I met three gentlemen who came out from England, travelling by sea and land to the Transvaal, a distance of over 9000 miles, for the sake of sport, and who had only succeeded in arriving at just that particular season of the year when their object was utterly unobtainable, except at the risk of not only very large sums of money, but of their own lives.

There is in Africa, and especially in the Transvaal, a close season, when the penalty for descending into the Bushveld in search of large game, or of penetrating to the north into the remoter grounds of the elephant-hunter, is not a fine of five or ten pounds, but the almost certain exposure of the traveller to fever and death. This season may generally be said to include the latter half of the spring, the whole of the summer, and not only the whole of the autumn, but also

a few of the first days of winter. This sickly and dangerous season includes from the 1st of September to the 25th of May in nearly every year. It is, in the Bushveld and low country, not only a period of general unhealthiness and danger to man, but is also that during which the constant prevalence of horse-sickness adds to the danger, expense, and difficulty of the hunter. During, on the other hand, the whole of the actual winter, but little fear of either fever or horse-sickness need be entertained anywhere, save in the distant and less-shot-over districts north of the Limpopo, of which I know nothing but from hearsay.

Birds are to be got at all times everywhere in the Transvaal; but of these I do not intend to speak at any great length, as partridges and the like can be got cheaper and in greater profusion much nearer home. My remarks refer almost entirely to sea-cows and elephants, which are becoming year by year scarcer and more difficult to get at, and to buffaloes, koodoos, blue welderbeest (gnu), elands, blesbuck (several varieties of antelope), wild boars, and four-footed animals generally. No doubt, upon the Highveld good shooting is to be obtained, even during the rainy season, amongst the welderbeests, blesbucks, and springbucks; and an occasional shot may be got at a wolf or a jackal; but for all purposes of real sport, the low country and Bushveld must be the aim of the hunter. This being so, it is of course absolutely necessary that he should know when to visit and when to avoid the game country. Even the hardiest Boer will not venture the lives of himself, his cattle, and horses, in the low country during the sickly season.

The gentlemen to whom I have above referred arrived, after long travel and great expense, in Pretoria in December 1877. Thence, with a waggon and bullocks, they proceeded eastwards, shooting a fair amount of game (but not of the nobler and more dangerous sorts) on the Highveld, not very far from the village of Nazareth. The following rules had been given them for their guidance, to their adherence to which during the subsequent part of their journey, they have good reason to attribute their escape from low fever.

1. Never sit fishing or remain loitering by the banks of a stream after sunset.

2. Never sleep in low bottoms; always pitch your camp at least forty feet above the level of neighbouring waters.

3. Take necessary medicine regularly.

4. Begin the day with some refreshment, no matter how light.

They were told at the same time, that unless they purchased what are called "salted" horses—that is, animals which had recovered from the disease known by the very vague and general term of "horse-sickness," but which is really a fever, whose principal symptom seems to be violent pleuritis—they might find themselves at any time deprived, from this cause, of their animals. To guard against this sickness—as they did *not* buy salted cattle—they were recommended never to permit their horses to bite grass or drink water until the morning mists, haze, or miasma, with which the low grounds are frequently covered, should have been first entirely dissipated, leaving the veld dry. The horses consequently should be fed at night, and only allowed to graze at will during the later and warmer parts of each day. This will be best effected by the English sportsman bringing proper nose-bags and head-stalls with him, by the use of which, with great care and attention, I have seen delicate and valuable animals preserved, where there were no stables, during very bad seasons. It is the general opinion that the poison causing the fever is to be found in the dew. It is certain that horses eating dew-wet grasses during the sickly season almost invariably die. This is so firmly believed that I have known both Dutchmen and Englishmen to wash carefully every blade of grass or sheaf of oats coming from the damp air before it was admitted into their stables; and I must certainly say that this safeguard has been followed by good results.

That there is something in the dew and miasma theory can be readily gathered from this fact: "imported horses," when properly stabled, and not allowed out except during the later and warmer hours of the day, seem very frequently to escape the disease altogether; but to an imported animal so kept, one single night's absence from shelter during the unhealthy time will always prove fatal. So much for unsalted horses. With regard to the "salted" ones, or those

presumed to have passed through the sickness, I can speak with considerable certainty, as I have had in my charge at various times large troops of these animals, amongst which were some of great value. Of those bought by myself I shall first speak. They were five in number, and are all still alive, having, under circumstances of most aggravated toil and exposure, passed through the two worst seasons for horses ever known in the Transvaal; and, to aggravate the case, in the worst and most unhealthy districts inhabited by Europeans. They were "Peter," "Beaufort," two "Charlies," and a mare, who was called "Mrs Y." for political reasons. The first-named animal cost 78 guineas, was a pony gelding, barely 14 hands high, and was bought from Mr Crane of Lydenberg, with a character. He had been foaled in Natal, in his third year got the sickness, and was left for dead by the Umsindusi, near Maritzburg. To his owner's astonishment, he afterwards turned up alive but in wretched condition, having lost all the hair off his back, neck, face, and ears, and being the most unearthly-looking and forlorn wretch imaginable. In this condition Mr James of Reedspruit bought him for £3, and put enough meat on him to enable him to work up easily in a trap to the Gold Fields. He then fell into Crane's hands for £15, had the sickness again, in the Transvaal form, and on recovering, was again put in condition, and sold in October 1876 to Captain von Schleickmann for service at Fort Burgers, where there were no stables — the most unhealthy and poisonous spot for animals in all Africa. There, and in the surrounding country, he was worked day and night without food, except what he picked up, until he was returned, early in December, a mere bag of bones to Mr Crane. The unfortunate animal was again fattened up and sold to me. I used him constantly in the Lower Origstadt valley, in Secocoeni's country, and in every unhealthy place that duty led to, all through the sickly season, during which period no less than eighty-six of his companions died. In the next bad season, after various night journeys, I left him in Pretoria, where the sickness nearly dismounted the Carrington Horse. He again travelled—of course day and night—to Lydenberg, where the sickness lasted till he was sold, on the 8th June

last, for £50. He is still alive and well, and valued at 100 guineas, after having travelled during my ownership of him, in peace and war, nearly 3000 miles, sometimes being as much as nineteen hours without having the saddle for one moment off his back.

The second horse, "Beaufort," was bought with a guarantee from Matcham Coetzee of Nazareth for £65, had a relapse of the worst form of horse-sickness in the Bushveld in December 1876; but being salted, recovered with simple treatment, consisting mainly of bleeding in the dividing membrane of the nostrils. He served through both campaigns, and is still a Government troop-horse, having seen the death of every horse bought with him that was not guaranteed as over the sickness. Charlie No. 1 was obtained from Commandant Coetzee of the Crocodile valley, has done similar duties through two seasons, and is still on service. The other Charlie was bought at Henwood's store for £40 in February 1877, and has never been in a stable since, except as a casual visitor. His master has ridden him enormous distances, day and night, through the worst parts of the same districts, and ties him up to a tree in his garden at night in all weathers. The mare was a "Coetzee," a purchase from the Dutch. She is alive and well, after somewhat similar experiences; but, singular to say, her foal, which she got to a salted stallion, died of horse-sickness when running with the mother at six months old.

Amongst the troop-horses supplied to me by Government, all those which had not been "guaranteed as salted" by some respectable and responsible man, whether Dutch or English, died as soon as they were brought into contact with the fever. Those only that bore unmistakable marks of having had the sickness, survived to be given over to the new authorities. I need add nothing in the way of opinion to this illustration. Those who go to South Africa may do as they like; but for my part I should prefer giving 100 guineas for a "salted" hunter, to accepting, even as a present, for use in the Bushveld, three equally good "unsalted" horses. Good animals guaranteed but slow, used to being shot over, can always be obtained at from £35 to £50; but fast, lively, and spirited, trained "salted shooting horses"

are worth from £70 to £150; and no price can be too high for some of the good, clever, and faithful creatures I have known. The best horses are those with black points—even a long dark stripe running from the mane to the tail in a beast of any colour, is a sure sign of endurance. Animals so marked have a mulish appearance, but make up for it by being possessed of mulish hardihood.

I shall now return to the three gentlemen who came out at the wrong season. Having shot, as I said, some antelopes in the Highveld, they reached, late in January, the Crocodile River valley; but they could find no one to accompany them into the proper hunting-veld, because it was now the middle of the unhealthy season. After some delay they got on to Kruger's Post, where Mr Henry Glynn was induced, by hospitable considerations and his own love of sport, to try to get down into the bush-country with them. Some buffaloes and other large game had been seen in the vicinity of Seelas Hoek, below Origstadt; but in consequence of the thick summer growth of the forest, with the rainy season, the party failed to do any good shooting,—killing, I believe, only a few koodoos, but losing £120 worth of horse-flesh. It was useless and dangerous to attempt prosecuting their purpose, and the strangers had to return to Pretoria, there to await, during long and weary months, the arrival of winter. They were a compact, well-provided, and nicely-arranged party; and the severe disappointment they suffered is only to be attributed to their not knowing enough about the seasons.

The South African hunter should, of course, be provided with a waggon, drawn by good bullocks, which also must be bought "guaranteed" free from red-water, and "salted" as regards lung-sickness and bush-sickness.

It would be better for a stranger to lose fourteen days than to proceed with one unsalted bullock. Guarantees may always be depended upon if obtained from men of any property or standing. A good sound tented waggon, with twelve salted oxen, and a full supply of chains, yokes, straps, skeys, and everything necessary to the completion of the turn-out, cannot be obtained under £230 in Pretoria; but against this apparently heavy expense comes the fact,

that unless shattered by careless driving, or injured through neglect, both waggon and oxen will be saleable at a moderate discount when done with. The hunter requires tea, coffee, biscuits, sugar, pepper, and salt, with any spices, drinks, or luxuries he may fancy. All these are obtainable in South Africa at reasonable rates. His guns ought to be of the best possible construction, and his supply of cartridges at the rate of 4000 per barrel. By bringing this apparently excessive supply, he will be enabled, when his sport is over, to sell his rifles with the surplus ammunition, and most probably at a profit.

I should advise men never to bring dogs of value to South Africa. Foreign-bred dogs invariably die of a hideous, and, so far as I know, an incurable form of distemper. In the Lionveld, and where dangerous game is likely to be met with, useless curs, which can be picked up about any African town or farmhouse, will be found more useful than the best-bred hounds. The curs are more watchful at night, I presume, because they are more cowardly; yet a pack of them never fail to attack even a full-grown lion, or the most ferocious wounded tiger, and by their worryings and jumpings distract the brute's attention—ofttimes to the salvation of the hunter. *Apropos* of dogs, a man of fancy could make an immense fortune in South Africa by establishing a breeding and rearing house, where pups could be watched through and over the sickness, when they would become of considerable value. This applies to pointers, setters, kangaroo-hounds, greyhounds, and stag-hounds of every variety, as well as to mastiffs and fancy and watch dogs of all sorts. We have been offered by the Kafirs four large bullocks, valued at £32, for a good-looking but well-grown cur; but as he was a reliable watch-dog, he was not sold even for that.

Amongst the other things that the hunter should bring with him are waterproof sheets, which will secure him from damp, a portable India-rubber bath, and a couple of air-pillows. His small-bore rifle must throw a good heavy bullet, certainly never lighter than the service pattern—that served out for the Martini-Henry. He will require the assistance of a Hottentot or Dutch waggon-driver, a leader who may be a Kafir boy, and if possible a Dutch-speaking

coloured man as cook. Dutch-speaking servants are a little inclined to drink when in towns; but those who speak English well are almost invariably thieves as well as drunkards.

I will now add a few words for the benefit of visitors who may descend towards the fly-country. It has been asserted by many writers that the tsetse-fly is not fatal to donkeys and mules. I know the contrary to be the fact. The fly-country may be penetrated with comparative safety, and trekked across during long and cold winter nights with animals of any kind; but those that get stung invariably die when next they are exposed to a rainy season. Oxen drop off almost immediately after the first rains, as do horses. Mules and donkeys, on the contrary, wither away slowly, their muscles drying up through the effects of the poison until they become mere skeletons, when they fail from exhaustion.

When I left the Transvaal, lions were running in troops below the mountains close to the Gold Fields, and two had been seen in the previous year — one in Secocoeni's land, and one in the Kaap, a barren mountainous district to the right of the Lydenberg main road. These animals, however, are seldom dangerous, but they may frighten one's horses, forcing them to break loose, when, being no longer under intelligent guidance, they fall an easy prey to the carnivora. A Mr William Leathern had a lion adventure a few years ago, which illustrates not only his own fearless and reckless character, but the amount of danger to be expected from the lion by careless persons. He was in the upper Lionveld, off-saddled, sitting by his fire at night, when he heard some disturbance among his quadrupeds. With a whip in his hand he walked down to quiet them, when, noticing a strange form and seemingly not caring what it was, he proceeded to drive it away, lashing it across the face in a most vigorous manner. He was instantly taught his mistake. The lion—for it was one—drew with his paw the poor man's hand and arm into his mouth, and began crunching it. Leathern was unarmed, save with a paltry revolver, which he discharged several times into his opponent, who, for some miraculous reason, had not finished him in the meantime. I have heard that Leathern killed the lion. I

know as a matter of fact that he escaped, and after a tedious journey of thirty miles reached a station, his arm mangled and distorted in the most frightful manner, the bones of the arm and hand being literally chewed into splinters. The man is, however, at present alive, and enjoying all the excitement of a lawsuit at Pretoria. I believe he will find the law more dangerous to deal with than the lion.

While on the lion subject, I may mention that unobservant persons not used to the veld may pass by game, and especially carnivorous animals, without seeing them, even when hunting, and when they ought to be supremely vigilant. Mr Landsberg, living near Nazareth, in a well-peopled part of the country, was not long ago engaged in a discussion with a bumptious fellow, who denied that lions were still to be found in the Transvaal. Mr L. offered to bet that he would ride with the disputant on the next morning through the veld, and that within three hours he would show him as many lions, which would nevertheless be invisible to him until pointed out. The bet was accepted, and on his celebrated horse "Welmouth," Landsberg, accompanied by the stranger, also mounted, started for an unoccupied farm about ten miles off. After a couple of hours the Africander asked "if the stranger could see anything." He looked in every direction, but failed to make out game of any kind. The veld was dotted with large ant-heaps, and past one of these Mr L. directed his friend to proceed, keeping, however, 400 or 500 yards from it. He did so, and to his astonishment saw curled up on the dun-coloured ground, and looking as like the ant-heaps as possible, a lion and lioness, with one cub.

Shortly after this, and now about two years ago, the same gentleman, Otto Landsberg, met a lion within twenty paces of his own house. He was returning home, unarmed, in the early moonlight, and might have lost his life had his horse not been well trained, as he came upon the brute most unexpectedly, and without preparation of any kind. My reason for mentioning these facts is to impress upon strangers visiting South Africa, that from want of experience in watching the appearances of both bush and plain, under varying lights and at different seasons, they may often err as to the presence or absence even of large game. Hunters

will always find it to their advantage to have with them experienced "volk;" and in my opinion they should, as the Boers invariably do, provide a mount and a good gun for a coloured satellite. I cannot, however, advise the mixing of large parties of European and African sportsmen. There is a rivalry: the old hands take advantage of their superior bushcraft; and jealousies, too often resulting in quarrels, are the result.

A young Englishman who sailed in the same ship with me when I went out first, lost his life through this cause. He was up country along with a number of experienced hunters, under whom he was to serve a sort of apprenticeship to the elephant business. One of them chaffed him sorely about his inexperience, telling him he would be afraid to face the game, and otherwise irritating him. Next morning when the camp awoke, they found he had taken his horse and gun and gone alone into the bush, leaving a message that he would kill an elephant by himself or never return. Knowing well the danger to which the young fellow would be almost certainly exposed, the older hunters, now sorry for the chaff, but still expecting all would be well, rode off on his trail. They picked up (from the trampled ground), after about four miles, evidence that their friend was spooring a herd of five or six elephants. Still pursuing their course, they shortly heard the sound of a rifle, and coming on a clear space, were just in time to witness the death of the unfortunate youth. When they caught sight of him he was standing away from his horse, in the cover of a small stunted bush, which would not have sufficed to stop the charge of a goat, and was aiming at a furious bull "trumpeting" and "charging," already within twenty or thirty paces of his ill-judged place of concealment. The new arrivals at once fired, trying to stop the great brute in his charge, but it was too late; he had seen and probably smelt his enemy, who in a moment more was lying dead, his skull fractured into atoms, while the angry animal kneaded his body into the sand. The elephant was, of course, shot dead. Quite apart from such tragedies, which fortunately are not of everyday occurrence, I am still of opinion that new and old hands should never hunt together.

It has been remarked that, as the country has become more settled, a wonderfully rapid diminution in the quantity of game in the Transvaal and Free State has taken place. This still continues; and if sportsmen want to "do" Africa, they will have to make haste, as at the present rate of decrease, in a very few years wild animals, with the exception of springbucks and perhaps blesbucks, will have ceased to exist in these two large territories. Some people profess to account for this by the heavy slaughter which undoubtedly has been the rule in this and the last generation. I and a few others, however, feel inclined to doubt that killing alone will account for the destruction of "the wild." Birds are seldom shot, and never by the Boers; yet although their enemies—polecats, porcupines, and other marauders, with many of the larger and fiercer hawks and eagles—have been got rid of, and vermin generally has been kept down, birds of all kinds, from "paauws" (bustards) to the smallest partridges, sometimes called the "namaquas," are disappearing from some districts, and becoming scarcer everywhere.

In 1872 I saw as many as sixty large bustards together in a space of less than one hundred acres. Except under unusually favourable circumstances, a man will now seldom find more than three in a day. Some of those birds are of enormous size. Mr E. C. Buxton is stated to have shot one weighing nearly 40 lb. Andersson speaks of individuals he has known exceeding 30 lb. in weight; but John Dugmore of Albania and myself, travelling with William Byron Sampson, saw at a store on the Reed River a bird shot for us which weighed 93 lb., and the shank of which, still in Dugmore's possession, was as thick as that of a sheep. It had been kept for us for several days, but getting too high, was unfortunately given to the pigs. It was the "Kori bustard" of Burchell (*Kori eupodotis*). A few days after we saw another of the same species, also of gigantic size. It walked with great rapidity and got out of sight in the bush, without, I think, once attempting to use its wings. Smaller birds of this species provide the best meal a man can get in the veld. Cooking at home, however, seems to spoil them, for some inscrutable reason. I have never tasted one in a house that was not abominable.

But, as I have said before, birds are getting scarce everywhere, and especially immediately west of the mountains; and the nearer the Drakensberg one gets, oddly enough the wilder and scarcer they seem to become. A Mr Hutchinson, a man of considerable talent and energy, both as a painter and a naturalist, now living at Karkloof in Natal, but who frequently visits the Transvaal on trading and hunting trips, says that he believes the country to be drying up; that the streams are not so full as they were some years ago; that summer flood-rains are heavier and more frequent than of yore; but that the general and genial distribution of the rainfall spoken of by those who had experience of the country thirty years ago, is now noticeably absent. This entirely agrees with my own observations. The streams and waters in the north-east of the Transvaal are undoubtedly diminishing in volume, and even in flood-time bear no proportion to the channels in which they run, which must have been hollowed out by vastly greater bodies of water than they now contain. It has also been remarked that the dry seasons are longer and drier than they were heretofore. Observing persons state, and one in particular —a German residing in the Transvaal continuously from 1852—has told me that the rainfall was in the earlier days more than double what it is now; and that the winter was never an utterly rainless season, as farmers find it to have been of late. Lands have been shown to me, formerly well watered, for which now the same fountains do not provide a nearly sufficient supply. Springs have failed in many places; and it is to be expected that persons learned in such matters might be able to connect the disproportionate diminution in the game, to which I have referred, with the very extraordinary and unaccountable change in the seasons nearly everywhere observable. That the rivers have become smaller and weaker is undoubted. I have noticed places where crocodiles and sea-cows were formerly plentiful, but where now they could not live the year through from scarcity of water. I cannot believe that the crocodiles have been driven from the rivers by huntsmen, although, of course, that may account for the absence or destruction of the sea-cows. Even in the Steelport River I have seen but

two living crocodiles, and one lying dead on the bank (fourteen feet long), shot by Ashton. They are not at all to be found in the streams about Lydenberg. So markedly is this the case, that the inhabitants are even unacquainted with their nature, and seem to believe them to be harmless animals utterly incapable of mischief. I find, however, a far different description of them by the missionaries of the Amandabele, who say they are formidable, ugly, scaly, and ferocious, deserving even the name of "aquatic tiger."

It is said of the African crocodile that he is a wary, powerful, and terrible monster, capable of attacking man or beast. Now there is a crocodile river near Lydenberg where there are no crocodiles, although there are some, as I have said before, at Fort Burgers. Their absence can only be accounted for by the shallowing or drying-up of the river. At the fort I have never known them to meddle with the men, except in one instance, when a Scotchman, named Lorimer, who was drawing water at the river, had an iron bucket snatched from him by one of the hungry brutes. I am afraid he found the article both indigestible and inconvenient. It appears that the iron handle got between his teeth, which, as the reader must know, are widely separated from each other, standing up like prongs out of the jaw. The bucket, hanging down, of course got filled with water: the saurian was last seen going down the stream, evidently puzzled to know how to get rid of it.

The hunting below the berg has been pretty good during the last two years. I have known several parties that considered, quite apart from their enjoyment of the sport, that they had made a profit by their trip. The Glynns were down with three guns, and killed in twenty-two days 143 head of large game, including giraffes (camelopard). This number, if all the skins and more valuable parts of the game are preserved, cannot be altogether despised, even as a means of paying for ammunition. The flesh of the South African game, the marrow of some sorts, and the fat of others, are to most tastes extremely pleasant. I know of no meat that I prefer to eland (very large antelope). If the game has a fault, it is that the animals are wanting in fat; but this is easily remedied by the use of ham or bacon.

This remark especially holds good of the antelopes of all classes that roam about on the plains of the Orange Free State and on the Highveld of the Transvaal; but is not so true of the mountain and bush-rangers, who, I suppose, having more shelter, are not forced into continual exercise by the too frequent appearance of enemies. Delightful as the flesh of some kinds of game is found to all palates, and fond even as the English at home are, not only of receiving presents of venison, but even of paying for that article at a very high figure for the delectation of their friends, I have yet heard it charged against the Boers as a crime that they preferred good blesbuck to bad mutton. I am particular in mentioning this, because sportsmen, who constitute, I am happy to say, the better classes of the English, will be led from the criticism of such a remark, so prejudicial, so wanton, and so vicious in its ignorance and spleen, to estimate other partisan statements of the author at their proper value. I give the paragraph in full, that I may not be accused of misquoting the author, who is the sole and only apologist for a recent mistake. Mr Anthony Trollope says (vol. ii. p. 9), in his work on South Africa, of the Boers, "That they will live upon the carcasses of wild beasts which they can shoot upon the lands, so as to reduce their expenses on food to a minimum." Here, however, he merely introduces the accusation as one amongst many, as to the truth of which he had not yet made up his mind. At page 13 he begins giving the results of his own examination of Boers' houses and their inhabitants; and in discussing their domestic economy, says: "But there are two sides to it; and the parsimony of the Boer, who will eat up the carcass of a wild beast till it be rotten, so that he need not kill a sheep, and may thus be enabled to stock a farm for his son, will have its admirers in Great Britain, if not among fathers, at any rate among sons."

The intelligent reader will here remark that Mr Trollope carefully avoids the use of the word "game" but talks of wild beasts so as utterly to distort the Boer's action in the matter. This is quite as unfair as if the deer in the Queen's parks were described as wild beasts, and her Majesty's household and friends accused of a filthy parsimoniousness because venison appeared at their tables. Had the writer

stated that the Boer preferred a "welderbeest" (the gnu), one of the largest of the antelope tribe, and very common on the great flats, to goats' flesh, he would have been more correct. But it is most unfair, and calculated to give quite a wrong impression of the South African people, for an author to call the gnu a wild beast, and to blame sportsmen for eating his body as if he were a hyena or one of the Carnivora. I need not say here to Englishmen that their brother Englishmen in Africa are quite as fond of game, and quite as proud to have the produce of their own guns on their tables, as any backwoodsman or hunter of the race.

From a sportsman's point of view, great and wanton destruction of game has been going on in some African districts for many years. When I first crossed the Drakensberg, the districts of Harry-smith, Kronstadt, Rhenoster-spruit, and Bethlehem, forming together an area of about 6000 square miles, were, as well as the great Middleveld, literally swarming with countless herds of antelopes of nearly every class and species. Quaggas were to be heard and seen in small troops nearly everywhere; and the land was fairly overrun with "welderbeests" blue and black, blesbucks, springbucks, and many varieties of the less gregarious antelopes; but they have been fairly shot off. The farmers stated, and I think with reason, that the larger game, which partook in some respects of the nature of cattle, were subject to diseases, especially in winter, and from poverty, which contaminated their herds. They were also shot down in every direction for the sake of their skins, of which I am ashamed to say how many hundred thousand were sent down for sale to the shippers in Natal, in a comparatively short time, from Kronstadt district alone. The springbucks, from their diminutive size and superior fleetness, seem to have escaped the all but universal destruction, which was aided, as I have said elsewhere, by natural causes, especially drought, and by farm improvements, including the enclosure of springs, the multiplication of houses and the habitations of man along streams and rivers. During this period large numbers of carcasses, after having been skinned, were left to rot on the veld. The Legislature interfered, and indiscriminate shooting has been to a great extent put

a stop to. It is forbidden by law for any person to slay the wild in the veld and abandon their carcasses, the waste of such valuable meat being very properly considered a wanton slaughter of God's creatures; and yet the Boers are abused by a modern author for eating the venison. I have known some of this abused class of men who showed, in the treatment of the wild, as much of the feelings of the genuine sportsman as one would meet with in the proprietor of a Highland deer-forest.

Early in 1870, I was travelling along the banks of the Vaal River with Mr Rudolph of Weenen, when, at the junction of "Vals" or False River with the larger stream, we saw some thousands of game caught in the deep mud where they had attempted to cross. An old Boer, a true gentleman, named Kreeling, living at the junction, told us that this was of frequent occurrence. It was suggested to him by one of our party that he had now a splendid opportunity of cutting their throats and securing their skins, which would be valued for half-a-crown each all round. The old man told us that he would never permit such barbarity, and, on the other hand, often sent his son and servants with a boat to assist the struggling creatures from their peril. This operation we actually saw in course of being performed on that and subsequent days. Very many animals were liberated. Those that were caught in false places and quicksands too deep and dangerous to get at, were shot, to deliver them from their horrid sufferings.

Another Boer gentleman, Mr de Jager, living at the head of Eland's Spruit, O.F.S., has also been known by the author to exhibit constantly all the better and more humane attributes of a real sportsman. He never permitted, encouraged, or took part in skin-hunting; but of course had no scruple in knocking over whatever was necessary for his table.

The game, however, seem doomed to perish. The blue welderbeest went first, his black congener followed. The blesbucks are thinning out rapidly; and it is to be feared that in a few years sport will be restricted to places which are nearly inaccessible, and which, from fever and other causes, will be uninhabitable for Europeans during the greater part of the year.

I have been repeatedly asked if any of these animals are dangerous when wounded. All of them, except the smaller and more timid antelopes are so, if ridden down and approached too nearly. A companion told me once, that if I separated any one welderbeest from the crowd, and raced him over the flat, he would probably tumble down dead from utter fright. I had a good and perfectly safe horse, of much more than average speed, and next day turned out from the mob, and pursued what I thought to be three pretty fat animals. We tore away for a considerable distance up the wind before any of them showed signs of exhaustion. I was carrying, in addition to the rifle, a big-bore revolver—Adams's pattern, old style—which I determined to try on them at short range. I overhauled two, nearly together, and fired at them quite close, as my horse sped past. One tumbled in his tracks, the other swerved out to the right, where, believing he was wounded, I calculated my comrades would pick him up. The third, a bull, now thoroughly alarmed by the shooting behind him, rushed on over the slopes more furiously than ever. Putting the revolver back, and now thoroughly warmed up, I made up my mind to race him down. This was comparatively easy. Another spurt brought me within a dozen yards of him, when, to my utter astonishment, with a flop he tumbled apparently lifeless on the ground. So quickly was this done, that I was very nearly thrown by my horse springing suddenly over an ant-heap to the left, that he might not put his feet on the fallen welderbeest. I then dismounted, threw down the reins to let the horse stand and feed, and leisurely approached my victim, who, to my utter astonishment, when I was within seven feet of him, got up on all-fours in a dazed and staggered-looking manner, and began to stamp and dance with his front feet and head in a discomforting way. A gnu after death is a comparatively tame-looking animal; but alive, wild with terror, and on the flats within a couple of feet of you, he seems to be ugly and vicious-looking. We are all more or less fond of approbation, and I will own that, at the moment, I felt even flattered by the look of boundless astonishment with which "Aurelius," the horse, regarded our movements. This did not last long; the welderbeest

converted his pawings into attack: but the bullet from my rifle, passing clean through his body from throat to tail, brought his most unseemly capers to an end. I hastily tied the ends of the grass together over his body, and started back for the one that I conceived I had killed with the revolver-shots. This was lying dead enough where I had left it. There was, however, no blood visible; nor did subsequent search (I skinned the animal myself) disclose any bullet-mark whatever. When our party met again at the waggons, this unusual occurrence was discussed, and Rudolph, who knew I could shoot with a pistol, asked, "Are you sure the revolver was loaded?" It was promptly produced, when, on examination, five bullets were found in the bottom of the holster. Three chambers had been discharged, and two were still loaded, but *with powder only.* Of course I was laughed at; but I have since found this dropping of bullets during long gallops to be a common fault with all pistols, except those fitted with the patent metallic breech-loading cartridges, now so generally in use by all makers, and the Colt.

Buffaloes are of course dangerous. They have been seen, when wounded, to rush into narrow passages through the reeds and long grass around the marshes (vleys), and there await, in a most silent and treacherous manner, the advent of a pursuer. I have known several persons who had very lively half-hours with wounded game of this sort. Even a bushbuck will charge a hunter on foot if pressed too closely when wounded; but the great danger of the hunting-veld consists in the constant falls to which even the best riders are exposed in broken ground. The African soil is everywhere burrowed out in holes of great depth, made by ant-eaters and other digging animals, and these cause endless mishaps, even to careful and experienced men on well-trained animals.

Snakes, too, constitute a source of unpleasant excitement. They are usually timid and retiring creatures, but often retire into wrong places. I have seen a man who lay down for a few moments, rise up to find a snake inside his shirt—an anything but agreeable incident.

At horse-guard, after the peace of 1877, it was customary

for the men to lie about and read, there being no reasonable danger of theft or attack; it was merely their duty to mount occasionally and ride around the troop to keep it together and prevent animals from straying. Two troopers, Boult and Cyrus, were thus employed one very warm day, and had ensconced themselves under a big tree, one to read and the other to sleep, when, after a quarter of an hour, Boult, the reader, on turning to call his chum, saw him making dumb motions to him to approach cautiously. This he did, when the recumbent warrior, who looked dreadfully frightened, communicated to him, in a hoarse whisper, that "a snake had got into his trousers and was coiled round his knee." He could see no way to escape without being bitten. Boult suggested that he should, with the flat of his sword-bayonet, smash the reptile by striking over his head, but outside the trousers. The head was on the man's knee, and the neck seemingly just above it. This was agreed to; and drawing the lithe and flexible weapon, Boult struck again and again, till Cyrus, yelling with pain, conceived the enemy to be at length lifeless. He was then assisted to his feet, and his trousers carefully and quickly slit up, when out dropped a truss he had been wearing, but which had slipped during his slumbers and caused the scare. He suffered, however, nearly as much as if he had been bitten, from fright and the terrible sword-blows, which, even when given with the flat, may be seriously injurious to places where bones abound.

The worst of all snakes is, as I believe I have said elsewhere, the "imamba;" but there are smaller and not less vicious creatures. The horned adder—a rather rare variety—is one of the worst of these pests. His most usual lurking-place is at some windy turn, on road or path, where the sand, constantly driving against his body, at length covers him up, leaving but his little horned head visible. Passing animals occasionally suffer, as well as men who will prefer bare to booted feet. It will hardly be credited that I have met men—Europeans—who, in desert places, actually preferred walking without trousers, carrying that necessary garment as a bundle. This they excused by saying that nakedness kept the legs cleaner and cooler—a fact I should have doubted

till I found that, in hot countries, the natural perspiration becomes clotted with sand and dust, and especially when wearing the trousers. The best costume, however, for African work is a woollen shirt and breeches (with socks) ending in light gaiters, and firm, strongly-made Blucher boots, of soft, good material.

Wolves are in some places inconvenient neighbours; and wild dogs are dangerous when met in troops, being, I believe, the only African animal that wilfully and unnecessarily seeks an encounter with man.

I once witnessed with my own eyes an instance of calculated courage on the part of a tiger-wolf which is worth recording. We were two Europeans and seven Kafirs in a waggon, bound through the plains of Kopje Alleen (lonely hill) to the Diamond Fields. The veld abounded in game, and we had three carcasses by the waggon, killed, to be made into "biltong" (jerked meat) to feed our servants with on the journey and at the diggings. In those days men were in no hurry to get rich; and the saving of a five-pound note, by bringing with us a large supply of good food for our Kafirs, was of much more importance than a week's time. Two of the antelopes were tied up by the heels across the end of the waggon, and high above the ground. The meat of the other, already separated from the bones, was laid along the beam and iron-work (long-waggon) stretching fore and aft under the flooring of the vehicle. As our Kafirs would sleep under the shelter of the waggon, it was not considered possible for anything to meddle with the cut flesh thus stowed, wrapped in the skin immediately over their heads.

Early in the night we heard the moaning of wolves, mingled with the discordant and utterly unearthly uproariousness of the jackals. We had two large dogs with us, but at this time they never whimpered. At about two o'clock, however, when the moon rose, the dogs gave tongue, barking most furiously at some animal which they were pretending to have driven away. "It is a large wolf, certainly," said Andries; so we got out at our respective ends of the waggon, and, of course, gun in hand; when what was our astonishment to discover that the meat in the skin had been eaten

up, or so mauled as to be rendered useless; while the hide itself had been dragged several feet from the waggon. Now all this must have taken the wolf some time to do; and to get at the meat at all, he must have actually stood on the backs or breasts of our sleeping servants. The dogs had evidently been afraid of the wolf, or wolves, and dared not bark at their or his approach. Our full-bellied Kafirs must have slept utterly undisturbed during the whole performance. After that we always put the meat a little higher up.

Men should always bring with them plenty of shot, or well-made cartridges, for bird-shooting, as they will often find reaches of country where they will get nothing better to eat. Guinea-fowls, large bush-pigeons, and the like, are to be found nearly everywhere in the thorn-country; and even ring-doves are not to be despised. South-African water-fowl are, in my opinion, poor eating; but the so-called pheasant (*Pternises Swainsonii*), quails, partridges, sand-grouse, and small francolins, are to be commonly met with in the grass-veld. Cranes are occasionally eaten, and when baked are especially good. The crested crane, called "mayhem," should, however, never be shot; it is a snake-killer.

The greatest care should be taken in the selection of wild nuts and fruits, some of which are poisonous. Four young men, all Africanders, nearly lost their lives in the Speck-boom thornveld from neglect in this particular. They found a large spreading tree, loaded with nuts of nice appearance, and pleasant to the taste. These they fed on, but were almost immediately seized with frightful thirst, closely followed by both stomach and bowel disorders of a violent kind. The vomiting and purging, with the thirst, soon reduced them to a state of utter weakness. They became unable even to mount their horses, and returned to the fort many hours afterwards, crawling along the ground, with their clothes hanging about them in disorder, and themselves in a state of most miserable pain and depression. A patrol had, I believe, to be sent to recover their horses; their rifles they brought home slung to their shoulders. The doctor treated them as if for croton-oil poisoning. One of them suffered for many weeks, and perhaps may never per-

manently recover. For the purpose of avoiding such accidents—if for this alone—a mounted native should always accompany a properly constructed party.

It is hardly necessary for me to remark that under no circumstances whatever should a European drink any refreshment procurable at native kraals, until it is first not only tasted but swallowed in fair quantities by the seller or giver. This custom is so common, that I do not think I have ever seen Kafir beer presented to a white man without being previously tasted as described, by one of the kraal, who, as a rule, kneels down for that purpose.

Travellers will at first have a natural dread of tarantulas, scorpions, and the smaller pests common to all warm countries. I do not like these creatures, but in justice to them I must say that, in ten years, I have heard but of one instance of a person being stung, even by the larger and more venomous of them. In this case the man was undressed, and sat upon a flat stone, from under which he must have disturbed the assailant. Considerable swelling and pain were the result; but the place was scratched with the point of a knife, and an application of the blue stuff used by women to colour clothes, followed by a poultice of tobacco-leaves wet with hot brandy, speedily removed all ill effects. There is, however, a biting house-spider, smooth, dark-coloured, and with thick black legs, which seems to take a fancy to special individuals, utterly neglecting others —a trait which I have noticed also among mosquitoes. The wound presents the appearance of two small punctures, surrounded by a hard white swelling, that will only yield to time and long bathing, or the patient application of very strong vinegar and brandy, which is best secured through the medium of a poultice. Ticks and bush-lice of all sorts are of course to be met with. For the removal of these, fat, oil, and some kinds of ointment, will be found useful.

Travelling in the winter in Africa is an eminently healthy occupation. In some places it has its inconveniences, including cold, want of food for cattle, scarcity of forage for horses, and sometimes even of water; but I have never known sickness to be the result of exposure, so long as men were properly clothed, even on the coldest and highest of the African

plateaux. On the other hand, I have known broken-down drunkards, and men whose constitutions were wrecked with every kind of dissipation, rapidly set up and pulled together by travel, even of the roughest sort, in the winter or healthy season. It must be remembered that winter, and winter only, is in South Africa everywhere healthy for men and horses.

With regard to these latter animals, I shall now venture to give a few useful hints, which I hope will serve somebody as well as they have served me. Horses that have never been shod, if used to Kafirland or coming from very mountainous districts—unless broken down about the feet, when they are useless—should never see the blacksmith; but animals from the flat must have their feet nicely prepared, and be thoroughly well shod by a reliable hand before being taken north or east of the Lydenberg district. If a horse is tender-footed, and inclined to shrink from stony places and sharp-pointed gravel, he is practically useless. After the feet, the mouth is of most importance. Nearly all the African horses I have seen are subject to an inflammation of the palate, causing the lower bars to grow down over the teeth, by which the animal is prevented from masticating hard food, and from crushing and grinding maize or mealies especially. This will be at once detected by his dribbling his corn about in all directions instead of swallowing it after he has taken a sufficient quantity into his mouth. This is called "lampers" or the "lampreys," and is only to be cured by the overgrowth being carefully burned out by a red-hot iron. This inflicts no pain upon the horse—that is to say, unless it is carried too far. Some people cut and slash the projecting bars with a knife or lancet. The irritation is just as great as if burning were resorted to, but the relief is not permanent. This whole matter may seem trivial, but if it is not attended to a horse will get off his feed, rejecting even the harder natural grasses, and will speedily lose strength and courage. The South African horse does not look much, but he is a rare good one to go; and if kindly treated, is more intelligent and affectionate than that of any other country. I have seen ponies that became as keen and expert hunters as dogs

might, stopping of their own accord when the master should fire, remaining apparently breathless, and as immovable as if carved out of marble, and then when the shot rang out keeping their eyes fixed on the game and actually hunting it themselves. A horse kindly treated, used to shooting, and trained to stand, will wait hour after hour, feeding gently all round him without ever treading on his bridle-reins, or rolling so as to crush the saddle. They are liable, however, when out of work and running on grass only, to roam long distances, and even sometimes to make journeys on their own account to favourite farms that seem to live in their remembrance.

The African horse is also vigilant, not only being a good night-sentry, but even in day-time warning his rider of unusual and suspicious sounds, and the approach of animals, and even human beings. Horses with what the Dutch call "slaap" or drooping ears, are always the best in this respect; and when otherwise sound, well-proportioned, and active, seem to me to be superior to other horses.

Both my horses Beaufort and Peter were of this sort; and I do not think that, riding either of them, it would be possible for me to fall into a Kafir ambush, as their senses of sight, smell, and hearing were so acute, that they could detect, and often did warn me of the presence of the unsavoury nigger in some rocky, bush-grown gully, when it was impossible for me to know otherwise of his propinquity. Real sportsmen, I am sure, do not require these hints to induce them to make friends with the beasts that carry them. I know plenty of men in Africa who have not carried a whip for years, although constantly riding journeys that would make even some pretty decent travellers wonder at their audacity.

A stranger must never despise an African horse or pony because he does not come fully up to his notions of beauty. A man with a good eye for clean limbs and general perfection, will often find thoroughly good animals under the most unsightly skins. A diamond-buyer named Watkins has a priceless pony at Kimberley, which he can back to trot against time, or nearly any other horse in the place, with the most perfect confidence of winning the money, and

which he picked up for £3 on the Jacobsdal road. The locally celebrated Natal horse "Loiterer" was, not long ago, in a most miserable condition, in the possession of an up-country Kafir; and I once knew the horsiest and smartest fellow in the country to be taken in by a ragged ugly mulish beast thirteen hands high, for which he would not have readily parted with a five-pound note.

This man, a Mr N——, had a race-horse for sale known by the great name of "Sompseu" (Zulu for Shepstone). He wanted a very high price, and resolved, as good stallions were scarce among the Basutos, to make his money out of Molappo, one of the greatest chiefs of that horse-breeding nation. Mr N—— accordingly went with his racer, a noble-looking animal of good English blood, to the Kafir captain's village, situated about a mile and a half from the Caledon River. He asked 100 head of cattle, or perhaps 150 head, I forget which, for "Sompseu." Molappo said, "Yes; but we must try him. When he is rested I shall run one of my horses against him. The course will be from the river below to my house." Mr N—— knew his horse to be a thoroughly good one, but still, like a sensible jockey, he took precautions which I am afraid are not unusual amongst persons whose horses *must* win. When, however, the time for the trial actually arrived, he found the Kafir chieftain was too smart for him. Molappo said, "I will not run my best horse against yours, which has come a long journey and is tired: there are some common horses in the kraal yonder; whichever, on the gate being opened, runs about and plays the most when he sees the grass before him, will be good enough to beat your Natal race-horse." Mr N—— could not, of course, object to this, as the chief had not named his horse, but only said he would run a horse. When the kraal-gate was thrown open, a number of unsightly ponies came out, the freshest of which (uglier by degrees than any of the rest) was at once caught and saddled. He was backed by a villanous-looking Kafir of about 180 lb. weight, while "Sompseu" had on his back a professional rider, a nice active young lad, who has since won many races. In twenty minutes Mr N—— knew his fate; his horse was shamefully distanced by

the ugly Kafir "moke," which he afterwards learned was, though ragged and uncared for, of far the best blood in Basutoland. *Verbum sap.*

It may be asked, "Can the eastern district hunting be got at from the east coast itself?" As the adoption of this route would avoid the tedious, long land journeys forced on travellers *viâ* Natal and Pretoria, or those still longer ones where the stranger disembarks at Port Elizabeth or Cape Town, I shall answer the query fully. In the season—that is to say, June, July, and August, with perhaps the first twenty-six days in September—a party, or twenty parties, unencumbered with useless luggage, such as dress-clothes, and similar *impedimenta*, might make a very pleasant excursion by landing at "Lorenzo Marques," where they could obtain the assistance of native porters at a reasonable rate —say fifteen shillings for every 75 lb. weight of luggage for a hundred and twenty miles. They should then, in as light marching-order as possible, journey inwards and upwards across the "Fly," over the Lobombo to Pretorius Kop or Spits Kop, where they would be sure to find other Europeans and a storekeeper or two. This journey on foot is often made—but, be it remembered, only in the winter time, during which it is done by the shopkeepers, spirit-dealers, and, I am afraid, gunpowder-smugglers of the Gold Fields, as well as by diggers making their way, by this shortest and cheapest route, out of the country. Arrived in the Transvaal, hunters can go down to Lydenberg, where they will have no difficulty in procuring horses, waggons, and everything necessary for their tour, and where they will meet plenty of good men capable of giving them every needful help and information. I think that, notwithstanding the native disturbances, this route can always be travelled with perfect safety from hostile Kafirs. This is, I am sure, Colonel Warren's experience. He made the journey on foot, as I think is elsewhere mentioned, from Lydenberg to the sea in the winter of 1877.

No doubt strangers will hear many unaccountable sounds in the "bush;" but practically there is little danger except of a scare from the African mocking-bird—a little creature which I have never seen in captivity, but which often tor-

mented me and others during the Secocoeni worry. I don't think it ever sleeps, nor could the filibusters imagine how it amused itself before the war; but I certainly know what it had learned by the end of it.

The Kafir war-trumpet is formed of a long horn, having the large end open, and the inside carefully cleaned out and hollowed, as I should imagine, through almost its entire length. On one side, near the opening at the thick end, is an oblong hole, to which the mouth is applied, when, by puffing and humouring with the lips, a hollow sound, half hoot and half whistle—not unlike the blowing of an interrupted fog-horn—is produced. This sound can be heard at enormous distances amongst the woods and mountains, and is the almost certain herald of an alarmed spy-party or a fight. The mocking-bird made it his particular business to imitate, with wonderful accuracy, this discomforting signal; and I do not think we ever made a patrol, either by day or night—if its course lay through ravines, deep glens, or dark and gloomy passes—that the little wretch did not hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! with most disquieting accuracy, and to our bewilderment, until, the column halting, the sound would suddenly cease, when we would know it did not proceed from any alarmed enemy. When firing, however, had taken place, it assumed a different note, the "wheep," "ping," and "ming" of the bullet being now adopted. I have seen thoroughly experienced men start at the sudden and wonderfully accurate imitation of the leaden messenger's little song in their ears. Now, as Kafir bullets are not always carefully made —being sometimes pebbles coated with lead, and at other times projectiles from every variety and shape of gun that has been invented within the last forty years—it can be imagined what a varying concert they produce; but the little mocking-bird had mastered every difficulty, from the whizzing rush of the elephant-ball (more than a quarter of a pound weight) to the chirrup of the Winchester pellet, which hardly exceeds half an ounce.

I will conclude my few remarks upon sporting by a little general advice. Bring as much food, in the way of mealies for the use of the horses, as your waggon can reasonably carry; never strike a Kafir with your hand, or you will

invariably cripple yourself for days; and never encumber yourself with anything excepting your arms and necessary blankets, clothes, and food. Be self-dependent. The principal difficulties to be met with in South African travel are those forced on a man when he has to avail himself of the accommodation offered by public conveyances and the so-called hotels of the country. A man can hardly travel by the former with any reasonable expectation of avoiding the latter. Some works on South Africa consist, to much too great an extent, of maundering descriptions of inspannings and outspannings, little treks and big treks, hotels with good accommodation, hotels with indifferent accommodation, and utterly unaccommodating hotels. This style of thing I shall not inflict upon my reader.

It should be remembered that shopkeepers and hotel-keepers are not as a rule Dutchmen, and whatever the shortcomings of this class, the Boers, who are the people of the country, certainly cannot be held responsible for them; but no matter who keeps a hotel, the traveller, unless riding alone or doing the country by post-cart, will be a singularly improvident person who leaves himself entirely dependent upon others for any accommodation he may want. This is why I especially advise strangers to provide themselves with the waggon and oxen. A man's waggon is his home, and during the winter season, when it rarely rains, he should require no other. I know most pretentious places whose proprietors rave nightly and daily about the dirty habits of their neighbours the Boers, which, on inspection, will turn out not only to be filthy, but actually unhealthy from dirt.

There is one hotel, the principal (I had almost said the only) house of accommodation in a capital town in South Africa, which is kept, by an Englishman and his English wife, in such a way as would in any other country bring upon them legal punishment. I will describe the bedrooms; that ought to be sufficient. They are situated in the centre of an extensive yard, and consist of a row of brick cells far too low and too badly ventilated for stables. These rooms are 12 feet by 10, are only 8 feet high in front, and are covered with corrugated iron. In each of these wretched holes are placed two beds, two washing-stands, one chair,

and one table, filling up the entire space. The bottoms of the doors are on a level with the yard, and the windows are mere holes, with, I think, four squares of glass in each. In summer these terrible single-brick, iron-roofed ovens are simply maddening. I have known the heat in them to exceed 160° at night, and their fourteen or eighteen occupants were provided with only one tub for their joint use—a circumstance suggestive of every kind of discomfort. On the iron roof pigeons take morning walks, feeding on mealies, rattling, tearing, and scraping, cooing and fluttering, to the utter banishment of sleep.

In that part of the yard on which the doors opened, there were, and of course are, two stables and the kitchen, which, being only 9 feet by 5, compelled most of the work to be done in the yard by eight or nine blacks, some of whom were coolies and raw Kafirs, who filled the air constantly with yells, curses, profanity, and the sounds of fight. Behind the terrible row of sleeping-rooms was, and still is, actually joined on to them, with its fatal stench penetrating under all their roofs, an unfinished, half-opened, untrapped water-closet, a fruitful source of the most horrible odours conceivable. In the back-yard, which is undrained, is a small open sewer, leading from a filthy and unclean hen-house, crowded with birds. On a summer evening the smell from the whole concern is noticeable for 150 yards in every direction. £3, 10s. per week is charged for accommodation at this delicious establishment. I need not say where it is. The owner—his wife, otherwise a most excellent woman and good hostess—with all the boarders, frequenters, and friends of the establishment, will recognise the sketch at a glance.

If a man wants to travel in comfort, he must procure the means of cooking quickly, and under almost any conceivable circumstances of damp fuel. The plan I have found best may suit others. Get a common iron tar or oil drum, empty; put a grating through it, so that when it is standing on one end the grating will be a little below its middle. Below this, cut in the side of the drum a blast-hole about one-third the circumference, and at most three inches high. The bottom is left in, but the top is knocked out. With the smallest bit of dry grass, paper, or rag on the grating, a fire can be set

going even with comparatively wet wood; and if the blast-hole is turned towards the wind, that fire can be kept up easily. If a couple of strips of thin hoop-iron are twisted so as to sit on this machine, they will support a kettle or a pot, and allow plenty of room for the escape of smoke and flame, and the continuation of the fire-feeding process. This two-shilling stove can be carried hung on to the waggon, on one of the side hooks, and has been found of the greatest value, as it cooks quickly, and by its use the danger of grass-fires may be avoided. These fires are serious things. I have repeatedly known frightful accidents occur through them—many families ruined, and even many persons burned to death. Indeed I had once myself, with a party of men, a very narrow escape from, if not death, serious loss.

We had a cannon drawn by bullocks, but which, from the smallness of its wheels, could not do over two and a half miles an hour; and along with it some shells, thirty-six powder-charges for the gun, and a couple of rockets. We were making our way through high grass and scrubby bush, in a place where there was no road and never had been one. We had no water, and there was none near us. Suddenly, from twenty different directions came fire; and before ten minutes had elapsed, on every side the flames—sixteen and twenty feet in height where they had caught the bushes, but everywhere as high as a man—came rushing on us. With very great exertion, with knives and swords, a little clear place was made for the gun. We then set fire all round its outside edge, and so close was the shave, that we had to follow it almost the instant it was lighted, our boots and the hoofs of our horses burning and throwing up a frizzling smell for the moment. The new burn—that is, our clearing—was not thirty paces wide when it met the outer circle of flame, charging us in all directions. The rushing and roaring sound made by the furious fire can hardly be conceived. I do not think we could ever have forced our horses through it; and but for the speed with which we set up fire to fight fire, we must certainly have lost the bullocks, gunpowder, and shells, if not the gun. As it was, the shirts of the gunners, and the hair of both horses and men, were scorched and shrivelled. We had then eight miles to march over the

ash-covered and still smouldering desert before we reached water; and short as was the distance, several of the men fell down. Relief-parties of mounted men with water had to be sent a couple of hours later to bring them in. Travellers will please remember that grass-fires are so dangerous, that nothing can excuse any want of caution by which they are occasioned.

I have often heard men ask, "Is there not a great danger of cattle and horses being stolen?" To this I would answer there is not, but both may stray if they are neglected. Bullocks never stray while they are empty; but many of them, the moment they are fed full, begin to step further and further in search of sweeter morsels: the rest follow the leaders, who are soon out of sight, and unless turned, will undoubtedly get away, and perhaps travel to the very place where they were reared, no matter how distant it be. This can only be provided against by vigilance, and by checking all such tendencies at the outset. If it is necessary for any cause to let bullocks feed at night, they must be watched; and the moment they begin to scatter, wander, or any of them show signs of being full and satisfied by lying down, all must be driven to, and carefully tied up in, their usual places along the waggon-chain, where they will sleep just as well and much more securely than elsewhere. Horses and cattle are also likely to stray in cold winds and chilly rainy weather. Sometimes they go for shelter; but I have known them to run for days against the wind, apparently without any cause. This accident originates in the carelessness of the herd, who, being human, and feeling the cold very much, curls himself up somewhere out of the rain and wind, frequently sleeping, to the utter neglect of his trust. It is well to keep one horse fastened up to the waggon in bad weather. I have once known a very alarming incident to occur from cattle being neglected by the herds. We were lying, in company with the waggon of Mr Spencer Drake, in mid-winter 1870, near the Rhenoster Spruit. The bullocks, forty-eight in number, got mixed with the "wild" in a strong wind, and set to work, in company with the whole troop of game, to run as hard as they could straight away from us into the wind's eye. Some of the horses got away

at the same time, and it finally cost four men a chase of eight hours before the fugitive animals were recaptured and driven home.

Another thing I will here mention which is too much neglected. Animals should not be under the saddle or in the yoke at sun-up unless they have previously had a full night's rest. Oxen especially fret and become miserable when this is the case. If you must travel at night, outspan in the earliest dawn. The beasts will sleep standing about wherever the sun catches them, and this morning rest in the first warmth of the day seems to make up to them for a whole night's toil. Deprived of this, however, they speedily become weary, and show the effects of their labour more than inexperienced people would think possible.

CHAPTER XIII.

BLUNDERING.

Misleading articles—A self-contradictory historian—The battle of Boomplaatz—Our bitter beer—Slavery—Zulus and Basutos—A startling fact.

Most Englishmen gather their information, such as it is, about the colonies from books and newspapers. Trade books, as a rule, are not made by workers and thinkers, but by professional public writers, who, with pens and ink, and a tolerable amount of conceit in their own powers, have taken to rushing round continents, and across states and countries, to jot down their impressions for the benefit, not of the public, but of their own pockets. Few of these persons' books will be valued by the next generation. At best they are chroniclers of chit-chat, and may succeed in fairly writing down the impression made upon their own minds by the prejudiced small-talk of the circles to which their limited knowledge of the languages and customs of the countries they visit, compels them to confine their garrulous curiosity. Newspapers are sometimes still worse teachers. A few, written presumably for colonies only, are entirely unworthy of respect, even as mere chronicles of fact.

Witness the extraordinary error into which 'The Colonies' (a weekly summary published in London) rushed the other day, in the course of an essay on currency, in which it said that great inconvenience was occasioned to African trade by the existing confusion of Dutch and English money, both of which it supposed to be in circulation. South Africans, though of course not thinking it worth their while to correct every palpable and impertinent absurdity written about

them and their affairs by the posture-makers of the English press, yet often feel hurt and annoyed at the ready acceptance which every misrepresentation set afloat concerning them meets with. Now it is not a fact that the circulation of Dutch money leads to confusion in South Africa, either in the British dominions or elsewhere. More than twenty colonists, now in London — men who have dwelt in every part of South Africa, from Cape Town to the Zambesi — inform me that they have never, during their years of travel through the countries in question, seen Dutch coin anywhere in use. Some who have been over twenty years in the country have pointed out to me that a discrepancy exists between the American and African interpretations of the word dollar. This is the case. In Africa 1s. 6d. is spoken of as a dollar, yet there is no such *coin* as a dollar in circulation, and the term is only used as a sort of collateral to the ordinary English expression of value; as, for example, if I were engaged with a Dutchman in the purchase of a piece of land, costing, say, £7, 10s. the acre, I would say to him, "It cost me £7, 10s."—"a hundred rix-dollars the acre." Yet there is no such thing as a rix-dollar in circulation, no more than there is any other Dutch or foreign coin; and therefore the remarks of 'The Colonies,' repeated in the 'Times' and other admirable and powerful journals, with reference to the steps to be taken to bring about a uniformity of coinage, were, as regards South Africa, utterly uncalled for.

Another paper, calling itself 'The Colonial Mail,' of 9th May last, after describing what is conceived to be the value of a discovery whereby the bread-fruit tree will be utilised as cattle food, congratulated its Cape Colony and South African readers upon the immense value to them of its new "fattener,"—utterly regardless of the fact that the tree in question does not grow in any one of her Majesty's South African colonies, nor within many miles of them.

I could go on for ever quoting examples of the reckless ignorance displayed by the press in handling colonial questions. I think, however, it will be more interesting to turn from the newspaper men to teachers supposed to be of a higher class, and whose works are expected to attain a de-

gree of permanency, and almost to partake of the character of histories. If the Dutch, as a people, have a complaint against England, it is that they are misrepresented by English writers, and are consequently misjudged and wronged by the nation. This complaint is undoubtedly well founded. In order to prove that it is so, I will contrast some of the statements of the "Historian of the Annexation," Mr Anthony Trollope, one with the other, and occasionally with the authorities he himself relies on, so that out of his own mouth I may vindicate the character of the people whom it has too evidently been his misfortune to vilify and misrepresent.

This writer pretends, with an assumption which the Boers are certainly not inclined to permit to pass unquestioned, that the Transvaal Boer was a British subject, and when engaged in attempting to establish himself anywhere outside of the British lines, and on territory not owned by England, was a rebel in just the same way and to just the same degree as one of the Cato Street conspirators. On this groundless and most unfair assumption he bases his whole work. In his description of the emigrant Boer's conquest of Natal, he makes a statement of fact which is undoubtedly true and supported by authority, but which almost immediately afterwards he ignores, when it suits his purpose to put the Dutch in the wrong, and to excuse our colonial aggressions. Thus (vol. i. p. 248) he describes the first Dutch invasion of Natal, saying, "There was hardly a "native to be seen, the country having been desolated by "the king of the Zulus. It was the very place for the "Dutch—fertile without interference, and with space for "every one." But when he has finally depicted the wars by which the Dutch South Africans protected their new possessions against invading and aggressive Zulus, and even after he himself makes the following statement, referring to the year 1842—"That was the end of Dingaan, and has "really been the end up to this time of all fighting between "the Zulus and the white occupiers of Natal"—he vitiates his history by saying, "In the meantime the Dutch had had "further contests with remaining natives—contests in which "they had been the tyrants, and in which they showed a "strong intention of driving the black tribes altogether

" away from any lands which they might want themselves. " This, and probably a conviction that there were not suffi- " cient elements of rule among the Dutch farmers to form a " Government—a conviction for which the doings of the " young Volksraad of Natalia gave ample reason—at last " caused our Colonial Office to decide that Natal was still " British territory." Either one or other of these statements must be hopelessly incorrect. Judge Cloete, in his report to Governor Napier on the condition of the natives in Natal in 1844, stated that the native inhabitants would appear to have amounted, on the first occupation of that territory, to no more than 3000, of whom upwards of 2000 had placed themselves under the protection of the Europeans at the port. The remainder were found, by the first emigrants (the Boers), scattered and dying from starvation. Thus Cloete and Mr Anthony Trollope are agreed that the Dutch South Africans had possessed themselves of Natal when the land was a masterless desert. But the latter writer discovers, in defiance of his own facts, that the Dutch deserved annexation because they were driving Kafirs away from lands whereon only one moment before he had stated there were no Kafirs.

Later on (p. 256, vol. i.), Mr Anthony Trollope says, " that " the tribes who had fled in fear of the Dutch, or had been " scattered by the Zulu king, flocked in vast hordes into the " country, where they had been taught to feel that they " would be safe under British protection." Again I must recur to the fact, proved by all Mr Trollope's authorities, that when the Dutch entered Natal it was utterly and entirely depopulated. It had been desolated by Chaka, and its only inhabitants were a few wretched fugitives, hiding like serpents in holes. No tribes had fled out of Natal in fear of the Dutch; on the contrary, after the Dutch occupation of Natal and their defeat of the " Zulu " king, thousands of his subjects, flying from the cruelties of Kafirland, flocked into Natal when they had heard that under British law they could enjoy all the pleasures of paganism without being subject to the bitter tyranny of their chiefs. Undoubtedly in 1845, and later, the Dutch South Africans objected to this thronging in of natives upon them; but it must again be

remembered that these were not natives previously driven by them from Natal, but were barbarous Zulus, who had no claim whatever on the country. In order to support this statement by unimpeachable English authority, it is necessary here to place before the reader Noble's account of this matter, always premising that Noble is an English authority strongly prejudiced against the Dutch, and with Judge Cloete, is relied upon by Mr Anthony Trollope to establish his version of the facts:—

"There was also distrust and alarm occasioned by the influx of thousands of the savage Zulu tribe, who were permitted to live in a state of unrestrained freedom. Ever since the presence of the British troops in Natal, these natives had sought refuge in the colony, pouring in across the border to escape the tyranny and cruelty of their chief Panda, who appeared to follow the system of indiscriminate murder for which his predecessors had been distinguished. Their overwhelming numbers created a feeling of general insecurity; and the occupants of farms abandoned their isolated positions, declaring that all the evils of the Cape Kafirland were being reproduced around them. The Boer Volksraad, after considering the matter, passed a resolution requiring the Zulus to remove beyond the northern and southern frontier within fourteen days after receiving notice to do so; and they asked the military commandant to co-operate in putting the order in force."

Now it is very hard to discover the injustice of this proposition on the part of the Dutchmen. Their political sagacity has been more than justified by recent events. The immigration of Zulus into Natal has been unchecked to this day. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon its results. It is well known that a permanent and constantly increasing danger to the white colonists in Natal has been created by this immigration, a danger which is painfully evident at the present hour everywhere in this the most fertile and beautiful of English colonies. The only way in which I am able to account for the undoubted contradiction between Mr Trollope and his authorities, is by supposing that his own assertions and opinions are the result of influences brought to bear upon his mind by the men with whom he mixed from day to day, and which overrode the facts he acquired from authentic histories. This circumstance overshadows and prejudices every page of his late work.

At p. 20, vol. ii., Mr Trollope says, referring to the battle of Boomplaatz, 1848: "If the story told by the English be

"true, the Boers did not distinguish themselves by courage "on the occasion." It can never be proper for a historian, or a writer of any sort, to make a statement detrimental to the character of a people with whom he is dealing in the capacity of a public instructor, unless such is distinctly borne out by his authorities. On turning to p. 218, vol. ii., of his own work, will be found an account of this battle, which certainly supports in no way his jaunty insinuation against Boer courage :—

"Then, on the 29th August 1848, was fought the battle of Boomplaatz, half-way between the Orange River and Bloemfontein. Sir Harry Smith, the Governor, had come himself, with 600 or 700 English soldiers, and were joined by a small body of Griquas, who were, as a matter of course, hostile to the Dutch. There were collected together about a thousand Dutch farmers, all mounted. They were farmers ready enough to fight, but not trained soldiers. More Englishmen were killed or wounded than Dutch ; a dozen Dutchmen fell, and about four times that number of English. But the English beat the Dutch."

The statement and the insinuation, it must be admitted, are in painful contrast with each other. In order that the public may be able to estimate both at their proper value, I shall now, and again from the English historian Noble, describe what actually did occur.

The British force consisted of two companies of the Rifle Brigade, two of the 45th Regiment, two of the 91st Regiment, and two troops of Cape Mounted Rifles, supported by two guns and a division of the Royal Artillery. To those were added a mounted auxiliary force of Griquas, and other blacks, under Waterboer and Adam Kok, with some mounted farmers. The Boers were pursued until they were driven, on the 28th August 1848, to take up a position across the line of (retreat) road ; but they were unwilling to fight, divided amongst themselves, undisciplined, ill-armed, and unprovided with cannon. Even a worm will turn at last. Noble says, pp. 134 and 135 :—

"As the advanced-guard and the general with his escort were pushing on, Kruger in a bewildered manner asked, 'What shall we do now?' (Wat zal ons nou doen?) Upon which Standers excitedly replied, 'Fire away!' (Blaas maar op!) In a moment the whole top of the ridge was ablaze, and the Boers, showing themselves, discharged a heavy volley of musketry, their bullets dropping around the advancing squadron like a shower of hail. Sir Harry, for a moment surprised by the fierceness of

the fire and the sudden appearance of the rebels, who, like the men of Roderick Dhu—

> 'Sprung up at once a lurking foe,
> As if the yawning hill to heaven
> A subterranean host had given,'—

quickly took measures to silence and dislodge the enemy. The rifle brigade were brought into action to charge upon their left flank, the companies of the 45th upon their left centre, and the 91st on their right centre; while the guns commenced operations with effect upon the points where the rebels appeared most numerous. Notwithstanding they kept up a rapid and well-directed and destructive fire, they were pushed back from the ridge of low hills to the neck of the higher ridge behind. They made a bold effort to maintain their position on the pass, but by a combined attack of the Cape Corps and the Griquas, and the guns and infantry being brought forward, they were driven from this, their last hold, and retired, firing shots as they dispersed, over the open country beyond.

"The action, which Sir Harry Smith described as one of the most severe skirmishes ever witnessed, lasted for three hours. Owing to the nature of the ground, which offered great advantages to the rebels, her Majesty's troops suffered severely. One officer, Captain Stormont Murray, of the Rifle Brigade, was mortally wounded and died the same evening; five others (Colonel Buller, Captain Armstrong, Lieutenant Sales, and Ensigns Steele and Crampton) were severely wounded, and 8 men killed and 39 wounded. The rebels left dead upon the field 49 men, 12 of them having been killed by one cannon-shot. It was remarkable how his Excellency the Governor came out unhurt, for, from the beginning to the end, he was in the hottest of the fire; and his private secretary, Mr Southey, whose courage in the field was also conspicuous, shared the same good fortune.'

Now it is not unreasonable for me to prefer Noble's history, and the statement of an English general, to the authority everywhere relied on by Mr Anthony Trollope—"the stories "told by the English" (line 1, p. 20, vol. ii.)

It has been asserted, and, of course, by Mr Trollope, that whether Great Britain did right or wrong to annex the Transvaal, every sod of its soil had instantly been made of double value to its proprietor by the deed which had been done. Another assertion is that anarchy had set in, in the Republic, and that people had refused to pay or fight. Now it is not necessary to argue as to whether these things alone would justify annexation; they are but two, and two of the weakest, of the pleas put forward to justify it. Both are, however, groundless. Land has declined in value since the annexation; and to so great an extent have actual sales fallen off, that the revenue derived from this source in 1877-78, only

reached one-fifth of the figure it amounted to during the last year of republican rule. This is, of course, not so noticeable about Pretoria, where the influx of soldiers, the creation of a sort of court, and the increase of visitors and speculators at the capital, have affected the immediately surrounding district; but Pretoria is not the Transvaal. The Transvaal is larger than France, and Pretoria bears about the same proportion to it as Falmouth does to England. In the outer districts, land has virtually ceased to be a marketable article; while as to the refusal to pay or fight, the state of things to-day is ten times worse than it was under the old Government. February is the month in which the bulk of the taxes are received at the country offices. Now I know that the receipts this year have not even been equal to those of the corresponding period of last year, when, according to the annexationists, anarchy reigned. As to fighting, there are not thirty burghers under arms for the Government. The men in the field are hired soldiers who volunteer, but are as much paid troops as the Swiss in the French service used to be.

A great point is also made of the fact that Lord Carnarvon wrote to our Governor at the Cape, on January 25, 1877, to cause him to represent to President Burgers "the regret and indignation with which her Majesty's Government view the proceedings of the armed force which is acting in the name and under the authority of the Transvaal;" and in relation to this it is amusing to notice how Mr Trollope will blunder. He says, "This was a nice message for a President to re-" ceive, not when he had quelled the natives by armed force, " but when that armed force had run away, after an ineffectual " effort to drive the enemy from his stronghold." I should very much like to know where the facts and dates are to be got from on which this sneer is based. It was in August 1876 that the so-called retreat from Secocoeni's town took place. The date of Lord Carnarvon's despatch is the 25th of January 1877; and before that date, Secocoeni had already been brought to his knees, a supplicant for peace.[1]

[1] See Blue-book Report of Commission, consisting of Captain Clarke, R.A., Mr Haggart, and Captain Ferreira, sent by Dutch Executive and Sir Theophilus Shepstone jointly to Secocoeni; and also Appendix E.

"British newspapers. These reached him generally from "the Cape Colony; and Mr Burgers, who had come from "the Cape, must have known his own colony well enough "himself to have been sure that, if not refuted, they would "certainly lead to disaster. I do not believe that Mr Bur- "gers had any leaning towards slavery. He was by no "means a Boer among Boers, but has come rather of a "younger class of men, and from a newer school; but he "could only exist in the Transvaal by means of the Boers, "and in his existing condition could not exert himself for "the fulfilment of the clause of the treaty which forbade "slavery."

And again (p. 52 of the same volume): "The condition of "the Transvaal was very bad. Slavery was rampant."

The Transvaal people have a right to say, in answer to this—which is not a mere reference to some past state of things, but to what is presumed to have been the state of the Republic at the hour of annexation — Prove it! How many slaves have been liberated by Sir Theophilus Shepstone in the Transvaal from the 12th day of April 1877 to the present hour?

It must be remembered that there are, in the Transvaal, high courts of justice, sheriffs, officers, and messengers; that in every district, no matter how remote—from the far Zoutpansberg to the borders of the Cape Colony—there are English officials, justices of the peace, newspaper readers and writers, ministers of religion, and men of all classes, who would be interested in the immediate removal of so foul a blot upon their civilisation. How many unfortunate slaves have these rescued from their taskmasters up to the present time? This is a pertinent question, and one, in the answer to which the people of England are as deeply interested as the Boers. The Colonial Office has had ample time to put before the nation a "return" upon this interesting subject; and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the significant absence of such a document from the papers laid before the Imperial Parliament may be very legitimately and properly used by those who alleged there was no such slavery, and that the deed of the 12th of April 1877 is not justified by the reasons put forth in defence

of it. It is incredible, if such evidence existed, that it has not been brought forward by those whose policy it would have not only justified but sanctified. If such evidence cannot be produced, then the strongest grounds for what Mr Trollope calls "a very high-handed thing," and what the Boers consider a very unnecessary thing, are at once swept away, and the annexation is left, in all its naked unrighteousness, to be justified only by the plea of expediency.

With that plea I shall not here deal, but I think I am entitled, with reference to Mr Anthony Trollope, to quote another paragraph from his own pages that ought, in the eyes of impartial persons, to go a long way to disprove his utterly unevidenced allegations about slavery. In p. 239 of vol. ii. he says: "I have never seen among the Dutch any "instance of personal cruelty to a coloured person; nor "during my travels in South Africa did any story of such "cruelty reach my ear."

Will any candid person, any student of history, any philanthropist or traveller of the nineteenth century, reconcile this extraordinary fact, this entire absence of cruelty in the treatment of the coloured races, with the same author's hearsay about "rampant slavery," which can no more exist unaccompanied by cruelty, than discipline can be maintained unsupported by the coercive forces of law and punishment?

But it is not only in regard to great historical facts and political principles that Mr Trollope misleads his readers—even in minor matters he is inaccurate or careless. In p. 124, vol. ii., speaking of the Landdrost at Christiana, the writer says, contrasting his condition under the two Governments, that that official is now paid with British gold, who, "before the annexation was paid with Transvaal notes "worth five shillings to the nominal pound." There have been no such notes in circulation in the Transvaal for a very considerable time. They were all bought in by the State in 1874, and twenty shillings in the pound was paid for every one of them by the Transvaal Government. It is Mr Burgers, and Mr Burgers alone, who deserves credit for the redemption of these notes. An inaccuracy is a very poor argument in favour of a great act of public policy.

Another very unwise and very unfortunate statement of what is not the fact occurs in p. 29 of the same volume. It refers to the territory north by west of the Vaal River which Governor Keate, at the Bloemhof arbitration, awarded the Batlapins. Mr Trollope says: "But the Transvaal, "*rejecting Governor Keate's award*, took the territory and "governed it. Are we now to reject it and give it back to "the Bechuanas? or are we to keep it as part of the annexed "colony?" The latter sentence, and not the former, illustrates what the position of the Transvaal was in that territory. When Governor Keate's award was published, the Transvaal Government found itself actually ruling a small strip of disputed territory peopled by Europeans, the majority of whom, resident in Bloemhof and Christiana, were Englishmen. The Transvaal Government could not abandon these men and their improvements to the natives. They entered into treaty with the native chiefs claiming the ground, and by those treaties obtained new rights to it. If Governor Keate had awarded this strip of country, with its English inhabitants, to any of the neighbouring civilised Governments, or if he had accepted the Batlapins as British subjects, Keate's award would perhaps have done substantial justice. It is as absurd to accuse the Boer Government of a crime in not having given up this strip of land to the native claimants as it would now be to ask the British Government to do the same wrong to its European populations.

In speaking of the Basuto wars, and in contrasting these tribes with the Zulus, the author seems to make a singular and most unaccountable error. In vol. i. p. 61, speaking of the former tribe and of their present condition, he says: "They are governed by British magistrates, pay direct and "indirect taxes, are a quiet, orderly people, not given to "fighting since the days of their great king Moshesh, and "are about 127,000 in number." But when dealing with the Free States in its relation to them (pp. 215, 216, vol. ii.): "The Basutos, under Moshesh, their chief, though they "almost succeeded in destroying the Orange Republic, "were at least less dangerous, at any rate very much less "numerous, than Cetywayo and the Zulus."

The Zulus number, at the very highest quotation, 30,000 warriors in Zululand proper. They have not 400 horses, and but one-fifth of them are armed with any kind of gun; whilst, as I have said before, notwithstanding their military system, their valour has been untried for years. They are simply a colonial bugbear. The Basutos, on the other hand, own tens of thousands of horses—are, and have ever been, well armed—and have repeatedly defeated the most powerful division of the great Zulu nation. It is known of them that even Moselekatze was repulsed from their strongholds; and the description given of these people by English military officers is certainly not that of an inferior race.

At the battle of Thaba Bossigo (1852), Sir George Cathcart says "that they showed masses of horsemen; that their main body was 10,000 strong, and that (they) the Basutos, chiefly cavalry, advanced with remarkable boldness, essaying to surround the troops on all sides." Now it is a matter of history that this tribe was only taken under British protection in 1868, when their wars were finally brought to a close. If they were then so far reduced as to be, in Mr Trollope's words, "less dangerous and very much less "numerous than the Zulus," it seems little less than miraculous to me how they have increased in a short ten years to the number of 127,000 assigned to them by the same author. The intention of the writer is too manifest throughout. He must argue the inferiority of the Boers and their incapacity to deal with native races. Therefore he had to assert that the Basutos, a comparatively weak people, had nearly destroyed one of the Dutch Republics, in order that his readers might jump to the conclusion that British protection was absolutely necessary to the other against the Zulus. He has, however, overlooked the great facts of the case: first, that the Basutos were, so far back as the date of the battle of the Berea, a powerful and well-organised people, capable, in 1852, of inflicting loss even upon a British army; and secondly, that, unaided, after a succession of troublesome wars, the Boers had finally humiliated them.

Noble says: "The burghers were everywhere victorious. Any truce could scarcely have been reasonably expected from them. The Basutos, pressed at every point, were in

great difficulties, and threatened with annihilation. To rescue them from this position, his Excellency the Governor, on the 12th March 1868, proclaimed them British subjects, and their territory British territory."

Another most improper assumption made by this author to justify the annexation, is marked by so much disingenuousness that I am sure I have only to point it out to impartial readers to insure all his other statements being viewed with great suspicion. He says, of course referring to the Transvaal (p. 53, vol. ii.): "And then, though this Republic was "more than half Dutch, it was also only less than half Eng- "lish." From this it would almost appear as if thirty or forty per cent of the inhabitants were English. The author would have written truth, and been a much more honest historian, if he had said a little less than one-fortieth were English. So true is this, that if a census were to-day taken of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, of the adult males but one in twenty would be found who could be claimed as born British subjects, and this notwithstanding the influx of greedy adventurers that may be presumed to have followed the flag.

Here again comes under consideration the great question of the nationality of the Transvaal people—a question which is important not only as an equitable proposition, but in an international point of view. The author says (p. 64, vol. ii.), "The Dutch who trekked across the Vaal were as much our "subjects as if they were English." I do not think any jurist will agree with this opinion. The Cape Colony was ceded to the English in the beginning of this century, and the Dutch argue that that cession could operate to make them British subjects no longer than they chose to remain upon the ceded ground. There was nothing in the cession, there is nothing in human or divine law, to prevent them returning to their Dutch allegiance if they exiled themselves to Batavia or went back to Holland. They pushed out across Vaal River into the wilderness, and the English said to them, in 1852, "Go! we do not claim the Transvaal. It is yours; at all events, it is not ours. Be free! We wash our hands of you. Rule yourselves as best you can." Surely at least on this they ceased to be British subjects. I am particular about asking attention to this matter, because I have not the

slightest doubt that this question of allegiance will very soon become a burning one. I would say very much more on this subject, but I refrain, lest any words of mine might afterwards affect injuriously the decision of a question which must before long become a very serious and a very earnest one indeed.

There is a class of assertion that Mr Trollope sprinkles everywhere throughout his pages. The following quotations will show what I mean. "The natives had long learned to "respect English and to hate Dutch;" and again, "Natives "respect English and do not Dutch." "Because by doing "so" (annexing the Transvaal) "we have enabled English-"men, Dutchmen, and natives to live together in comfort."

The best commentary on these expressions that can possibly be brought forward is the present state of the Transvaal itself. The natives are not at war with the Dutch, but with the English. In Pretoria, Europeans only are being prosecuted for sedition against the Government; whilst so far is the capital from having improved in the matter of native labour, that many important buildings are at present standing unfinished, because the European inhabitants of Pretoria cannot obtain a sufficient amount of coloured assistance to complete necessary brick-making. The former allies of the Dutch have everywhere refused to assist the Shepstone Government in its wars.

The "comfort" to which the writer refers is very oddly illustrated by the following narrative, showing that the English and Dutch on the borders of Kafirland are full of mutual jealousies, and that the country is lapsing into a state a thousand times worse than that from which Mr Trollope was told the annexation rescued it.

I learn from the South African Mail of July 28th that cattle were stolen on June 13th by Secocoeni's Kafirs from the farm of an Englishman named Sanderson, on the Sabi River. An expedition in pursuit was organised by some men at the Gold Fields. I shall let the writer tell the story in his own words:—

"There is one circumstance in connection with the before-named expedition which may be interesting at the present juncture. A Kafir boy was taken by the nine mounted men, who reported that he was herd-boy

for Mr Sanderson; that the marauders took him prisoner when they stole the cattle; that only twelve men took the cattle in the first instance, but were subsequently joined on the hill by the larger body of about forty; that the thieves belong to Sekukuni—Masoets and two petty chiefs under Sekukuni's tribes; that they sent three of their number to Schalk Burger's farm as they passed to say they intended to camp near his house, but that he (Burgers) must not be afraid, as they only wanted cattle and would not interfere with his homestead; that they only wanted English cattle, and to shoot Englishmen, and not Boers. This all the men can swear to, and the boy adheres to. It is a noticeable fact, also, that Abel Erasmus, field-cornet, and other Boers, are ploughing and keeping their cattle close to the Kafir paths, and yet are never disturbed. The general opinion is the Kafirs and Boers are in league with one another at the present moment—at least in this district. When news arrived at Kruger's Post about the loss of Mr Sanderson's cattle, Mr Glynn sent to the Boers to try and get some of them to go with him to assist in recapturing the cattle; but they (the Boers) distinctly refused to either go themselves or lend their horses. The consequence was, Mr Glynn was compelled to send to Mr Roth, Landdrost of Lydenberg, for assistance, and this gentleman sent some of the despatch-riders to Mr Glynn. I am sorry to say, however, they arrived at the scene of the encounter between the Gold Fields men and the Kafirs an hour or more too late. Had the Boers gone with Mr Glynn in the first instance, the cattle would, it is believed, have been recaptured; yet people are heard to say, 'Conciliate the Boers.'"

The newspaper says, "It is a noticeable fact that the Boers and their cattle are undisturbed by the Kafirs." It is a much more noticeable fact that every outrage committed by the Kafirs during this second war, with one exception, has been directed against Englishmen and their property. Yet if one is to believe Mr Trollope, the annexation was necessitated only by the enmity of the Kafirs to the Boers, and was productive of unmixed happiness to every one concerned.

I shall endeavour to prove, in another chapter, that the annexation is not justified as an economical measure. I have already shown that it was not necessitated by the existence of slavery; and it was certainly not asked for by a majority of the people; nor has it been sanctioned by the approval of their legitimate representatives, the Volksraad. As Mr Trollope says when he describes the act itself: "A "sturdy Englishman had walked into the Republic with "five-and-twenty policemen and a union-jack, and had taken "possession of it. 'Would the inhabitants of the Republic

" 'like to ask me to take it?' So much inquiry he seems " to have made. No; the people by the voice of their Par- " liament declined even to consider so monstrous a propo- " sition. 'Then I shall take it without being asked,' said " Sir Theophilus; and he took it."

CHAPTER XIV.

PLUNDERING.

Froude and Southey—Diamond Fields revolt—Muzzle to muzzle—A prophecy—The "house on fire."

I HAVE hitherto spoken of the annexation merely incidentally, as the views against it common amongst the people entered naturally into my subject, or as questions of the cost of war or of Kafir policy led to it. There is a great difference between declining to justify the annexation on the grounds put forward by the Annexationists and their apologists, and entering into a wholesale condemnation of the men by whom it was executed. It has been shown that the cry for annexation raised by a party in the Transvaal was merely "an ignorant expression of the dissatisfaction of a mean and contemptible minority." It has also been shown that there was nothing in the relations subsisting between the Boers and the Kafirs to justify the outcry made about cruelty and slavery; and it has been shown, above all things, that what has been done has failed to satisfy nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the Transvaal itself.[1] Yet although all the reasons pleaded in support of this high-handed action be worthless and inapplicable, and even if the end should be failure and disaster, it is not so easy to blame Lord Carnarvon or Sir Theophilus Shepstone for this. They may have had higher and greater motives than they are willing to assign for what they have done. They may have been convinced of its necessity; and it is hardly fair now, after the event, to blame them for having availed themselves of every weapon

[1] See Appendix F.

put in their hands to hew down difficulties standing in the way of their policy.

It has for years been almost a faith amongst certain South African rulers that a mistake was committed when the Republics were abandoned, or rather, when they were permitted to enjoy that particular independence for which they had so long struggled. Newspapers were edited by men wedded to the idea of a vast British South African dominion; and it is undoubtedly the fact that much of the lasting popularity won by Sir George Grey is to be attributed to his adoption of most advanced views on this subject. Those views, as I have shown elsewhere, largely imbued the mind and governed the policy of many colonial worthies, chief amongst whom, by his talents, his energy, his experience, and his indomitable resolution, must be placed Sir Richard Southey, essentially a colonist, whose idea of progress was of the progress of British government and British institutions, and who, I have no doubt, sincerely believed that the only influences worth extending in the world were the British influences, which he has taken so great a part in guiding and consolidating.

That men possessed with notions of an almost boundless colonial dominion, under one flag, and subject to one system of government, should not have impressed their opinions upon the Colonial Office, with which they were in hourly communication, would have been indeed wonderful; that when opportunity seemed to favour the immediate execution of their patriotic plans for the furtherance of their interests and the extension of their own rule, they should not have availed themselves of it, would have been much more wonderful. These men saw in the Boer system little else save stagnation, waste of public land, which they looked on as the true treasury of colonial empire, and a retardation of the only progress they had faith in, which, to their minds, was of itself a crime.

After what Mr Froude has written ('Leaves from a South African Diary'),[1] and after the confirmation given to his

[1] "The English Government, in taking up Waterboer's cause, have distinctly broken a treaty which they had renewed but one year before in a very solemn manner; and the Colonial Office, it is painfully evident to me, has been duped by an ingenious conspiracy."—FROUDE.

prophetic words by the events of the past three years, it will not be denied that these colonial politicians of what may be called the dominion school had resolved long ago, in the excess of their patriotism and the fervour of their convictions, to destroy the Republics. It is not surprising that they should have availed themselves of Transvaal disunion and weakness to effect this object. My argument, the argument of this book, the argument of the Boers, is not that their patriotic policy was wrong in itself,—is not that the means by which they hurried their plans into effect were in themselves grievous and oppressive, nor even that their apparently high-handed acts were cruel, or calculated to arouse fierce opposition and burning indignation,—but simply and solely that the reasons and arguments put forward in justification of those acts and that policy are false, untenable, and provoking. If the allegations about slavery and cruelty in the Transvaal had not been advanced; if the consent of non-existent majorities had not been pleaded in defence of an abstract wrong; if an inherent weakness that did not exist had not been urged as a plea in justification of an aggression that on its own merits stood, perhaps, in need of no justification,—there would be less discontent in the Transvaal, and this book probably would never have been written.

For the present discontent on the part of the South African Dutch, the attempts at justification, far more than the annexation itself, or even the method of its accomplishment, are responsible.

The same cause produced very similar results at the Diamond Fields. Great Britain, shortly after the discovery of diamonds in what is now called Griqualand West, annexed that province for the sake of public convenience, but on false pretences. This fact is now everywhere admitted. The payment of £90,000 sterling by us to the President of the Free State as compensation for the wrong done to him, proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the annexation of the Diamond Fields was unjustifiable. As to whether it was necessary or not, all parties seem now to be pretty well agreed. What the people complained of at the time was, that annexation was not justified by the reasons assigned in

its favour, which were so palpably fictitious and inconsistent with known facts, that they were believed to be merely the cloak of a conspiracy which had made the British name and the British flag the instruments of its success. The discontented people could not believe that her Majesty's Ministers would, if the truth were permitted to reach their ears, support a usurpation that was founded on a fraud. But access to the home authorities was slow—the path was filled with difficulties—the words and wishes of the people were misrepresented by men who had everything to gain by shutting out inquiry, and who hoped that lapse of time would provide them with the safeguards of accomplished facts and established precedent.

The representations of the people were not listened to in England. Is it to be wondered at that, like the pagans of old, who when their gods would not hear them grew angry, the Diamond Fields people, irritated by neglect, maddened by the difficulties they felt in tearing away from between them and England the screen of lies and falsifications that had been raised up as a bar against inquiry, determined by a violent and unmistakable demonstration to provoke investigation, even though it should be heralded by cannon and bayonets, and followed by punishment? The people revolted. The rest of the matter belongs to history, and forcibly illustrates the Transvaal question as it is.

I would here remind a very great and a very good man —one of the leaders of all that is best in English public opinion, who visited Kimberley, and met there the chiefs of the anti-Government League—of something that passed at his interview with them. The delegates were asked by him as to their cause of complaint, and amongst others they mentioned "that Government took no steps to curb the growing insolence of the natives in and around the Fields; that the rapacious land-schemes of persons, one of whom claimed no less than 840 square miles of country, had irritated the barbarous squatters over an immense area; that the blacks, having been first led to believe that the land had been taken over in their name and for their protection, could at length plainly see that the so-called protection was but the juggling trick of political thimble-riggers and land-swindlers." Be-

sides this, he was told that the "licence" permitted in the name of law to the natives on the Diamond Fields was undermining the foundation of authority all over Africa, while the guns that were being sold in thousands daily to the Kafirs would be, ere long, used in war. He was told that, wherever they began, troubles with the natives might soon be expected, and that if the barbarous element in Kimberley was not speedily placed under fair and moderate but strong and repressive rule, great disasters would occur; that even already Government had armed blacks to prevent the free expression of public opinion. He will perhaps remember what he said: "When it does come, you will not be afraid to meet them muzzle to muzzle, till you can look into the whites of their eyes. There are no laws to prevent Englishmen arming and defending themselves."

I should not now recall this conversation, but that the facts revealed in it bear strongly upon the Transvaal question.

Mr Froude also, before he left the country, judged, as events have proved, rightly of what was taking place. He says, in 'Leaves from a South African Journal,' speaking of Mr Southey, "His desire was and is to see South Africa British up to the Zambesi River, the native chiefs taken everywhere under the British flag, and the whole country governed by the Crown. When the Diamond Fields were annexed as a Crown colony he accepted the governorship, with a hope that, north of the Orange River, he might carry out his own policy, check the encroachments of *the Transvaal Republic, and extend the empire internally.* It has been the one mistake of Mr Southey's life. Being without a force of any kind, he could only *control the Republics by the help of the native chiefs.*"

These words were prophetic. They have been more than justified. The war between Secocoeni and the Transvaal was the result of that policy that used the Kafirs, not as a "check to the aggressions," but as a means for the extinction, of the Republic. But this policy has produced other consequences, for which the Republic is held to be blamable. In fact, the direct and indirect results of the policy are ascribed not to it but to Republican misrule. The dangers,

the widespread revolts which the success of that treacherous and roundabout scheme has given rise to, are no longer traceable to it, but are used as arguments in proof of the "weakness" of the Transvaal, which it was its object to destroy, and to cause the ruin of which it was initiated; hence the "house-on-fire" argument. Griqualand West is in revolt; the tribes on the borders of the Cape Colony have revolted and been crushed; there is a danger from the Zulus; and Secocoeni has now been for five months in arms against us,—all this is not the result of any inherent weakness in the Transvaal, not the result of any Boer abandonment of the Secocoeni campaign. All the native troubles, north, south, east, and west, have proceeded from the extraordinary scheme of colonial policy, so clearly laid bare to the mind of our distinguished visitor by the discontented diggers and his other informants, long before the Transvaal troubles with Secocoeni had commenced. "This was the mistake of his (Richard Southey's) life," so says this impartial critic, this able and dispassionate inquirer.

Now what becomes of the famous "house-on-fire" argument,—Expediency's vindication of the high-handed act by which the Transvaal was made British territory? I shall give the anti-Boer argument fairly and in full, in the words of its greatest exponent:—

"That we must interfere for our own protection in regard to the natives seemed to be necessary. As has been said so often, there was a house on fire next door to us, in the flames of which we ourselves might be enveloped. If any other people could have assisted us in putting out the fire—French, Germans, or Italians—so that we might not seem to tyrannise, it would have been so comfortable. But in South Africa there were none to help us. Something must be done, and therefore an order was sent out directing Sir T. Shepstone to go to Pretoria and see what he could do. He was a man held in special respect by the king of the Zulus; and the king of the Zulus was, in truth, the great power whom both Dutch and English would dread should the natives be encouraged to rebel. When men have talked of our South African house being in danger of fire, Cetywayo, the king of the Zulus, has been the fire to whom they alluded."

And Sir Theophilus annexed the Transvaal, and our house caught fire in the Cape Colony and in Griqualand West, and Secocoeni broke out again into flame; and we will go to war

with the Zulu king, notwithstanding our exertions for the extinction of the Transvaal.

Now there is not a Boer in the Transvaal that does not know and appreciate facts. Boers are not stupid. They have seen that certain South African colonists and colonial politicians urged on and armed the natives against them; and they know that the "house was set on fire" by those politicians—the Annexationists—who put in firemen after they had committed the arson. Now I do not know anything more irritating to individuals or peoples than to find themselves placed hopelessly in the wrong by an active and unscrupulous adversary, who first causes the evil he complains of, then shifts the blame to the shoulders of the sufferer from that evil, and punishes the victim, as if he, and he only, were to blame in the matter. Irritation is the state of the Boer mind on the annexation question.

It is unfortunate, as I have said elsewhere, that the concurrence of threats from the Zulu king with the advance of Sir Theophilus Shepstone into the Transvaal territory, should have engendered in the minds of thousands an opinion that so grave and peculiar a coincidence was not altogether accidental. Whether this is so or not, the impression remains; and it is the existence of this, with all the other almost unavoidable suspicions and doubts of the *bona fides* of the pleas by which the annexation is justified, that forms the real danger in the Transvaal.

As to the annexation itself, no important transaction of a similar character in modern history has been so ably, so peacefully, or so successfully carried out. Granting its necessity, presuming its expediency, Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his staff of Annexationists have earned most unqualified approval. The step seems to have been carefully thought out in all its details. I will describe it, as well as endeavour to sketch the state of things existing in the Republic at the moment of its execution, in such a way as to lay before the public a fair *résumé* of what really occurred on this interesting occasion.

CHAPTER XV.

STIRRING EVENTS—SIR THEOPHILUS AND HOW HE DID IT.

National paralysis—Foredoomed—Too late—The reaction—Our first mistake—A sinister proposition—Arming the Blacks—Illegal Armaments.

THE war with Secocoeni was drawing to a conclusion in the January of 1877. His people had suffered from drought, and had, by the presence of the volunteers in advanced forts, covering the outlets of his country, been prevented for five months from making even one successful raid. All South Africa was for the moment at rest, with the exception of the district of Utrecht, where an old-standing grievance with Cetywayo was the cause of some little alarm and excitement. Still, the Transvaal was disturbed throughout its whole extent by the expectation of some pending change—a change coming from the outside, which had been invited by an active discontented party, chiefly foreigners, dwellers in towns, non-producers, place-hunters, deserters, refugees, land speculators, "development-men," and pests of Transvaal society generally, who openly preached resistance to the law, refusal to pay taxes, and contempt of the natural and guaranteed owners of the country in which they lived, in the distinctly and often expressed hope that foreign intervention would fill the country with British gold and conduce to their own material prosperity. The Boers, spread over a country larger than France, were stunned into stupor by the demonstrative loudness of the party of discontent. In some districts they (the Boers) were poor, and could not readily pay the taxes imposed upon them by the wars and

railway projects of the Government. Their Volksraad was in session, but its every action was paralysed by the gloom of impending dissolution.

The Republic owed £215,000, which it had no immediate means of paying. Its creditors were clamorous; whilst the Executive, turn to which side it would, found itself confronted by threats, reproaches, accusations of slavery and cruelty based upon hearsay, and which, like the annexation that steadily approached, could not be met, because neither of them had yet assumed the evidenced consistency of actual fact. There was no public opinion to support the Government or to save the Republic. The Boers lived far apart from each other; whilst the Annexationists and the party of disorder dwelt in compact communities, in towns and mining villages. Into the midst of this confusion—into the capital of this bewildered State—entered Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his staff. He had not come to seize the country—he had come as "an adviser, as a helper, and as a friend;" but his advent was a blight—an incubus which rendered additionally powerless the unfortunate President and his Council. The coming in of Sir Theophilus Shepstone was, to the minds of nearly all, but too clearly the forerunner of change. In the face of this additional whet to the anticipations of the party of disturbance, something that has been described as anarchy prevailed. Every one waited; all fell into a state of expectation; no one attempted to save the State or repel the danger. At the same time, there was no anarchy in any proper sense of the word. Justice sat on her seat, criminals were arrested and brought to trial, actions at law were heard and determined, and in no one place save the Gold Fields was authority, even for a moment, defied. There the law vindicated itself without having used violence or shed one drop of blood. Not one single public outrage, not one unpunished crime, marked this period of suspense, which is described by partisan writers as a time of chaos and anarchy.

Peace was granted to Secocoeni, and the quietness and gloom of the country became even more profound.

Now, had a commission, royal or joint, been opened in Pretoria to inquire into the truth of the allegations made

against the Government, history might perhaps be able to record that judgment, followed by justice, had overtaken the Transvaal. No commission was opened. There was a banquet and a ball. The suspense increased in intensity. Understrappers and agents of the discontented faction filled the country with rumours of impending annexation, and sometimes of impending conquest. The Boers, the inhabitants of the country, asked day after day what was the mission of the English Commissioner. They visited him in hundreds, but he knew the wonderful advantage to be gathered from the heightening of the mystery and the intensifying of the excitement. He listened to every one, but he maintained a gloomy and impassive silence, neither checking the aspirations of the Annexationists nor dissipating the forebodings of the farmers.

News arrived that troops were marching towards, and massing on, the border; rumours spread that annexation was inevitable. Sir Theophilus sought not to alleviate the anxieties of the Government, nor to quell the now rising alarm amongst the people; he simply sat still and listened, watching the writhings and strugglings of the doomed Volksraad, and awaiting a favourable moment to end its existence.

At length some one determined to ask,—Was it not possible to avert this annexation which loomed before every mind, brooding like a shadow upon the country? He went to Sir Theophilus, he asked his question, and at length the oracle spoke. Without moving a muscle of his wonderfully impassive countenance, without even raising his eyes to look at his interlocutor, Sir Theophilus calmly murmured, "It is too late! too late!" and so, without the authorisation of the home Government, without the consent of her Majesty's High Commissioner, without the concurrence of the Volksraad, against the will of thirty-nine-fortieths of the people, and in defiance of the protest of their Executive, as Mr Anthony Trollope puts it, Sir Theophilus said, "*Then and from thenceforth* the Transvaal shall be British property!" "So he put up the Queen's flag."

Now it is impossible to conceive anything more admirable for its discretion, more wisely calculated as to the moment

of its occurrence, or more suavely and yet firmly done than this act. There was not a blow struck, not a shot fired; and the first impulse of nearly every person in the country, whether in principle opposed to annexation or not, was to congratulate Sir Theophilus Shepstone on the skill, tact, and good fortune with which he had put an end to the excessive anxiety, the mental strain, the fears, hopes, and expectations by which the whole country was paralysed. Whether the annexation be now held to be wrong or right, its execution, so far as regards the act itself, was an unparalleled triumph of tact, modesty, and firmness.

It was not discovered at the moment, and it never entered into any man's mind to consider, that it was the presence in Pretoria of Sir Theophilus himself that had created the anxiety and caused the paralysis, and that it was his arts and presence that had tightened and strung up into quivering intensity the mind of the country. He had broken the spell; he had introduced certainty in place of uncertainty; and he was congratulated, and very properly so, for the manner in which he had brought to a conclusion his hazardous mission. In the same way his officers came in for an equal measure of commendation. Colonel Brooke, R.E., as chief of the staff; Captain Clarke, R.A., as Commissioner to Lydenberg; Mr Henderson as Finance Minister,—all earned and received, each in his own particular capacity, a fair measure of public gratitude for their conduct under circumstances when an error, an omission, or a forgetfulness might have caused a sudden reaction, and a costly one. Since then, two of these officers have left the Transvaal. It would have been better had they remained. Their experience, and knowledge of the men and circumstances of the place, had rendered them invaluable to the new Government. Their loss to Sir Theophilus's counsels will yet be a subject of bitter regret.

After the annexation, after the balls and the dances, the congratulatory addresses, the reviews, and the mutual felicitations, came in due time a slow reaction. For a few months Sir Theophilus reigned in peace. By the end of August, however, the people—and by the people I mean the Boers, the Republicans, and the really respectable merchants, traders, agriculturists, and professional men of the country, of every

nationality—awoke to a sense of injury. They now said they saw "that the country had been juggled with; that the pretences put forth to justify the annexation were the concoctions of fraudulent tricksters; that the country had not been insolvent; had not been in danger of being overrun by the Kafirs; had not been guilty of slavery; and, worse still, had been cheated of its undoubted rights to self-government in the interests of a party that was determined to destroy it."

Then came Sir Theophilus Shepstone's only mistake as a ruler. His first proclamation [1] had promised that he would maintain the law. This he did not do. No doubt he was under obligations, and must find employment for individuals; but he should have restricted the employment of his foreign and personal staff to posts contemplated by the law of the State whose government he had assumed.

The Boers are a very peculiar people—the most law-abiding and law-respecting people on the face of this earth. It was therefore with surprise, not unmingled with sterner feelings, that they saw the creation of special commissioner-ships, and the appointments to those important and almost irresponsible positions of persons subject to the control of no law, but who set aside and overruled the local authorities in most important districts. Had the Landdrosts been dismissed—had charges of peculation, incompetency, or corruption been brought home to any one or all of them—the Transvaal people would have willingly witnessed the filling up of their offices by better men. This was not done, and for a very good reason—investigation had proved that the officials of the Republic were, as a rule, worthy and clever men, fit to be trusted in their several capacities by any Government in the world. Appointments were, however, made over their heads, of other undoubtedly good and honest men, but whose utter inexperience, overweening self-confidence, and impatience of local advice, have already plunged the State into ruin.

In Lydenberg, Captain Clarke, R.A., was appointed, without the authority of any Transvaal law, to the hitherto unknown office of Special Commissioner. The Landdrost was

[1] See Appendix G.

thus reduced to the position of a mere sitting justice; and by the superior appointment, the power of protecting or neglecting the district, healing disputes with, or exasperating, the native races, was vested in a man subject to no local authority, apparently responsible to no court of justice, and, perforce, from his long residence in Natal amongst Englishmen and Zulu Kafirs, utterly ignorant of the characters of the Boers, Makatees, Basutos, and Amaswazis, whom he was called upon to control. That he is a brave and skilful officer no one can doubt; as a Transvaal Kafir diplomatist he has been an utter failure. His appointment, his alleged disregard of law and lawful authority in his dealings with the natives, his disarmament of his district, and his jealousy of the advice of qualified persons, have, with the aid of the Zulu police, resulted in the second Secocoeni war, which has already brought about the loss of many lives, and of £60,000.

Another gentleman, of whose abilities I know nothing, and whose successes or failures are yet in the womb of time, has been also irregularly appointed to a similar position in the most northerly districts of the Republic. Some stupid appointments were made. A Landdrost, who spoke *no* Dutch, was appointed over a Dutch district; whilst elsewhere a public prosecutor, who only understands English, has been appointed to the office of a Landdrost, to whom that language is utterly unintelligible. In two cases proclamations were issued by Sir Theophilus, overriding all law. By one of these he appears to have sought to prohibit the right of petition, and declared it to be his opinion that any attempt to reopen the annexation question must be sedition.[1]

For this possibly his legal advisers are more to blame than himself; but a perusal of the "shutting up" proclamation, or "hold your tongue," as the Boers call it, which will be found in the Appendix, will suffice to convince British readers that there was something very wrong in a state of things by which a ruler, who had but just proclaimed himself a constitutional one, should be induced to override law and public opinion in an attempt to prevent inquiry asked for in a peaceful and constitutional way.

[1] See Appendix H.

But of all the acts of the new Government, the most sinister was the attempt to raise a Kafir army to maintain Sir Theophilus Shepstone's then failing influence, and to continue the Southey policy of coercing by native force the white colonists.

A very few extracts from the Blue-books will put this matter in a way to be understood by everybody.

Blue-book 2079 C.

Administrator Sir T. SHEPSTONE to the EARL OF CARNARVON.

UTRECHT, *January* 24, 1878.

Extract.—"I authorised Captain Clarke, R.A., to proceed to Natal, and to endeavour, after having obtained the permission of that Government, to raise 200 men from the Natal native population.

"As I could not dispense with Captain Clarke's services, . . . Mr Lewellyn Lloyd was appointed Lieutenant, and directed to carry out that service.

"Mr Lloyd marched his men to this place in very good order, and after providing them here with the necessary arms and accoutrements, I have placed them under Captain Clarke, and had them marched to Lydenberg, where the presence of some force, however small, in the neighbourhood of Secocoeni and other chiefs thereabouts, has been becoming daily more and more necessary."

(Enclosure in No. 61.)

MEMORANDUM by Captain CLARKE on the proposal to form an armed police force (native) for service in the Transvaal.

Extract.—"The Zulus have conquered, or at least defeated, every native race with which they have come in contact.

"Captains should receive £350, the subalterns, £250 per annum. The officers should be mounted, and, in addition to their pay, should get £50 a-year as horse allowance."

(Enclosure in No. 67.)

Lieutenant-General CUNYNGHAME to Sir BARTLE FRERE.

February 10, 1878.

Extract.—"1. I have read with much interest the letters of H.E. Sir T. Shepstone upon the proposition to raise a police force for the use of the Government of the Transvaal, composed of Zulus from the colony of Natal.

"2. His proposition appears to me *to embrace the foundation of a native army, and is one*, therefore, of the most serious import and consideration."

These extracts are important in many ways, but the General's remarks are of immense interest, in view of the

horrid policy by which the Colonial Government had allowed itself to be guided—setting black against white.

The immediate result of the Zulu police invasion of the Transvaal, was to convince the Boers that Government meant to override all law. Now the Boers ask if any of this Kafir army, or all of them, were brought to trial for the massacre at Masselleroom's Hill, on April 5th, how would their case stand before an impartial judge and an honest jury, as they were neither embodied nor authorised by any existing law of the State?

The English Parliament did not order them to be raised, neither did the Boer Volksraad. The colonists from one end of Africa to the other, would resist to the utmost the unchecked levying of armed forces by governors without legislative consent; but they would still more fiercely resist the "arming of the blacks."

This affair has alarmed the Boers. It directly caused the second outbreak of Secocoeni. People on the Diamond Fields once thought that the raising and arming of any force of coloured men, not directly authorised by law, would justify the deprivation of any governor of his power. What would our forefathers have thought?

CHAPTER XVI.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Two pleasant gentlemen—A Landdrost's cottage—A South African dinner-party—General Sir A. T. Cunynghame, K.C.B.—A border banquet—Captain Carrington.

THE annexation brought us very few visitors; for, whilst numbers of people rushed into the country, thronging to Pretoria in the eager hope of picking up a few shillings, or at least of securing some Government job or employment, few men of any weight in the colonies or the empire seemed to care for or even to know anything about Lydenberg—the new and perhaps costly plaything which amateur South African statesmen had invested in. In Lydenberg during the first twelvemonth after the 12th April 1877, we had but five visitors from the great world outside of us. Putting them chronologically, these were Captain Warren, R.E., now Colonel C.B., Administrator of Griqualand West—commonly called "Palestine Warren"—who arrived with Major Ravenscroft, the latter *en route* from the Diamond Fields overland to Delagoa Bay, whence he intended to proceed to Ceylon to assume office as Colonial Treasurer; Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, K.C.B., with his aide-de-camp, the Hon. Captain Coghill; and Mr Paul Henwood, with his partner,—were the most important personages, and almost the only ones, that visited our out-of-the-way corner of the world. A travelling inspector for the Standard Bank once looked in on us, and actually stayed three weeks. Sir Theophilus Shepstone and the judge, with their respective satellites, payed us necessary official

visits; but these were short, and by no means satisfactory, save to litigants, who had every reason to be pleased with the judge's urbanity and decision—and to the Kafirs, who succeeded in getting the better of the great Sompseu.

Warren and Ravenscroft were the first arrivals; and as Captain Clarke was absent in Kafirland, the regular inhabitants and older rulers of the district had the pleasure of entertaining them in the old and rudely primitive though thoroughly hospitable manner peculiar to the country. They arrived by post-cart, having seen the country in winter in its own naked and unadorned ugliness. The author, having had the pleasure of making Major Ravenscroft's acquaintance in Griqualand West, was the means of introducing him and his companions to the legitimate local dignitary.

As the travellers meant to push on at once through the low country, there was no time for elaborate hospitalities. They spread out their blankets and baggage on the brick floor of an empty room in the old-town barrack, and with true travellers' *nonchalance* and indifference, prepared themselves for "roughing it" in lodgings of the real filibuster type. Asked to dinner, and offered accommodation at half-a-dozen houses, they accepted the former invitation, but declined the latter. On the night of their arrival I met them at the Landdrost's; and as a sketch of the evening, with its circumstances and surroundings, and how we passed it, will do more to enlighten the reader as to the real life and habits of the country than pages of elaborate description, I shall venture to lay bare for inspection a South African interior. It must be remembered that Mr Roth was not only Landdrost of Lydenberg—one of the largest and most important districts in the Republic—but was also special commissioner over the Gold Fields and other special communities within his province, which is as large as Scotland. He was not only chief magistrate, but taxing officer, orphan master, *custos rotulorum*, president of the school board, registrar of deeds, commissioner of police, and at times even commandant-general. Under him, to rule the whole country, he had but a clerk, who acted as public prosecutor and official factotum, a sub-sheriff, and a jailor,

whose collective salaries barely amounted to £500 per annum. Add to these two black constables, and you have a full view of Mr Roth's official staff as Landdrost. Amongst these few men were divided the responsibilities of magazine-keeper, coroner, civil engineer, and hosts of other little offices, for not one of which a salary was allowed, although many duties, small but troublesome, were attached to them. In consequence of the accidental existence of the New Caledonia Gold Fields, Roth had to be assisted in that locality by an acting gold commissioner, who had also under him a couple of clerks (one of whom prosecuted), a deputy sub-sheriff (acting also as collector of rates and licences), and a jailor, whose house of detention resembled nothing on earth so much as a very large wicker-crate thatched and daubed with mud. On the New Scotland border, eighty miles to the south, Mr Bell—since treacherously murdered by the Kafirs—filled the offices of justice of the peace and native commissioner, the latter of which carried a salary, but was only a newly-created post, instituted by the Republican Government of the Transvaal as a mark of special favour and esteem for the gentleman on whom it was conferred. Mr Bell was a native of Scotland and manager of a Scots land company.

It will thus be seen at a glance that Mr Roth was properly not only a magistrate, but "the magistrate," lord-lieutenant, and only great man of the district under the Republican rule. At 3 P.M. we walked down the long unbuilt street, hedged in by pretty rose-trees instead of houses and railings, to the little abode—it would be best called cottage—where our host resided. Its walls were but ten feet high. It contained three rooms and a kitchen, had three windows and two doors, the timber of which was painted green. It was thatched, and of course whitewashed. The approach to it was utterly unpretending. A slab of grey rock formed a little bridge over one of the town water-courses that ran past the door. Another step, leading across a narrow path, brought one clear into the house, accessible through a half-door that looked more than half Irish. Inside, the parlour, dining-room, sitting-room—call it what you will, for it was all one—was furnished as neatly as the circum-

stances of the country would allow. There were no ceilings; and the bare rafters and blackened thatch lent to the little room an appearance of want of finish, which was not uninteresting or disagreeable. There were easy-chairs, flowers, books, a table at which ten people could seat themselves, a sideboard, guns, and a violin; but the floor was mud, or rather would have been mud had it been wet, which of course it was not. The doors leading to the other little rooms, as well as to the kitchen, all opened from this central chamber, which, as it had a back door, and a front door opening on South Africa generally, afforded unlimited opportunities for enjoying whatever breeze might blow.

The visitors, on entering, were duly introduced to the family, consisting of Mrs Roth, the Landdrost's wife, a large, handsome, fair woman, whose head was adorned with magnificent, heavy, sweeping masses of golden hair that would make the fortune of nineteen girls out of twenty in benighted Europe. Then there was her mother, Mrs Botha, an active, powerfully built, lively, clever, chatty dame, of some forty-five summers. Both these ladies were full of information about the country, and were well acquainted with all the English and Dutch notorieties, the elder one, indeed, pluming herself on the amount and accuracy of her local and political information, and her insight into the motives and minds of many men who certainly never dreamed, in their wildest imaginations, that their petty weaknesses, sordid ambitions, and low-spirited notions, were well and accurately gauged and probed to the bottom by this vivacious Dutchwoman. A mob of children filled up the corners. These were polite, silent, and respectful, and consisted, as we were astonished to learn, in contradiction to Mrs Roth's youthful appearance, entirely of her own contributions to the true wealth of the land. After smoking, lounging, and otherwise amusing ourselves for an hour, our attention was called to the fact that dinner was ready. By this time had arrived three other guests—Messrs Francks, De Suza, and little Doctor Ashton. The latter young gentleman added nothing to our amusement; he was in love, and pretended his medical duties were so absorbing as not to leave him time even to eat. A few minutes after his departure he passed by the

door with a young lady on horseback, and galloped off somewhere, no doubt in the most earnest prosecution of his medical duties. The dinner consisted of very good soup, followed by lamb, ham, and curried fowl, accompanied by pumpkin, both boiled and roasted, sweet and ordinary potatoes, and some very small white beans, which seem to be peculiar to that part of the country, as I have never seen them elsewhere. There were pastry and coffee, and then we went back to our pipes and the easy-chairs, no spirits or wine of any kind appearing or being asked for.

Now, although this dinner, for two ladies and seven men, with all its preparation, was begun, carried through, and brought to a conclusion, in a room 16 feet by 10, to which was attached a kitchen 7 feet by 5, there was very little, if any, confusion, and matters were so well arranged that neither the preparations nor the cooking became obtrusive. The meal concluded, we smoked and played whist, for "love," on the very same table we had dined off, without feeling in the least degree shocked at its change of uses.

Francks, one of the guests, was a most amusing companion. In his early life he had been a Frenchman and a French sailor, was wounded in Algeria, and wore legitimately what no Frenchman is complete without — a red ribbon and a little cross. He did not look more than thirty-five. His moustache was as black as ever. He was a burly, jolly, rosy, healthy-looking man, full of anecdote and exaggeration; but he had children as old as the author, and grandchildren much taller than the legs of most chairs. He had been twenty-seven years in the country, had been a field-cornet, a commandant, and a rebel by turns, and was now settled down into a barrister-at-law, advocate of the supreme court, notary-public, attorney, auctioneer, land-agent, and public valuator. In addition to this he was said, and I believe with truth, to be the owner of a billiard-table, and interested in one or two rustic hotels in out-of-the-way places. Still he was well dressed, and if dropped suddenly, just as he stood—cuffs, frills, studs, diamond rings and all—into his beloved Paris, I do not think there would be ten Frenchmen that would ever imagine him to have been twenty-seven days, much less twenty-seven years, an exile.

De Suza was not so significant a person. He was a small, neat, and eminently wealthy Portuguese, who had migrated years before from the coast to our little village. In his time he had seen Lydenberg prosperous, and that long before the advent of the huckster classes. He knew Lydenberg when it was as famous for the manufacture of waggons as Long Acre is to-day for its carriage marts. He was a comfortable little man, and having made his little pile, was satisfied to regret nothing in the past, as he hoped for nothing in the future. Captain Warren was an able and entertaining companion. Major Ravenscroft was fresh, clever, and interested in the country and all that concerned it. A pleasanter evening could hardly have been spent than was got through on that occasion in the small whitewashed, half-roofed, and unfloored reception-room of the Landdrost of Lydenberg.

Mr Roth was full of information. He had lived all over the country, had witnessed the rise and fall of the settlement at Schoemansdal, and was quite intimate with the life of the northern border, where he had been married. He will, if he ever reads this book, recognise some of his descriptions and remarks, which I make no scruple of adopting. He had come to Africa twenty years before, from London, with whose life he was well acquainted; for although a Dutchman by birth, his knowledge of England and France and their respective customs was extensive, and more than fairly accurate. He spoke four or five languages, was a brilliant accountant, had been for the most part of eighteen years an official, and discussed without bigotry the policy and results of the annexation of which everybody was talking. Without giving our conversation in detail, I may say that the impression left on my mind was that we were all pretty well agreed that the country was a desert, and much more a desert than the worst part of Syria. We could honestly discern no prospect of the insane anticipations of the Annexationists ever being realised. Gross exaggerations had been resorted to, to enhance the value of the country in English eyes, and the whole territory was not worth the sacrifice of one honest man's life. Its mineral wealth was, in many instances, exaggerated or a sham; the larger portion of its surface was unhealthy bushveld; its only valuable lands were naturally

suited only for pastoral and wool-growing purposes, and therefore were never likely to carry a large mass of people. Sheep never did, and never will, mean population. The Transvaal is unlikely to become a manufacturing country. It may yield a subsistence to squatters, and sustenance to vast flocks and herds, but it will never add one spark of lustre to England's glory; while its possession may cost her the lives of some of her best and bravest sons, and even at some, perhaps not distant, period, be the means of adding another penny in the pound to her income-tax.

Of course, railway communication with Delagoa Bay would do much, but it would also cost much. "The game was hardly worth the candle." We broke up mutually pleased with each other; and the next day the two officers departed with a bullock-cart on their road to the sea, which they reached in safety in time to be picked up by a steamer and borne to their different destinations. Captain Warren had time to make the acquaintance of many of the inhabitants of Lydenberg, where he is still remembered and spoken of as "the clever Englishman."

Our next guest, and the most notable of all, was Sir Arthur Cunynghame, who, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, came to the hills in the early part of July 1877. So great a man, and her Majesty's representative, of course could not be received in the homely way that majors and captains were entitled to claim. Ancient valises were unpacked, and dress-clothes aired and brushed that had not seen daylight for months. The General took up his quarters in the largest house in the town—a stately mansion—consisting of four rooms, a kitchen, and a closet, which had been erected, regardless of expense, at a cost of £1700 by a Mr Dekker, who ruined himself in the effort, and became expatriated. This gorgeous abode was floored throughout, but had no ceiling, except a rag of calico dragged loosely across the rafters. It, however, boasted of many windows opening to the ground, had glass doors, and was sheltered by a veranda, the pillars of which, however, were of unpainted, sharp-edged 3-inch scantling. The roof was, as usual, of grass, the little torn ends of which were prevented tumbling into the rooms by the ingenious use of millions of the straw envelopes

usually seen on Hennessey's brandy-bottles. The thatching, in fact, was lined throughout with these highly suggestive and agreeable reminders of past convivialities.

This house—Captain Clarke's temporary quarters—afforded the General a comparatively comfortable resting-place. He held a *levée* in a room furnished at all events with a lounge, three chairs, and a table, where he was as honestly and warmly congratulated on his arrival as if he had been able to receive his visitors in the palace of Aladdin. He had enjoyed himself very much amongst the game on the road, had been treated everywhere with proper respect and hospitality, and was himself well pleased with his journey, and full of anecdote and good-humour. The people were so much taken with his open-hearted and engaging manner, that, even at the risk of exciting ridicule, they determined to entertain him at a public dinner. The invitation was given and accepted, and in two days the feast was prepared. It was laid out on tables capable of accommodating sixty persons, in the biggest room of the brick barrack that Captain Warren had slept in but a few nights before.

I don't think English people will have a just idea of our town if I don't describe the banquet-hall. It had no ceiling, and was roofed with corrugated iron. The walls were, of course, whitewashed, and the floor consisted of thick slabs of coarse, grey slate, let into the mud floor in a reckless and irregular sort of manner, as if the place were a sort of store or tool-shed in a respectable graveyard, for which use it was eminently fitted, if it had not been originally intended. Now this big room had three windows, but the door, as usual, opened directly on the world at large. However, with a little trouble, flags were wreathed round the naked rafters, devices of various kinds were introduced to take away from the bare appearance of the walls, the window-openings were concealed with suitable hangings, while point was given to the improvised decorations by the erection of a trophy behind the seat of honour. Everything was done, and done in the most loyal and hopeful spirit by both English and Dutch, filibusters and civilians, to do honour to the first great representative of England's greatness that had ever visited that distant and almost unknown village.

At 7 P.M., with military punctuality, General Cunynghame, accompanied by Captains Clarke and Coghill, arrived; and in due time—the Landdrost in the chair—dinner was got through. I say *got* through advisedly; for I must confess, the cook, though an artist and a Frenchman, was a horrible failure. The soup was too sweet, and blood followed the knife whether turkey or sucking-pig was attempted to be dissected. In fact the food was raw, and had it not been for the really excellent wines placed upon the table, the whole affair would have been frightful. But the good wines and the good old Irish whisky, with the good-humour of our guests, made up for all deficiencies. There were speeches and jokes. Some of the jokes were bad, and some of the speeches were dreary; but, on the whole, we spent a pleasant evening, Sir Arthur being socially and as a speaker the success of the hour. He had a nice delivery, and rarely finished a sentence without attracting applause. In the beginning of his speech he mentioned "the Highlands of Lydenberg;" before he reached the middle, he spoke of the "golden Highlands of Lydenberg;" half-way down he came to the "golden Highlands of our very beautiful Lydenberg;" and then he got as far as the "fertility of the golden Highlands of our very peculiarly beautiful district;" and he repeated this, and, with the skill of a popular orator, worked it up again and again into the thread of his narrative, until at each recurrence of the flattering words the majority of the faces present glowed and flushed with pleasure as if every listener felt himself individually complimented on his own good looks and golden prospects. One thing the General said—one expression he let fall that did honour to his head and to his heart: he spoke of the Lydenberg Volunteers, and said that he and "her Majesty's army knew that they had done their duty with courage and honour."

This was the only recognition the poor fellows ever got from Government; and to General Cunynghame's outspoken appreciation of their services is to be attributed the fact that a majority of them are now serving under the English flag. All the captains spoke. The Landdrost made his maiden speech, and very well he made it. Long after the General had gone home, songs rang upon the night air, and

"Auld Lang Syne" was chanted in a most enthusiastic manner every ten minutes, until daylight brought wheelbarrows in not unnecessary profusion. The same sort of reception, but colder, was accorded to Sir Theophilus Shepstone on his arrival six weeks afterwards. He had not the sportsman's jollity, the winning ways, the hearty manner, or the golden tongue of her Majesty's military representative. He was a crafty-looking and silent man, who never used an unnecessary word or gesture. He was undemonstrative, and, rightly or wrongly, the people believed him to be utterly insincere.

Had he not been accompanied by that jovial officer and good comrade, Captain Carrington, with his troop of converted infantry, Dr Ash, 13th P.A. Light Infantry, and Lieutenant Brown, his Excellency's visit would have been an utter failure. As it was, it seemed to mark the beginning of an era of disaster and discontent, the end of which has not yet been reached. It was certainly unfortunate that Sir Theophilus had no hope to give either Lydenberg or the Gold Fields, and that his presence in our district should have so shortly preceded the murder of poor Bell.

Judge Coetzee, though not the subject of any public demonstrations, was admired as a justice and respected as a gentleman: he was the last of our distinguished visitors. His judgments were received by all with unhesitating approval; and one of them, in the case of James *v.* Breytenbach, tended much to restore harmony between English and Dutch. Coetzee, it must be remembered, however, owed his office to the wisdom of the Republic, and was not a nominee of the new Government.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND OR PRESENT WAR.

A wily savage—An intelligent native—Mapoch and the sheriff—Murder of Bell—The new police—The outbreak—Evacuation of Fort Weeber—The fever of 1878—Massacre at Masselleroom—Fort Mamalube.

On Sir Theophilus Shepstone's first arrival in Pretoria he had received a message from Secocoeni, which more than anything proves that the Republic had entirely succeeded in overcoming this chief's resistance. It was delivered by Makoropetse, and ran thus: "Great chief, come and save me; the Boers are killing my people, and I know not for what." Subsequently, in consequence of some contradiction having arisen as to the proper meaning of certain articles in the peace contract, a joint commission of English and Dutch was sent to the chief. As English commissioners there went Captain Clarke, R.A., supposed to be peculiarly inti mate with Kafir ways, having been for three years resident magistrate in Natal; and a Mr Haggard, now in Government employment in the Transvaal. Secocoeni told them "that he had no crops,—that he had lost fourteen of his own family and 2000 of his people;" in fact, that he lay helplessly at the feet of the Republic. This statement is to be found in the Blue-books. Secocoeni, with his wily savagery, pretended to welcome the British as his fathers and saviours; whilst he really, knowing that he was on his last legs, only sought to humbug them into giving him what we should never have given him—too long a rest, so that he might recruit his forces in place of making complete submission. Hence the present war.

After the annexation, at the end of April 1877, Captain Clarke, who had been appointed Commissioner in the north-east, was so satisfied that the Kafirs could be possessed of but the most friendly feelings towards his Government, that he caused the volunteers to be disbanded without obtaining any guarantees for the maintenance of peace by Secocoeni, or for the payment of the war indemnity. Fort Burgers, the most advanced position in the north-east, was virtually evacuated, there being only left in it an assistant native commissioner, with his orderly. Fort Weeber, the advanced position on the west side of the Lulu Mountains, was abandoned to an assistant native commissioner, with his flag. Nothing possibly could have been more fatal than the extraordinary and utterly groundless faith that Captain Clarke and his employers had in the promises of the Bapedi nation, and their pretended veneration for the British flag. They would not believe the Dutch and other officials who told them to expect war as soon as the enemy had got food, so they persisted in a total dismissal of the irregulars. How these volunteers to whom I have referred were treated on their disbandment has been dealt with elsewhere. It is enough to say that the disbandment was completed on the 18th of June 1877. The cannons and muskets, with all war material, were sent off to Pretoria, two hundred miles from any possible enemy, and the border line of the north-east was left more utterly defenceless than it had ever been.

Before going on to deal with the few important transactions of the succeeding eight months, I may as well here remark that the Republic had been faithfully served by many tribes living within and without the border, chiefly Mapoch, Masselleroom, Zebedela, and the Amaswazi. Mapoch constantly furnished men for labour and for the field; while the Amaswazi sent at least one Commando to help the Boers. On peace being finally concluded, and before the forts had been abandoned, the farmers went back to live in the farms between Lydenberg and the extreme border, not to the extent of occupying all the farms, but at all events going into the profitable and improving occupation of some seventy of them. The Waterfall River valley was to a great extent reoccupied, Mr Parker of Lydenberg and others

making expensive improvements. Many houses were rebuilt that were burnt during the war; and an English family, named Wainwright, went to live on a new acquisition of theirs in the Origstadt valley, which I have previously mentioned as being a place abandoned by the Boers because of its unhealthiness.

In the beginning of August last year, even the Commissioner found that Secocoeni was endeavouring to avoid payment of the indemnity, and that while professing extreme friendship for the British Government, he had yet only sent in 170 head of poor and sickly beasts in fulfilment of his contract. Besides this, messengers had been noticed passing from Zululand to Secocoeni, and *vice versâ*.

Signs that the peace would likely be disturbed became noticeable very soon after the disbandment of the volunteers. They evacuated Fort Burgers, leaving it, as I have mentioned elsewhere, in charge of Mr George Eckersley and an orderly, on the 13th of June, on the 18th of which month they were paid off in Lydenberg. On the 20th, Captain Diedricht heard through native sources and reported that Masselleroom had taken cattle from Pogwani and Logrillo, British subjects living close to Fort Weeber. Captain Clarke, with Mr Schultz, had to go there and patch up matters, which they succeeded in doing after such a fashion as soon led to a renewal of hostilities.

I at that time heard a conversation which is of no little interest. Makropetse, one of Secocoeni's "Indunas," or counsellors, was talking, as Kafirs will, about the power of his master. A resident of Lydenberg said to him: "The English are not like the Boers; they have soldiers who live only to fight, and can send regiment after regiment to support their flag, the presence of which, Captain Clarke knows, hanging over the Steelport Fort, has as much influence as a thousand men." The old Kafir laughed, and said, "If Secocoeni read the newspapers, he might, no doubt, be afraid of the tales Englishmen write about their own strength and glory; but he would feel much more afraid of a hundred wild dogs than of millions of paper soldiers."

While such were the Kafir opinions, all aid was refused to the defenceless inhabitants of Lydenberg, and those who

spoke of the growing discontent of even the European inhabitants of the country were bullied or snubbed into silence. It became very noticeable that corn in large quantities was being bought up by Secocoeni. The Rev. Mr Merenski took a very prominent part in supplying the common enemy with provisions. In defiance of public opinion and private remonstrance, he sent them on one occasion no less than eight waggon-loads of bread-stuffs. Gunpowder and gun smuggling began again to be an active branch of trade; but as the Lydenberg officials had no troopers at their disposal, even this could not be interfered with, because no war was going on, and seizures could only be made with proper effect when the smugglers had transgressed the border-line.

It was also well known to the Commissioner that the chieftainess Legolani was, in the direct interest of Secocoeni, endeavouring to harry the small tribes under British protection in her neighbourhood. Now it must be remembered that this woman Legolani—or Masselleroom, as she is indifferently called—had during the previous war been entirely submissive to, if not an active ally of, the Republic. It is therefore quite evident that her change of feeling was not uninfluenced by the fact that the border had been left denuded of its armed guardians. Sir Theophilus Shepstone visited Lydenberg in August and September, and himself sent for Secocoeni's messengers, and gravely warned them that any infraction of the peace, or neglect to fulfil the conditions on which peace had been granted, would bring a black cloud over Kafirland. Mr George Eckersley, the acting Native Commissioner of Fort Burgers, warned his Excellency that war might be expected after the coming harvest.

Later on, whilst Sir Theophilus was still on the border, Eckersley, Erasmus, and myself reported that Secocoeni had detached a portion of his tribe to the strong places north and east of Origstadt, and that a Commando of his people were taking positions at Mamloon, close to Hell Poort, in the Drakensberg.

His Excellency, no doubt from sufficient motives, said that he had Secocoeni under his nail—that all was well.

He also directed the 170 cattle to be sent back to the chief with the following message: "Put the 2000 cattle you owe Government together, and pay them to Captain Clarke without any further delay." Makropetse and the Indunas replied "that Shepstone was their great father, and his child Secocoeni would be glad to hear his message."

Having thus, as he imagined, settled everything satisfactorily, Sir Theophilus started for the Utrecht border, taking with him his escort, and Captain Clarke, his Special Commissioner for Lydenberg district, who was desirous to proceed to Natal to raise a force of Zulu armed constabulary, and for other purposes.

The day after their departure from Lydenberg, it was reported at the office of the Landdrost that three British subjects had been murdered at Mapoch's. Now, as I have said before, Mapoch had during the previous war been a faithful ally of the Dutch Government. His location is far inside the border-line, being almost on the main road from Middleburg to Lydenberg, and situated on undoubted Transvaal territory.

The Landdrost of Lydenberg, Mr George Roth, a man of eighteen years' official experience, who had succeeded to Mr Cooper on his dismissal the previous year, sent a sub-sheriff to demand the murderers from Mapoch—but, in the absence of Captain Clarke, very properly, with instructions not to be provoked into any hostilities. The sub-sheriff duly arrived at the chief's place, and there were given to him three persons supposed to be guilty in the matter. But on his attempting to leave the village, and proceed with his prisoners to Lydenberg, a mob of Kafirs handed arms to them, and threatened the escort. Seeing that a fight would become unavoidable if he persisted in taking the men, he again sought the assistance of the chief, who endeavoured to soothe him with much talk, and eventually sent him away unharmed, but without being able to accomplish his mission. Thus, under British Government, for the first time Mapoch found himself in a position to resist the law because it was not supported by mounted forces. On the 11th of September, Mr Winterbush and the acting field-cornet of Waterfall complained that the Kafirs had threatened their labourers, and

warned them to quit their farms. At this early date Landdrost Roth and myself were so certain that an early outbreak must occur, that we warned Mr Eckersley, and indicated the Waterfall as his proper line of retreat should he be molested.

A few days afterwards, in quite an opposite direction, another and still more terrible defiance of the law took place. Mr Bell, the New Scotland Commissioner, was murdered by the inhabitants of a kraal situated on his own lands. With Mr Bell were stabbed several policemen and others in the execution of their duty. This outrage, though apparently uninspired by any of the greater Kafir chiefs, is yet important as showing the increasing excitement in the minds of the natives living even immediately under the direction of the British authorities. It also shows how feeble was the hand of authority, and how little respected the law when unsupported by adequate armed force. Although Mabekana, the perpetrator of Bell's murder, was caught and hanged, and his people broken up, the impression occasioned by this affair was widespread and fatal to authority. Captain Clarke was detained and kept away from his district till the end of January in this present year 1878, by which time not a little uneasiness and alarm had become prevalent amongst the settlers.

On the Gold Fields especially, natives had become disrespectful and mutinous. Thefts were not unfrequent, while offenders were seldom brought to justice.

On Saturday, October 13, 1877, some petty cattle-stealing was noticed. This was reported to Captain Clarke, then in Natal. On the 14th an application was in vain made to Captain Clarke for a handful of mounted men, whose mere presence at this time near the outposts would have convinced Secocoeni of the earnestness and strength of the new Government, his respect for which was greatly exaggerated by the men of routine who filled its offices, to the exclusion of practical ability.

On the side of Fort Weeber Legolani's people had threatened Pogwani, telling him he must leave the flats and go into the mountains; and the resident at Fort Weeber had been informed that his life was in danger.

These symptoms of uneasiness induced Captain Clarke to

direct the raising of twenty-five "provisional policemen," whom he subsequently sent to Fort Weeber to encourage the well-affected Kafirs, and to strengthen authority. Then arrived in Lydenberg the Zulu police, a body of dressed and armed savages, intended for the protection of the border, but whose presence and formidable appearance, coinciding closely with the tales everywhere in circulation of their prowess and cruelty, effectually alarmed every Basuto, Swazi, Mapolander, or other native, whether friendly or otherwise, from Lydenberg to the Oliphants River.

The effect of this was at once apparent. The Swazis, formerly allies of Government, now expressed their abhorrence of those who put breech-loading rifles in the hands of their hereditary enemies. All the wild Kafirs engaged in labour or domestic service fled to their chiefs, and it only required a spark to cause an explosion. This spark was soon supplied. Captain Clarke himself went to Fort Weeber, where he found Masselleroom still plaguing, threatening, and annoying by theft the friendly Kafirs, with whom she was in fact fighting. He sent messengers to Secocoeni, ordering him to desist from violence; and the chief, in his turn, sent to the Landdrost of Lydenberg a haughty message to this effect: "Tell Clarke that Secocoeni is laughed at by evil-doers because he does not punish petty chiefs under him who do wrong, make disturbances, and deny his authority. Secocoeni will send out Commandoes to punish them."

The magistrate simply replied that Secocoeni must do nothing until he heard from Captain Clarke, and that he would send the chief's messages over to Clarke, at Fort Weeber.

The embassy went home, and for a couple of days all was still. In the meanwhile, Captain Clarke, while riding with an orderly between Fort Weeber and the mountains, met ten of Legolani's men armed with guns. These men he disarmed, and compelled them to carry their guns to Pogwani's kraal, where the arms were confiscated to the use of Pogwani's people.

On the 8th March, Mr Eckersley, whose force had been raised to four white men, assisted by twelve of our allies, was summoned to surrender Fort Burgers by a Commando of 500 well-armed Kafirs under Secocoeni's brother. Another

Commando of the enemy occupied the pass leading from Fort Burgers to Origstadt; a third threatened Kruger's Post; whilst a fourth and still larger one invaded the Waterfall valley, and spread out over the country between Lydenberg and Fort Weeber, thus completely cutting off Mr Eckersley from either retreat or help.

The Landdrost Roth sent the Zulu police by the Waterfall valley to help Eckersley, and cover the flight of the inhabitants of the farms. Eckersley succeeded in effecting his escape from the fort under cover of night, and was found at Mrs Beechi's house, which he had fortified and defended until the arrival of the relief. The Dutch inhabitants of the district acted undoubtedly in a brave and highly creditable way on the occurrence of this sudden outbreak. The Dutch field-cornet at Kruger's Post heard at two o'clock on the morning of the 9th that Wainwright's house in Origstadt had been attacked by overwhelming numbers, his cattle driven off, and his family forced to fly into the bush. He immediately went, with four other men, and relieved Wainwright, who, however, had, owing to the unprotected state of the border, suffered a loss which £2000 would not cover. The field-cornet of Crocodile River ward, with his Dutch neighbours, rapidly succoured the inhabitants of the upper Waterfall, recovering and burying the body of their countryman Fenter, who had been shot on the night of the 8th. This removing of the outlying farmers into places of safety occupied nearly a week.

The Landdrost, who was cut off by 120 miles of hostile country from Captain Clarke, did his utmost to preserve the border, and ordered the levy of another body of twenty-five European policeman from the Gold Fields; and on the 13th, Captain Clarke suddenly appeared in Lydenberg, having evacuated Fort Weeber on the Sunday before. He was speedily followed into town by acting Native Commissioner Schultz, in charge of the retreating garrison, which had abandoned some powder and much property to the enemy.

Captain Clarke's next act was to station the provisional police—now amounting to fifty-six men, but who, unfortunately, had only twenty-two horses available for duty—at points most likely to be assailed by the enemy, and where

protection was most needed. Eckersley was left to guard the head of the Waterfall.

Having received assurances from Pretoria that 150 men, mounted and supplied with proper arms and cannon, would be sent to meet him, Clarke determined to return to Fort Weeber, whence he could initiate operations against Masselleroom. He took with him the Zulu police under Lieutenant Lloyd, assisted by a drill-instructor named Mulligan. Instead of meeting the 150 men promised, he got, in three weeks, some fifty volunteers so insufficiently provided that he had to send to Lydenberg not only for provisions, but for horse-shoes, powder, caps, shells, and materials of all kinds. On his return to Fort Weeber, he had sought the assistance of Mapoch, which, though promised, was certainly never given.

The position of affairs in the beginning of April was as follows: The Gold Fields had a night watch. From thence to Kruger's Post the road was deserted. At that post were twenty-six men insufficiently provided with horses, whose entire time was taken up protecting harvesting operations in the direction of Origstadt, and generally within a radius of ten miles from the post. These men were placed under an officer whose ignorance of both military and volunteer duties utterly demoralised them. I will give an instance of this.

Early one morning, some of the men who were lolling about the gate between stables and breakfast, noticed their officer talking to a visitor named Parkins, after which he addressed them generally, saying, "Four or five of you go with Mr Parkins; he wants you." Bayley and three others immediately went with the visitor, never dreaming that they were wanted further from the camp than perhaps the nearest house. They naturally thought they were going to arrest some servant, or to suppress some drunken row. When they were a few yards from the gate, Parkins said, "Had you not better bring your horses?" This they did, still not dreaming that there was any special duty on hand, although they guessed the distance might be further than they had at first supposed. When they had mounted and ridden a couple of miles, one of them asked Parkins where

they were going, when they learned, to their surprise, that they were in for a patrol to near Sequoi's mountain, breakfastless and without rations or arms.

In Lydenberg, to protect the town, were twelve policemen without horses and insufficiently armed. There were also one cannon, five volunteer town artillerymen, and some forty town special constabulary volunteers, of whom half were armed. Eight miles west of Lydenberg was Mr Eckersley with sixteen dismounted whites and a like number of Windvogel's men, with whom he had to protect a district containing not less than 200 square miles. Thence to Middleburg, as well as to Fort Weeber, the line of communications was entirely undefended. Secocoeni's Commandoes were everywhere,—not doing much mischief it is true, but still harassing and disturbing the border, and stealing cattle after their own fashion. On one occasion a force of the enemy passed within three miles of Lydenberg, and could have been easily destroyed, but that Government had no horses in the town, and the Landdrost dared not purchase any. The insults and outrages to which Lydenberg was subjected—men being shot at by the enemy within sight of the village in daylight, cattle being swept off main roads, and on one occasion a town kraal or compound actually entered — were, to say the least, very astonishing. This lasted all through the month of April. Captain Clarke called the Swazis to help him; but they, irritated by the Government employment of Zulus as policemen, did not come. They said they did not know the new Government.

Secocoeni had well chosen his time for this outbreak. The unhealthy season had already commenced. There were many down with fever in Kruger's Post, and throughout the district as well as village of Lydenberg. Ashton and Nachtigal were the only practitioners in this immense area, which extends from near Middleburg to the Lobembo Mountains, and from the Vaal to the Oliphants River; and Ashton was struck down on 14th February.

The few medical men in the Transvaal could not be spared from their own districts; and the military doctors had their hands full, in consequence of the forces being divided — some at Utrecht, some at Standerton, and the

main body at Pretoria. The relief-parties that went into the Waterfall suffered severely; and when Captain Clarke abandoned Fort Weeber, bringing in A troop of the Provisional Police to Lydenberg, no less than five of this small body were ill.

Up to this time I had acted as a sort of district adjutant. I had now to become district surgeon.

On 17th February I obtained an order to open a hospital at Government expense. This was speedily full. Even the natives—men, women, and children—of Windvogel's clan, who had lain out for a few nights in the Waterfall valley, in their flight from Fort Burgers, were attacked.

The fever differed materially from that of 1877. It began with extreme anxiety, pains in the back of the neck and left shoulder, with vomiting; and was accompanied by a most singular cough, and inflammation of the lungs.

If the patient were pulled through, he got on to ordinary low fever, and slept off the disease, which finally produced violent hæmorrhage from the bowels; after which, with proper remedies, the skin began to act, the bowels and stomach to regain tone, and the patient hope and strength.

When the disease terminated fatally, it did so from the fifth to the twelfth day. The symptoms at first were less violent; and in those cases the vomiting was noticeably absent. High fever, filthy and furred tongue, accompanied by thirst and impatience, marked the opening stage. These symptoms almost at once abated on salines being exhibited; but when the patient was apparently doing well, he would be suddenly seized with a convulsion, his teeth would close, breathing become stertorous, effusion on the brain rapidly took place, and the patient died suddenly, with all the symptoms that had hitherto been noticed only in horse-sickness of the Dyk Kop, or swollen head and staggering type, as distinguished from the pleuritic type common in the Free State and Natal.

The hospital was closed before the end of April, not because the fever had abated, but as there had been no new exposures; and the Bushveld valleys being now utterly abandoned, I had, except two operations, no new cases.

In connection with medical duties, great dissatisfaction

was given to the volunteers by Government not employing Ashton, who had served so long and faithfully in the previous war. Government sent some doctors in whom the men had no confidence, and for months patients were much neglected, many men, including Captain van Deventer, Bathe, and Sergeant Wood, dying of trivial hurts.

This, with the parsimony shown in providing comforts for the sick, lost many a brave man to the service. The ladies of Lydenberg, headed by Mrs Herbert Robins of that town, proved their pluck and humanity most amply at the bedsides of the poor during my period of office in the rather odd position which circumstances forced on me.

Captain Clarke, with the feeble forces at his disposal, repeatedly worried the enemy in the vicinity of Fort Weeber. He attacked and half carried Masselleroom, but from unavoidable circumstances, was forced to retire, after four hours' fighting, having lost some Zulu policemen, whose dead bodies and rifles had to be abandoned on the top of the rock. He had also two European officers and two white men seriously wounded. However, he took 230 head of cattle and some goats. At this unfinished storming of Masselleroom occurred one of those incidents which evoke so much excitement and condemnation amongst well-thinking people at home. The Zulu police, in the heat of action, bayoneted and thrust into the flames of the burning huts all the people they met, without distinction of age or sex. In some instances these savage warriors, as the residents of Lydenberg have been publicly informed by eyewitnesses, tossed on the points of their bayonets young infants. In fact they were barbarians, and their conduct was barbarous.

For this their officer, Mr Lloyd, can in no way be blamed. This humane and excellent man had at this time been shot with two bullets, one in the shoulder and the other in the arm, and had plenty of work, guiding and leading his division, without meddling with what he could not prevent. There are no more humane or excellent men in the British service than those who directed the attack I refer to. They cannot be blamed or held responsible in any way for the catastrophe that occurred; and I only mention it here for the purpose of showing plainly to the public that such

terrible incidents can occur under the British flag, and that the condemnation of the use of native allies, with their barbarous methods of warfare addressed by Lord Carnarvon and Sir Henry Barkly to the South African Republican Government, might be applied nearer home. Up to this moment, no bitterness had entered into the conduct of the war. The last war with Secocoeni had not been characterised by such an occurrence. I myself most unhesitatingly condemn such revolting cruelty; and I wish, above all things, to impress upon my readers that it was not the work of Commandoes, cattle-lifters, Boers, or filibusters, but was perpetrated by a police force in the pay and regular employment of the most highly civilised Government in the world. But even atrocities, however blamable and however regrettable, have their results. Kafirs do not usually remain, for purposes of either war or peace, in any place where persons of their own tribe have been recently slain. They have a superstitious horror of dead bodies; and so, although the direct attack was a complete failure, within a week Legolani evacuated her position and Captain Clarke got possession of it. But this was not till other lives were lost. The day after the repulsed attack on Masselleroom, the place was threatened again by a large body of Captain Clarke's Bechuana allies, who had misbehaved in the previous affair. Through this second attempt, the life of one of the bravest and best of Boer leaders, Captain van Deventer, was lost. But as a result of the whole operation, the tribe of Legolani was broken up. Her cattle, with about 140 women, children, and old men, fell into the hands of the Government; while the chieftainess herself, with the best of her warriors, fell back on Secocoeni, and safely effected a junction with him.

The war now languished for a while, Clarke awaiting reinforcements, and enjoying an occasional skirmish. He pushed on his outpost a distance of eighteen miles nearer to the chief, Secocoeni, and built another fort opposite Mamalube. The most remarkable phase of the war, if war it can be called, now ensued. Volunteers began to reach Captain Clarke in daily increasing numbers. The provisional police, both mounted and dismounted, were drafted

to him, and much suffering and grumbling were occasioned in his two forts by the want, not only of luxuries, but too often of necessaries. In fact, the supply department, as usual, broke down. Everybody was more or less discontented. The inhabitants of Lydenberg district complained of the long and exposed border-line being left, by the removal of the provisional police to Fort Weeber, utterly undefended; while the field force was kept in an out-of-the-way corner, irritating and pinching Secocoeni.[1] The volunteers complained because their horses died and they were not provided with remounts, whilst having to pay out of their scanty wages for 80 per cent of the steeds they brought with them to the front. The merchants complained that trade was languishing, and property had lost all value; whilst the inhabitants of Lydenberg objected to doing eternal guards—Pretoria, where there was no war, being full of soldiers. This was, to a certain extent, remedied by the despatch to Lydenberg and Middleburg of several companies of her Majesty's 13th P.A. Light Infantry. More volunteers were summoned from the Diamond Fields; and 100, after some difficulty and delay, reached Pretoria by the 2d of June 1878.

[1] The Kafirs said "Clarke was pinching their ears to make them fight."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIGHTS AND FAILURES.

Fatal affray at Magnet Heights—Mutiny of Zulu police—Advance of her Majesty's troops.

EXERTIONS were made all over the country to get together mounted volunteer forces sufficient to end the campaign during the winter months, the only healthy season. It is not for me to inquire why the 13th, with a powerful artillery train, were not advanced from the towns to the enemy. I only know that this brave and excellent regiment was most eager to have its share in the fighting; and it was pointed out to Government that infantry forces, however spirited or highly disciplined, could not be made available for the protection of houses, stock, or other property at any distance from their camp, and that their great value was for direct attack and the holding of advanced positions, so as to leave the country clear behind. That this view was correct, has since been proved by the Kafirs having, on June 13th, and many subsequent occasions, successfully raided on the main road between Lydenberg and the Gold Fields. The war has outlasted the winter. Captain Clarke intended to effect a forward movement over the Magnet Heights towards the Waterfall, where he expected to co-operate with Mr Eckersley's force, increased by the addition of some tame Kafirs. In doing so, he met with a check in which more men were lost than fell in almost any fight during the late war in the Cape Colony, where vastly superior forces were employed on both sides. In the Cape Colony war, which lasted ten months, and engaged, on our side, an average of not less

than 3000 men per month, but fifty Europeans lost their lives. In this present petty war, concerning which there is almost no information, nearly as many have already perished.

The mismanagement of the volunteer movement began by June (1878) to attract attention and provoke comment. Numbers of men were hurried to the front on ill-defined agreements; whilst the Diamond Field Horse were nearly driven to mutiny by neglect and the noticeable want of provision for their equipment. Some men were the happy recipients of one spur each; others had to toss up for belts, of which but one for every two volunteers had been supplied. At the forts, things were as bad. The want of fresh provisions, vegetables, soap, candles, and other necessaries, was a constant cause of complaint. The men were often threatened with scarcity of more important things. Meal was not plentiful; and the incredible folly of sending waggons to buy from farmers who had none to sell was committed. The local authorities, who alone knew how to cope with such difficulties, were either ignored or got rid of. Even in the matter of officers Government blundered. From the Diamond Fields they had got, as I said before, 100 men; but the officers, although possessing a certain amount of technical knowledge, were entirely unacquainted with frontier work. Lieutenant Lloyd, who had come up raw from Natal, had been, on his arrival in February, put over the head of Mr Eckersley, a really competent man; and as the same course was followed out with other appointments, disaster could not be far off. By degrees, however, Captain Clarke got into a position to assume the offensive. He evidently desired to do something great; for, excepting the "immovable infantry" at Lydenberg, he stripped the border-line of every man available for service, gathering them all together about the south and south-west of the Lulus, of course exposing hundreds of miles of country to raids and reprisals. In fact he fought on strategic principles, which, being utterly unknown to his enemy, had no bearing on the war at all. He was, perhaps, too long in one branch, and had got wedded to certain professional notions of which he could not divest himself. Staff and engineer officers are the best for separate

commands over men not regular soldiers. Engineers, as a rule, have to meet every day artisans, architects, and professional men of various stamps. They must not only understand work, but workmen. Hence their adaptability to new men, strange ways, and perhaps unusual circumstances. But there was no adaptability shown in the getting up of the volunteers. Their wishes were mostly ignored; and they were forced, in a pestilential climate, to pay for their own horses, so that they risked their lives for nothing. The whole reliance of the Commissioner seemed to be placed on native levies. He was, if not jealous of, at least averse to, white talent. In fact he tried (see Blue-book No. 2079 C) to secure that none but strangers to the Transvaal should have command of the so-called "Zulu police," or native army, on the ground that Zulus must be led by gentlemen; as they were very discriminating, they must be led only by "gentlemen" at salaries of £350 each per annum. As there are but few Zulus in the Transvaal, and the people do not speak that language, this proposition was clever; for it provided for Natal officers only with a Zulu army being in the service of the Government.

I have little hesitation in saying that this was a most dangerous precedent, and looked like a threat. I have less in saying that all colonists disapprove of drilling the still pagan races.

The forces gathered together at four stations about July 25th would seem to have been sufficient for any reasonable work. There were about 250 Europeans, at least six pieces of artillery, 100 Zulu police, 408 Kafirs, under Tainton, and a body of men, 110, under Mr Eckersley. The stations were Forts Weeber, Mamalube, and Faugh-a-ballagh, and a camp of Diamond Field Horse at Dwars River. These finally rested on a base secured by infantry at Lydenberg and Middleburg.

Dreadful mismanagement seems to have provoked disaster. On Friday, July 26th, so far as newspaper correspondents can be trusted, the Kafirs cut off from the cattle-guard at Fort Faugh-a-ballagh seventeen head of cattle and six horses. These had been sent to water under an insufficient escort, dismounted. One fine young fellow—Fourie, late Lyden-

berg Volunteer Corps—was found alone, dead, shot through from back to front, his rifle and a cartridge still in his hands, where he had fallen in the act of loading. One of his comrades, almost a child, was found, days afterwards, mad from terror.

The officer in charge seems to have been blamed for want of pluck, instead of for want of precaution in not having the environs of his fort patrolled before sending out his stock to graze.

The next affair seems to have been still more unfortunate. The Kafirs actually seized the whole of the cattle and horses of a troop of cavalry—fifty-two horses, forty oxen, and a number of sheep being carried off, proving the utter unfitness of the commander for his post. In the whole history of South African wars, so disgraceful an incident has never occurred to a border force. Signs of mutiny began to be observable amongst the native forces. The 'Mercury' correspondent, under date July 30th, says, "The 408 Kafirs under Mr Tainton have been sent back again to their kraals."

The Zulu police next began to make themselves conspicuous. It will be remembered that I have elsewhere stated that the Zulus are incorrigible and "utterly impracticable pagans." But Captain Clarke seems to have thought they would make a nice army to prop up a military despotism. Now for the result. The Zulus said they would not fight; that there was "too much fight;" that they were police, &c.; and finally, they began to grow insolent, and burst into open mutiny on August 9th. The cannon had to be turned on them; and, had it not been for the opportune arrival of a small body of her Majesty's troops, detached from Carrington's Mounted Infantry, serious mischief might have occurred. The Zulus were determined enough, and matters were looking very grave. When the gun was pointed at them they fixed bayonets, and said, "We can fight as well as you." Being deprived of their rations, they left their huts in a body to go into the veld and look for food; while absent, their huts were entered and all their arms secured, with the ammunition. On their return they roundly rated the whites as cowards, saying, "Ye white

people are not brave euough. You had to steal our guns, not being men enough to take them from our persons."

It will hardly be credited that, in the face of this, Mr Lloyd is recruiting for this force; and that three sons of Pagadi, Cetywayo's son-in-law, and one of the most rebellious chiefs in Natal, are sergeants in it.

In the meantime the winter of the southern hemisphere (the healthy season) has been suffered to slip past. Summer is approaching, and the ill-used volunteers are melting away. The Kafirs of Secocoeni sit on the hills challenging the Europeans, and joking about the want of skill of their leaders. One of the enemy recently, who was especially jocose, called out to Captain Ferriera, who is of Portuguese descent, "Why don't you come and lead us—men of your own colour?"

And the frontier is left undefended; farmers are plundered within sight of the town of Lydenberg, and Kafir "impis" (commandoes) march unmolested through what parts of the district they will. How different from the work of the Republican Government, how fatally contrary to the advice of the Dutch officials, has been the conduct of this petty campaign, it is needless to show. Suffice it to say, her Majesty's troops have now been ordered to the front—now when the sickly season is at hand. If Secocoeni does not give in before midsummer, many an English mother will have to mourn a son.

Why was this not done sooner? Why did not the 300 men of the 13th march at once, on their arrival in Lydenberg in May last, to Fort Burgers? Had they done so, even if they never fired a shot against the enemy—and had the cavalry been posted in detachments from Walker's Hill, near Pilgrim's Rest, to Lydenberg, and an advance been made by Krum Kloof, Origstadt, and the Waterfall—Secocoeni would not be to-day, as letters from the front tell us, "assuming the offensive." The reason is not far to seek. Official jealousies and desires for self-aggrandisement let the opportunity for real work slip past. There are men who are so intolerant of advice that they will do what is wrong with their eyes open rather than permit themselves to follow the counsel of others.

The troops now moving up will be aided by the Frontier Horse, which corps was expected at Lydenberg on the 24th September last; but it is unlikely that volunteers, whether Boers or others, will be got together to make up for those leaving. Personal influence goes a long way with irregulars. Without something of the kind such forces will not be kept together, unless, of course, where strong patriotic motives supervene.

The state of our Kafir relations at the time of my writing is thus roughly stated: We are all but at war with the Zulus of Zululand; have offended the Amaswazi; are fighting with Secocoeni; have had to disband our paid Kafir forces for mutiny; and have, in fact, no assistance to hope for, save from Mr Eckersley, who was insulted by seeing raw Natalians preferred and placed over him and Windvogel's little band. In addition to this, the border for 1200 miles is hostile and watchful. The white population of the Transvaal is decreasing, the volunteers are dissatisfied, and desertions are terribly frequent from the regulars. The Boers, whose territory we have annexed, will not help us, and the country is not worth the price that must be paid for it. There are now troops in Pondoland whose marching expenses alone amount to £25,000 per month. Our South African policy promises to satisfy nobody, but to cost us millions.

At the time of my departure from the Transvaal, a few months ago, its present petty, miserable, and ill-conducted war was, on the nearest calculation, already costing £12,000 per month; and the storekeepers of Middleburg and Lydenberg districts were eking out a miserable and hopeless existence on the war expenditure. A better description I cannot give of the wretched state into which the country had drifted than by pointing out the horrible fact that the war was actually popular because it put a few pounds in circulation.

Unless some most unforeseen good fortune should occur to bring Secocoeni to terms, either the country will soon be entirely impoverished and saddled with a new debt that it will not be able to meet, or the British ratepayer will have to put his hands in his pockets to pay the cost of a war in which he has not the slightest interest, and which par-

takes to an almost laughable extent of the nature of an "outdoor relief."

Having received further accounts of, amongst others, the fight at Magnet Heights, I desire again to draw attention to the difference in the estimate of the work done there by those acquainted with Kafir warfare and by inexperienced persons. The 'Morning Post' said that the Kafirs were driven from their strongholds and positions into the cliffs and caves, but that certain volunteers, too eager to follow the enemy, "prejudiced" (the word is my own) what it evidently wanted us to believe, a victory. This is a most mistaken idea. The Kafir caves and cliffs are their only stronghold, to which they very cleverly and properly lured on Captain Clarke's forces, flushed by their useless conquest of outlying rocks, dry stone walls, and straw huts; and whence, having got the men under an intentional cross-fire, the natives had the pleasure of seeing the dead and wounded borne out by their comrades, whose rētreat from before the despised caves and cliffs left to the Kafirs the decided impression that they had won a victory.

A long time ago, Moselekatze, with his formidable "Amandabele," occupied the very position now held by Secocoeni. The Dutch twice, and the Griquas once, penetrated to those rugged north-eastern valleys. On two occasions they remained long enough to expose themselves to, and consequently to meet with, serious disaster. The third time, however, the Dutch merely surprised the enemy's outlying pickets at Mosegu, refrained from pressing home their attack, and fell back rapidly on the Highveld with what cattle they had taken. This utterly disheartened the "Amandabele," who evacuated all their positions and fled no less than 500 miles to the northwards. (Thomas's 'South Africa,' p. 162.)

It is in this way Kafirs must be harassed. They are undoubtedly superstitious, and if made uncomfortable by an enemy whose movements they cannot foresee, and on whom they cannot inflict palpable loss, will rather abandon perfect locations for defence than dwell in them in continual terror.

CHAPTER XIX.

TO-DAY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The people—The railway party—The annexation.

In the midst of its wars and losses, the Transvaal is torn and divided by contending parties, whose numbers, principles, and programmes I shall endeavour to describe.

The State is peopled by something like 56,000 whites and 300,000 blacks, the majority of whom live on and around the borders.

It might be made a great corn-producing country, but it is importing flour. It has no manufactures; and its exports are confined to a few commodities, which hardly pay for its imports.

It has vast resources, which cannot be developed, because it has no railways—no means of short and easy communication with the markets of the world. For the same reason its fields are untilled, and its wonderful and undoubted agricultural opportunities and advantages neglected. Can you wonder that there should exist parties and factions in such a country? We may blame the factious spirit, but we cannot wonder at its existence.

The Boer party complain bitterly of the annexation. They say, "Our liberties have been unnecessarily taken from us, and our country annexed, not only against the will of the majority, but in utter disregard of Lord Carnarvon's instructions, which state 'that no such proclamation shall be issued by you (Sir Theophilus Shepstone), unless you shall be satisfied that the inhabitants, or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature, desire to become our subjects.'" The Boers

object also to the annexation, because they assert that the arguments put forward to justify its necessity by Sir Theophilus Shepstone are not borne out by facts; and they are still more angry because they believe the annexation was brought about by false pretences, accompanied and strengthened by attacks made upon their honour and character by a party press interested in their destruction. They say, further, that the terms of the annexation proclamation have not been adhered to; and this party—undoubtedly the strongest in the country—appeal to England to do them justice, and to restore to them their country.

But these people have no personal antipathy to Sir Theophilus Shepstone. They respect in him a man of wonderful experience and superior tact and attainments, who executed what seemed to him to be a necessary act of policy in a most conciliatory and able manner. Neither do they blame Lord Carnarvon or Sir Theophilus Shepstone because the annexation has hitherto not brought to the country that peace and prosperity which it was undoubtedly expected to produce. They feel deeply the vilification to which they have been subjected; and resent strongly the annexation itself and the pretences by which it was brought about. They are emphatically the people of the country.

The next party in importance may be described as the "Railway party." It complains most bitterly that the progress of the country has been retarded by its being ruled with a view to the interests of the neighbouring colony—Natal; and complains that, whereas the country might be made rich and prosperous by its being rapidly connected by railway with the port of Delagoa Bay, and by its being thus thrown open to European industries and emigrants, it has, on the other hand, been placed under personal rule; been treated as a close Crown colony, contrary to the terms of the fifteenth paragraph of the annexation proclamation;[1] has been deprived of its railway prospects; and has been made commercially subject and tributary to Natal. This party embraces the intelligence and enterprise of the country.

These people want railways and progress, with self-gov-

[1] See Appendix C.

ernment, as the only means by which the annexation can be justified, and the country saved from utter ruin.

There is a third and more noisy party, which lately devoted itself simply and purely to the vilification of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. These are a minority amongst minorities; but it is not a little interesting to remark that they are, as a rule, the very same persons who worshipped Sir Theophilus as a saviour about sixteen months ago.

They are literally "the Annexationists." They are the same people who vilified the Boers and misrepresented the course of public opinion, and who, by the success of their schemes for the destruction of the Republic, secured the annexation, the great agent of which they now denounce.

All that they sought in a change of government seems to have been additional sources of consideration or of wealth for themselves. Some of them dreamed of large mineral concessions, others expected public employment; but they have shown by their turbulence under the new Government, following so fast on their opposition to the old one, that they are mainly those pests of society who would be discontented and a nuisance under any rule, good, bad, or indifferent.

The Government itself is practically without local support. It has, as most Governments have in our days, a paper in its pay; but unless a sound public opinion soon comes to its assistance, it must fall, even though supported for years, at vast expense to England, by Imperial troops. Besides the internal troubles and the war with Secocoeni, the country is additionally embarrassed by the near prospect of a Zulu war, for which preparations are, on an extensive scale, now being made.[1] Twice since the annexation have the Transvaal farmers been forced to fly from the district in dispute between the Government and Cetywayo, who is more hostile

[1] "I am not in the least degree surprised that those troubles should now be threatening, because for twenty or twenty-five years Sir Theophilus Shepstone, as representing the head of affairs in Natal, has been supporting Cetywayo and his father, the former king, in their position with reference to the Transvaal Boers. The Transvaal Boers have been represented as encroaching year after year upon the Zulu country; and the Natal Government, of which Sir Theophilus Shepstone was, in regard to native affairs, at the head, appears to have supported the Zulu king in the position he assumed."—Mr Sanderson's Speech at Lecture of G. Pigott Moodie, Esq., United Service Institute, May 3, 1878.

to the British than he ever was to the Boers. There are not wanting in the Transvaal those who assert that, originally, the Zulu king was incited to make demonstrations against the Boers in order that the embarrassment so created might furnish an additional reason for annexation; and they now say, with some semblance of truth, that the Zulu king, disappointed of the reward promised him for his material assistance, is only anxious to avenge himself in any opportune direction against white colonists, without respect to birth or nationality. There can be no doubt that, in some way or another, the Zulus were led to believe that they might look to the English as allies against the Boers. This, with the revelations of Magema Mahala, has undoubtedly operated to prevent people from recognising the beneficent and friendly intentions of Earl Carnarvon towards the colonists, and tends to cause a universal distrust of the real meaning and objects of English policy to be felt amongst the Boers.

People say that one of the arguments, and the principal one used, in favour of the annexation, was actually furnished by a restlessness amongst the savage Zulus, fostered by the known hostility of Natal colonists and newspapers towards the Transvaal. It is also pointed out by the discontented, that it is not a little singular that the first Secocoeni war, which was held up by the Annexationists as the cause of a general danger to neighbouring colonies, did not provoke or incite any of the numerous tribes—numbering, according to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, 1,700,000, within and without the borders of the Republic—to any acts of hostility to the settlers.

War, as we all know, broke out in September 1877, far down in the Cape Colony, between tribes in immediate contact with the English, which resulted in the campaign of the combined Imperial and Colonial forces against the Red Kafirs of the east coast. This could have been hardly excited by any success claimed by Secocoeni, who, eight months before, had submitted to the Republic, after having failed in securing allies against the Boers amongst any of the numerous tribes of the north and west. It is to be regretted—and very much regretted—that so much distrust

and suspicion should exist between the Transvaal people and the Government; but the fact is, nevertheless, undeniable, and it has its results, not the least terrible of which is the complete cessation of progress, and the serious impairment of the elements of permanent prosperity to which I must now refer.

The fields lie uncultivated, except in the neighbourhood of Pretoria, where the presence of the military, the establishment of the new Government, and consequent influx of visitors, have created a market. Transvaal trade is in a most insecure state; and a period of despondency so great as to threaten the general solvency of the country has, unhappily, succeeded to the sanguine and hopeful tone that resulted as an immediate consequence of the annexation of the 12th April 1877.

Land is valued not for its instant selling price, but only in view of possible future speculation.

The taxes are coming in more irregularly and slowly than even during the most hopeless period of Republican rule; and I and others feel convinced that if immediate steps are not taken, the annexation, from which so much was expected, will prove a prolific source of misery to the Transvaal, and of never-ending expense to the British ratepayer. In fact, the country is drifting towards either anarchy or martial law. This is emphatically not the fault of Sir Theophilus Shepstone himself, and is only to be averted by the immediate initiation of great and comprehensive improvements, which, by creating markets and attracting a large population to the fertile and beautiful Transvaal, will give to its inhabitants an assured future.

CHAPTER XX.

THE KEY TO THE FUTURE.

Delagoa Bay—How to pay for the railway.

THERE can be no doubt that some one, possibly the present Government, will be responsible if, through any withholding of material aid from the Transvaal Government, the annexation should prove a disaster. For the purpose of this chapter, it matters little if the policy which dictated the annexation was a wise or an unwise one; nor does it materially affect my proposition whether the people are contented with the new Government or not. I have only to say, and I only wish to urge, that it is due to Sir Theophilus Shepstone himself, who, at great personal risk, with discretion and tact which are beyond all praise, executed the will of his superiors, that now those whom he served should strain every nerve and use every exertion to benefit the country annexed.

The key to the future prosperity of the Transvaal, the only means that will raise it from its present fallen position, is the immediate prosecution of Mr Burgers's great scheme, that of uniting the capital with Delagoa Bay by a direct railway. The distance between the points to be connected is but 300 miles. The part to which access is sought is the only valuable harbour on the east coast. This harbour is obstructed by no bar, is safe in all weathers, and is wide enough and deep enough to contain a larger number of vessels than all other South African ports put together. Having the advantage of position as against Natal, it has the still

greater advantage of being readily accessible in all weathers to ships of the greatest tonnage.[1]

From a railway to Delagoa Bay, and from it alone, can civilisation rapidly place itself in contact with the barbarism of the great interior. From the very commencement of the work, the road will pass through a country capable of supplying labour to any extent desired. On its track lie vast forests of iron-wood. Timber will be more easily and cheaply obtained for constructing works there than in any part of the colony. There are obstacles in its way, no doubt. These consist of the Lobembo Mountains and the broken country intervening between them and the Highveld proper. There is also the known unhealthiness of the coast, and the difficulty in maintaining working and transport animals in the narrow belt of fly-country the railway must cross. The latter, although apparently a very formidable matter to deal with, will not be practically so difficult. It is well known—at least it is stated in every work I have seen on the subject, and living authorities agree—that the fly follows the game; and few who are acquainted with the nature of wild beasts will doubt that, within a month, the presence of civilisation, with the congregation of the large labour-parties involved in railway works, would effectually banish the timid inhabitants of the forest from the route in question. Within my own experience I have seen both game and fly expelled from vast regions by the mere advent of a few farmers and traders.

With the difficulties presented by the hilly nature of a portion of the country to be crossed I am less qualified to deal. I cannot pretend to be an engineer, but as a layman I feel bound to give my opinion that the obstacles in the way of the Delagoa Bay route are much less formidable than those presented by the Inchanga, across which the Natal road is now being attempted to be led. For four-fifths of its length, the Delagoa Bay and Pretoria Railway will run over as flat and favourable a country as is to be found in the

[1] "Delagoa Bay is undoubtedly the best harbour in South Africa, and it is the nearest to the Transvaal. . . . I should like to see a railway from Delagoa Bay into the Transvaal."—Speech of General Sir A. Cunynghame, May 3, 1878.

world. Close to its route are the vast copper-mines of North Lydenberg. Coal will not be wanting; and Transvaal coal is quite as good as that found in Natal. This railway will actually tap the best agricultural districts of the Republic, having in its immediate neighbourhood land, which, occupied and cultivated, would add immensely to the corn-producing area from which the world is fed.

I will not dwell upon all the good this railway would do; I will simply say that, if it is not constructed, the north-east of the Transvaal will never carry a population, because it will never have a market. It avails nothing to have countless acres of fertile land at your disposal if you must pay more than the price that your corn, cotton, or sugar will fetch for its mere conveyance to the place of sale. It profits the empire nothing to have gained possession of a country alleged to be rich in minerals (I do not allude to gold, but to copper, cobalt, and other metals), if these cannot be brought cheaply and rapidly to market.

It may be years before the Natal Railway reaches to the Tugela, much less to Newcastle. At its present rate of construction ten years may elapse before it will begin to exercise a beneficial influence on the Transvaal. Even if this projected railway could be brought to Pretoria within the next twelve months, its length and the disqualifications of the port at its terminus would prevent any sane man from anticipating any good result whatever from its construction.

If British annexation is to civilise the Transvaal, if it is to extend amongst the natives the blessings of cultivation and labour, philanthropists themselves, I am sure, can see no readier way, no easier plan to produce an effect upon native habits—to give to the natives new wants, and a knowledge of the glory of labour and the power of money—than to make the Delagoa Railway. So extraordinarily well populated with willing labourers is the country to the north of its course, that from thence the Diamond Fields draw yearly from 3000 to 4000 black workmen, who undertake, in search of the golden reward, to journey more than 600 miles year after year in search of work. If this railway is not constructed, I have not the least hesitation in saying that many places now occupied by white people will ere long be

abandoned, and that the barbarism of the north-east will, in defiance of troops and Government, become darker and more threatening as years roll on.

People already contemplate quitting that part of South Africa, because they have no outlet for their capital, no market for their produce, no hope of a better future. Even gold-diggers are forced to abandon comparatively good though limited diggings by the terrible prices they must pay for articles of necessity, which have to be transported to them by the bullock-waggon system, one of the most expensive modes of carriage in the world.

But besides all this there is another reason, and a not unimportant one, for this railway to be undertaken. There are £90,000 worth of plant for it even now lying in Delagoa Bay which must be paid for, whether it is left to rust or not. There is also a moral obligation to carry out this work binding on the British Government; because Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in his proclamation of the 12th April 1877, especially introduced this quieting clause: "All *bonâ fide* concessions and contracts with Governments, companies, or individuals, by which the State is now bound, will be honourably maintained and respected, and the payment of the debts of the State must be provided for."

I know of many persons who have invested in Transvaal property solely on the faith of that guarantee, and in the belief that those works would be constructed, and that within a reasonable period. The benefit that the construction of this line must cause by cheapening imports is shown in a remarkable manner by the result of the operations of a few enterprising persons, who every winter go down to Delagoa Bay, and make purchases of goods, which they have conveyed up country by Kafir carriers. I have known such goods sold at Pilgrim's Rest and in Lydenberg forty per cent cheaper than the same articles obtained by transport-train from Natal. It is especially to be remarked, in connection with this railroad, that its expense was proposed to be met, and was actually provided for, by the imposition of a tax of thirty shillings per annum on every Transvaal farm. As Mr Bekker stated, in answer to Mr Donald Currie, on the occasion of a recent public lecture, there are no less than

25,000 farms in the Transvaal; and as the tax has been, and is now actually being paid on the faith that the Delagoa Bay Railway and no other shall be constructed with the funds so obtained, the people are justified in demanding that this route shall be adopted. No doubt, the Natal Railway line is in progress, but the Transvaal is weary of paying excessive duties on all imports to colonial neighbours. The taxes and landing charges at Port Durban in Natal are almost immeasurably greater than those levied at Lorenzo Marquez; and, unpatriotic as it may sound, the Boers would rather make a profit by railway connection with the Portuguese than be fleeced for the benefit of their too dear friends in Natal.

Between the two harbours, in point of safety for shipping, there can be no comparison. Durban is a dangerous mud-hole, outside of which it is not unusual for valuable cargoes to be detained and knocked about for weeks and months, to the great loss of shippers and merchants. Admiral Hall, in his excellent work 'The Ocean World,' published some ten years ago, and to which I would refer the reader, gives a far different account of Delagoa Bay. He says in effect that, with the exception of the man-of-war harbour of Simon's Town, situated near the extreme southern point of the Cape Colony, there is no really open and valuable port in all South-eastern Africa, except that at the Portuguese settlement with which the Boers wish to be connected.

Besides all this, it is necessary for some Power more active for good than the Portuguese to obtain a permanent footing on, if not a permanent hold of, Delagoa Bay itself. But little progress has marked that settlement under Portuguese rule. It is a pest-house and a den of immorality. I would not venture to shock the feelings of even average Christians by repeating what I know to be true of the degraded tone of life and morals that marks society in Lorenzo Marquez.

I do not consider that Delagoa Bay should be forcibly taken from the Portuguese; but, without doubt, unless some other Power establishes itself, or at least its mercantile influence, with and alongside of theirs on the east coast, great evil will continue to arise in various ways from their isolation from better influences.

It is but recently that a number of men who went down there from the Gold Fields misbehaved themselves in such a way as to disgrace our civilisation, and in return suffered outrages which were a disgrace to our *prestige*. One Robertson was murdered in some low haunt; while Lucas, also a British subject, was flogged without any form of law until he gave up some plunder. A vessel, manned by Banians, put in there not long ago, pretending to give passages to black labourers to Natal. I have it on the best authority that when the vessel was filled up, she sailed for Madagascar, where her cargo of blacks were sold as slaves.

In addition to this, it is alleged, and not without reason, that a dangerous trade in firearms is carried on with the Kafirs from this port. Quite recently, just before the outbreak of the second Secocoeni war on the 12th September 1877, Field-Cornet Erasmus of Kruger's Port reported that fifteen breech-loading rifles, Westley-Richards's pattern, had been smuggled from Delagoa, *viâ* Pilgrim's Rest and Origstadt, past his place into Secocoeni's. For every reason, it is necessary that this bay, and the route from it into the interior, should be placed immediately under the influence of British mercantile enterprise. If it is not done, I have only to say that the work of the annexation will have been in vain,—that poverty and discontent will brood for years over the Transvaal,—that its lands will lie uncultivated, its mines undeveloped, and its resources untouched; whilst the British people, deprived of easy access to a great country forming a natural outlet for their surplus labour and capital, will, year after year, have to give from their hard earnings considerable sums to make up a deficient revenue; and life and treasure to preserve peace north of the Vaal River.

Emigration and railway construction are the only two measures by which the Transvaal can be rendered either a profitable investment or a contented acquisition; and, as I have shown from the scarcity of markets, emigration without railway construction would be disappointing and valueless.

At the present moment Great Britain is put to the expense of maintaining a military establishment in Pretoria. The 13th Regiment has been stationed in the Transvaal for

twenty months; the 80th is on its way thither. A volunteer force, with native contingents, has to be maintained at immense expense for the war with Secocoeni; many lives and thousands of pounds' worth of horse-flesh must be expended before peace is re-established, even with this one chief. There are elements of danger and disturbance everywhere.

But it may not unreasonably be argued—Why this discontent? Has not Sir Theophilus Shepstone guaranteed you the continuance of your constitution, the inviolability of your laws, the maintenance of your national contracts, and fulfilment of your pledges? Has he not in the proclamation of April 12, 1877, stated "that the Transvaal will remain a separate Government, with its own laws and legislature; and that the laws now in force will be retained until altered by competent legislative authority"?

It is so, but the pledge has been broken. When Sir Theophilus Shepstone entered the country he found its Volksraad in session. That body he has, without competent, or, indeed, any authority whatever, dissolved, and since then he has governed the country without any pretence of constitutional support.

It is now eighteen months since the Volksraad last sat. What authority for taxation has there been since? None, say the Boers. Is it to be wondered at that, in face of this state of facts, discontent exists? To this negation of law, to this denial of their guaranteed rights of legislation, is to be attributed the breach of contract in the railway matter, the gradual impoverishment of the country, the monstrous proceedings that mark the Secocoeni war, and, in fact, the ruin of the country.

It is now nearly too late to provide a remedy, but it is not too late for the people of England to take the matter into their own hands, and compel those who have pledged their honour to the maintenance of the Transvaal constitution, to fulfil that pledge.

Further discontent may result in consequences too terrible to contemplate. Men already speak of abandonment. It is certain that abandonment must take place, or enormous unprofitable expense be incurred, if steps are not taken to in-

crease the population, to develop the resources of the country, to restore the constitution, to fulfil the promises made in the annexation proclamation, and thereby to appease the maddening discontent which now threatens to drag it through anarchy to destruction.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

Justified or not?—A Court of Appeal—Slaves to theories—Froude on the Free States—Proconsuls—Conclusion.

"It is not easy to justify what we have done in the Trans-"vaal. If there be any laws of right and wrong by which "nations should govern themselves in their dealings with "other nations, it is hard to find the law in conformity with "which that act was done. But for that act expediency can "be pleaded." (Trollope's 'South Africa,' vol. ii. p. 251.)

I have now but to show that neither expediency nor even temporary convenience, much less the obtaining of strikingly or even fairly beneficial results, have as yet justified the high-handed proceeding by which 50,000 people were converted into enemies; and a most deplorable state of feeling between English and Dutch South Africans engendered: a feeling that may be the cause of tears and misery, if not of blows and blood, in years to come.

I am firmly convinced that the British public knew nothing of the Transvaal and its circumstances before the annexation; and that, even now, they are not over well informed about the country they have acquired. I am equally well assured that the intentions of the Colonial Office towards South Africa and South Africans were most kind; and that the "Office" intended to be just, and even liberal, in its treatment of the Dutch. I am prepared to go still further, and to agree with Lord Carnarvon, that the Transvaal "*has neither been sought nor coveted by him;*" but I am also in a position to prove that the Earl and the Colonial Office were deceived and "bustled" by their South African agents and

proconsuls into hasty and unfortunate actions; and that it will be well for the name and reputation of English officials, and well also for the honour of the English people, if the annexation is reconsidered, and the representations on which it was based authoritatively repudiated.

Mr Anthony Trollope's defence of the annexation is perhaps the jauntiest and most pleasant of his late literary efforts—no—triumphs! Yet he deplores, in his pages, the unfortunate constitution of the Colonial Office; and while very properly ascribing to every living and dead worthy who has filled the post of Secretary of State for the Colonies, credit for the possession of public virtue of no inferior order, he, with equal propriety and truth, points out that each individual office-bearer was likely to be distinguished by some different virtue from his immediate predecessor, if not from all his official forbears.

The economist is succeeded in office by the ambitious enlarger of imperial responsibilities, who, in his turn, makes way for some patron of the close Crown colony system, only to be quickly followed by a minister with a firm belief in the virtues of petty parliaments and in colonial imitations of representative government. All this is injurious to colonists, who, in the meantime, suffer from experiments in administration, which are only saved from being dangerous by their being, as a rule, short-lived. Would it not be well if this system, or rather no system, were to be altered or abolished?

It appears to colonists most unreasonable that the ruler of the colonies should go in and out of office with the British Ministry, in whose overthrow or triumph colonial public men have no part. This is indeed the *origo et fons malorum*—the reason of ever-recurring colonial discontent.

Some reform in our system of colonial administration is wanted, and that immediately.[1] It is impossible to expect

[1] "The obstacle which lies in the way is the existing Colonial Office. Over that department there has always hung a veil of the profoundest mystery. . . . The colonial dependencies of Britain are by far too large and too important to be worked by such machinery; and the first step towards placing them in their proper position should be the abolition of the Colonial Office as at present constituted, and the substitution in its place of a Colonial Board of Control."—'Blackwood's Magazine,' vol. lxxxii., July 1857, p. 122.

the colonies to remain contented with a method of rule by which their destinies are handed about from one experimentalist to another, to suit the exigencies of strictly English political parties. It is still worse when the experimentalists, who are in no way amenable to colonial opinion, deal with territories over which they have but a colourable right, if any right of rule at all. Great satisfaction would be given to colonists and subject (colonial) populations by the construction of a council sitting in England, which would form a court of appeal against colonial rulers, as well as against the Colonial Office itself. This council should be a standing committee on colonial questions, and might easily be so constituted as to include a few distinguished colonists living in England; and could be even further qualified for special investigations by having added to it, from time to time —temporarily—men technically acquainted with particular subjects under examination or appeal. It should, however, not consist wholly of ex-governors, retired high commissioners, and the like; for these would undoubtedly bring to its deliberations prejudices and previously formed ideas, which could not fail to obstruct the course of justice.

This council should be a deliberative committee, acting for colonies and subject populations in much the same way as Parliament is supposed to act as between the English people and the Executive; and its recommendations and reports should have weight and authority sufficient to arrest the Colonial office in any of its actions at any moment. The peoples subject to and dependent on England, whether foreign or English born, have a most wonderful belief in the justice of their English rulers, and are to be found constantly appealing to her Majesty's Government against the misrule and arbitrary actions of her proconsuls; but when they find, as they too often do, that their appeals are unheeded—that the Colonial Office blocks the way—that they can never get forward because of circumlocution, forms, and routine,—then they not unfrequently say, "England rejects our petitions —refuses to hear us; her ears are only open to the reports of her governors and clerks; we must do something to prove that we are in earnest, or we will continue to be ignored."

Then comes a demonstration more or less forcible, and

described by the proconsuls as more or less criminal; prosecutions are put in action, troops are moved, vast expenses incurred, and, finally, redress is given, the offending governor pensioned off, and the people pacified. This thing has occurred very often. Australasia, Mauritius, Canada, the Cape Colony, and, more recently, the Diamond Fields[1] have had to make very forcible appeals indeed to the public mind before they could secure inquiry and redress.

It must be remembered that a Colonial Secretary is, to a terrible extent, at the mercy of his colonial subordinates, who are, as a rule, men filled with their own self-importance, slaves to their own theories, or utterly blinded to facts by official traditions—traditions which have grown up with and around them during their longer or shorter periods of official employment. In colonies more than at home are the officials a class; their surroundings are "society"—a society that is utterly foreign to the people amongst whom it is planted, and by whom, as a rule, it is despised. Whatever the guiding prejudice of this society may be, that will almost invariably be the rule, belief, and official religion of the local Government whose opinions, in turn, react on the society amongst which it festers, which shines by a light reflected from its petty dignity, and which would not be "society" if it were not semi-official.

Now this is an unmixed evil. It is only very rarely that a colony can get free from this "society" incubus. I think, of the present colonial rulers (in Africa, at all events), Colonel Lanyon is the only one free from the wretched influences I refer to. He went in to the Diamond Fields as a purge; and although he had about him men who would gladly have used their positions to warp his mind into the traditions they lived amongst, yet they failed, and that only because, on his first arrival, they tried to do too much

[1] "Three years ago there was nearly a revolution at the Diamond Fields. What was the cause of it? The people represented the case to the Imperial Government, and very fortunately the Government sent out a British soldier and a gentleman, Colonel Crossman. That gentleman investigated matters and restored order, and the unpopular Governor then administering the Government was superseded by Major Lanyon. The present happy result is a proof of his administration."—Mr Bekker, at Mr Moodie's Lecture before the United Service Institute.

in this direction. Colonel Lanyon had heard of the obstructiveness of the "clique," and knew, almost from the outset, that they would try to tie his hands with "formulas," and hinder his efforts for good by the dead-weight of routine. In his seventh month, however, he broke through the meshes that were gathered round him, saying, "Since the day I came here you have been telling me what I cannot do; now what I want to know is, not how things cannot be done, but how they are to be done, and done at once."

So he began, in spite of his surroundings, to do something. Hence the existing political content of the Diamond Fields.

But if English colonists are misrepresented to the Colonial Office by its underlings, how much worse and more uncontrolled is the misrepresentation continually taking place about subject populations and neighbouring races! Every day the Government of England is asked by its satraps to endorse some high-handed aggression, approve of some seizure of new territory, or crush some, till then, independent, people; and the proconsul supports his application by quoting the views of his clique, his official surroundings, and the "society" they affect.

What can a Colonial Minister do? He is himself utterly unacquainted with facts, except as they reach him through the offices below him. The result is, injustice is perpetrated, and a multitude of people are rendered miserable, because there is no court of appeal against the decision of the Colonial Minister.

Of course I will be told there is a court of appeal—Parliament, and, perhaps through the press, "the public." This is an illusion; and that it is an illusion is to be proved by referring to the recent annexation of the Transvaal. A question was raised about the matter before the "House;" and no doubt the people of England are perfectly satisfied that, this form having been gone through, justice is, or ought to be, satisfied; but it is not so. Parliament was not in an inquiring humour, and was perfectly happy to hear from an official source a not very detailed statement of the reasons that impelled the Colonial Office to sanction the annexation. But Parliament did not inquire, by the personal examination of witnesses, into the truth of the charges made

against the Dutch, nor into the validity of the reasons put forth for the annexation. The House was satisfied, on hearing—although it was not at all true—that a majority of the inhabitants of the country had expressed their desire to become her Majesty's subjects, that the annexation was unsought and unavoidable. Above all things, it was an accomplished fact, and therefore merited approval. So the House decided that it was done, and well done, and the matter ended.

Now, let any Englishman consider what evidence the House had before it on this subject at the moment it came to its momentous decision. It had the same evidence that the Colonial Minister had, and not one particle more. In fact it had the representations, tales, and reasonings of the Annexationists only, supported by the statements of the chief actor in the work.

This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, and quite apart from the question of the right or wrong of the Transvaal annexation, my contention is, that there should have been in existence an English tribunal, a parliamentary commission, or an imperial and colonial council, to which witnesses on oath could have been brought, petitions presented, and appeals made by those who considered themselves wronged in the matter. But the Transvaal had no appeal, except from the Minister in Downing Street to the Minister in his place in the House; and his decision was everywhere the same, "that he had acted for the best,"—as no doubt he still believes he did.

The Transvaal protested against the annexation, and sent delegates to England to pray at the foot of the Throne for justice. They had again to appeal to the Colonial Office, and of course the result was that their petition was rejected. Now what is a State situated like the Transvaal to do? To whom must colonists resort? The system that leaves them no appeal except to the Colonial Office is clearly wrong. Therefore it is that some kind of council which would have power to hear and determine important questions between England and her dependencies should be constituted. If the complainants are the vast majority, and yet find their protests rejected, on the grounds that they

are, as stated by the Annexationists, only a small minority, what are they to do? Petitions are nowadays not looked upon as very reliable expositions of real public opinion. If the complainants appeal anew to Parliament, they are told that the whole question was settled last year; that the matter has been heard and decided upon, and cannot now be reopened. *What then can they do?* They know thoroughly well that their case has never been heard; that only the case of the Colonial Office has been put before Parliament and the country; and that it was adjudicated on hurriedly, without the hearing of witnesses, and in a spirit of utter indifference to their views. They appeal to the press of England: it is closed against them by the utter insignificance of their affairs in the eyes of the caterers for the reading public.

Is this to go on for ever? Is a department to ruin a colonial empire simply because the colonists have no court of appeal against officialism and official misrepresentation? I hope not. The meanest wretch that pilfers a pocket-handkerchief has, in free England, the right to claim that he shall be tried by his peers before he is sentenced to an imprisonment however short. What injustice is it, then, to say to a free people, "You are accused of being weak, incompetent to manage your own affairs, and addicted to slavery. Your accuser is the Colonial Office. It has judged you; it has executed judgment on you. From that judgment there is no appeal. Evidence and argument are unnecessary, and will be useless. You have now only to consider how matters may be so arranged that you may regain a portion of the liberties we have deprived you of"?

It must be borne in mind that this sentence may result in the spread of discontent and the consequent subjection of a people to the heavy expenses that must be incurred in the suppression of that discontent, as well as to criminal prosecutions, destruction of families, and perhaps the death or disgrace of individuals, who may seek, in despair, or ignorance of their own weakness, to resist the dreadful judgment of national annihilation. No more is asked for these people than that they may have a fair, open, and public trial, and that as their defence has not been heard before sentence was

executed, that now at least they may be permitted to ask for a revision of their case before lapse of time and the progress of years and the sanctity of custom and long continuance to what they consider an iniquitous spoliation.

It is here not unreasonable to put before the English reader a deliberate statement of fact and opinion, made by an impartial judge in the conflict between the colonial authorities and the Republics, put on record some years ago in such a way (when looked on by the light of recent events) as almost to partake of the spirit and nature of prophecy :—

"Between the Republics and the Imperial Government a quarrel had arisen in consequence of the British occupation of the lately discovered Diamond Fields. The dispute had interested me from the contradictory statements which I had heard about it. I wished to learn the history of the transaction from disinterested parties on the spot, and to learn, especially, how far the annexation had been approved by colonial opinion.

"I am told that if Natal is irritated it may petition to relinquish the English connection and join the Free States. I cannot but think that it would have been a wise policy, when the Free States were thrown off, to have attached Natal to them.

"If we had said openly, when the diamond mines were discovered, that circumstances were altered, and that it was no longer convenient to leave these provinces in their present state, they would have grumbled, but they would have borne it.

"We have heaped charges of foul dealing on the unhappy Free State Governments. We have sent menacing intimations to both of them, as if we were deliberately making or finding excuses to suppress them.

"It has become painfully clear to me that the English Government has been misled, by a set of border land-jobbers, into doing an unjust thing, and it is now equally difficult to persist and to draw back.

"The English Government, in taking up Waterboer's cause, have distinctly broken a treaty which they had renewed but one year before in a very solemn manner; and the Colonial Office, it is painfully evident to me, have been duped by a most ingenious conspiracy."

What a state of things these extracts from Mr Froude's 'Diary' indicate as existing in an English colony, land-jobbers using England and her flag to make conspiracy successful! I do not need to add anything to this painful picture; but if England ever hears the case of the Transvaal, another nefarious scheme will have been laid bare.

I shall now turn to the question of fact. Was the Colonial Office deceived? Of this there can be little doubt. Sir Theophilus Shepstone himself was deceived on a matter

within his own especial knowledge. He had repeatedly advised against the Transvaal claim to portion of the Utrecht district, and was convinced, as he says, that that claim was defective. He, on native affairs, was the chief adviser not only of the Natal Government, but of the Imperial Government; and on all such questions his advice and opinion were looked upon as of the greatest weight. Yet we find him on January 2, 1878,[1] confessing that he had all along been miserably wrong, and been misinformed as to the facts in dispute. He, in fact, recants the errors of twenty years in as many lines of a despatch.

Again, we find that whereas his annexation proclamation, 12th April 1878, speaks of Republican weakness and loss of territory as the cause of the invasion, yet in enclosure 8 of despatch, 1878,[2] he admits that the Boers are in a worse position than they have ever been; and clearly allows it to be seen, that under him and his, for the first time in history, had disputed territory actually fallen into the hands of the savages.

If Sir Theophilus has thus to correct himself on two most important points, and if these points were amongst those that principally induced Lord Carnarvon to permit the annexation, then it is clear that a case for inquiry is made out, when it can be ascertained where and how the statements originated that have been so fatally used.

If something is not done, and done soon, misfortune must and will come. The Boers are a stern Protestant people, unused to luxury, and unswayed by the mean considerations that enervate the masses elsewhere; they are the majority, and are, so far as I know, the colonists. There never yet was a good cause that did not bring forth a leader; few religions want for martyrs.

The one great fact I want to keep before the mind of my readers is, that false representations are not only possible, but are too commonly resorted to by colonial parties desiring to secure the ear of the Colonial Minister. Few—very few—colonial officials ever gather a correct knowledge of surrounding facts. They live in a sort of misty traditionary atmosphere, into which truth seldom penetrates. Even col-

[1] See Appendix I, despatch 38. [2] See Appendix K.

onial newspapers get into the same fog from their editors—they seldom have more than one—getting into the clique. Now one of the best proofs of this is the great Zulu nation theory. Captain Clarke, an officer of many years' experience, writing about the Zulus in a public despatch, says they have attacked successfully every native race which they have come in contact with. This is ludicrously incorrect. The fact really is that they have always met defeat at the hands of the Basutos—Moshesh having formed a nation in defiance of them. At the outset of his career, before the days of the Orange River sovereignty, when all the influential men of the country were carried away by the stream of Zulu invasion, he laid the foundations of, and successfully defended, the first towns of Basutoland. He drove away Chaka, and, as Noble says—

"Moselekatze's regiments on one occasion had attacked his stronghold. They rushed up its sides in great numbers; but an avalanche of stones, accompanied by a shower of assegais, sent them back with more rapidity than they had advanced. Their repulse was decisive, and the Zulus had to march away. At the moment of their departure a messenger came towards them, driving some fat oxen, with the word of the chief: 'Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger has brought you into his country, he sends you these cattle, that you may eat them on the way home.' The Zulus were amazed. 'This man,' said they, 'after having rolled down rocks on our heads, sends us oxen for food. We will never attack him again.' And they kept their word."

But it is the fashion of a certain clique to praise the Zulus, so history and fact are ignored in their favour. In the same way it is customary to sneer at the Korannas, Basutos, Batlapini, and Bapedi; but circumstances are stronger than sneers. These despised races are inflicting, in proportion to the forces engaged, much more severe losses on the men now in the field than the Red Kafirs have done in the late war.

That even colonial newspapers can err I have pointed out more forcibly in another chapter. The 'Natal Mercury' was the great organ of the party in favour of annexing the Transvaal, and, whether unwittingly or not, it has been made the medium for circulating tales of doubtful authenticity concerning both Boers and Kafirs. It is not long ago since this presumably well-informed colonial newspaper, referring

to the attack on Legolani's kraal, misled its readers, unintentionally I hope, by stating that Clarke had captured the famous stronghold, "world renowned as Johannes's Mountain, from before which the Boers had retreated, having vainly assailed it with a force of 2000 white men the year before."

In reference to this wonderful error, I shall merely say Johannes's place was not a mountain. It is not within 120 miles of the scene of Captain Clarke's operations against Masselleroom (Legolani). Captain Clarke has never seen Johannes's Kop in his life. The Boer army never attacked or were defeated at it. The largest number of white men that ever threatened it was forty-seven, the majority of whom were English. It fell into our hands early in December 1876, and was, at the period referred to by the 'Mercury,' the scene of a picnic from Lydenberg. It is the 'Mercury' that has misled the public to think that the Kafirs hated the Dutch, and the Dutch only; while the fact is that, just at present, the Bapedi are at war with Captain Clarke and the few English settlers, and not with the Boers, whose power they admitted in January 1877 when they sued for peace.

The Transvaal question will soon become the question of the day, and is likely to absorb quite as much attention as the Abyssinian war did in its time; and I have not the least doubt that, if not speedily looked to, it will cost as much in money. A great war of races is being provoked at the present moment. I doubt if this work will be in the hands of the public before it shall have commenced.

In this and in all future native wars the English in Africa must fight alone. In former cases, the Boers have refused to aid the Government against native tribes, and this for a most excellent reason. British wars are undertaken to protect one tribe against another. Natives will squabble. The last war in the colony was in favour of the Fingoes; whilst the monstrous waste of public money now going on in the Transvaal is incurred because, forsooth, Captain Clarke must protect Pogwani and Logwani—insignificant robbers—against Legolani and Secocoeni—greater robbers. Burghers will not join in any hostilities undertaken on account of natives. Why did not Captain Clarke order the paltry tribe of Pog-

wani to go into some inside location if they so badly wanted protection? During the sovereignty a similar thing occurred; and Noble, in his history, remarks—

"The Resident now found himself committed to offensive operations against Moshesh's tribe, which numbered at the least 10,000 fighting men, whilst he had no adequate force to oppose against them. The burghers refused to muster for such service. They could not comprehend or appreciate the motives which induced the Government of so powerful a nation as Great Britain to call out farmers from their homes and lawful employments on the occurrence of these chronic squabbles among the natives. Military duty under such circumstances was extremely distasteful and harassing to them, especially as, in addition to their own personal hardships and risks in the field, their families and property were exposed to be plundered and ruined by the tribes against whom they acted. Many of the farmers had already in this manner suffered severe losses of their flocks."

To all these causes for not fighting in quarrels not their own, is now added the vexation they must feel at having been deprived of their liberties. And if they will not fight, neither will they pay. It is yet to be seen if any attempt to tax them for wars undertaken by a foreign governor, and without their own consent, will be resisted.

The English people will find out, sooner or later, that they must begin to keep a firmer hand on colonial governors. Up to the present, in Africa their action has produced little save heart-burnings, mischief, and expense. Their Kafir policy has ever been, and still is, but a costly failure; and their schemes for the extension of the empire in South Africa are tending hourly to put England to the cost of keeping down one, if not several, insurgent populations.

But Sir Theophilus Shepstone's annexation of the Transvaal is, of all, the most disastrous experiment yet undertaken. It has cost one Kafir war, and will cost another. It has injured the natives, irritated the Boers, and thrown the whole country into a state of anarchy.

What justification, then, can the poor Boers see for the annexation? They say, "It has been brought about by misrepresentation." It has certainly not resulted in any increase of glory to the great empire that permitted it; and its apparent object—the bringing of peace to the Transvaal—has not been attained.

Some years ago there was a book published about Australia in which was a sort of poem, satirical and witty, describing an imaginary interview between an evil spirit and Sir George Gipps. Two stanzas have dwelt in my memory, and, I am afraid, have had much to do with the production of the present volume. There were troubles in the colony, and the "hoofed one" suggested to the ruler that perhaps the people might be driven to forcible ways of demonstrating their opinions:—

Gipps (*loq.*)—
"Rebel! rebel!! you're surely in joke!
Rebellion here!—a mere puff of smoke:
A handful of troops would put them down,
And the higher classes would join the Crown."

The D——, after cautioning the governor, points out the final issue of such a calamity—

"John Bull, from his drowsy lethargy waking,
Will give you small despots a terrible shaking.
You'll be robbed of your berth and your reputation,
For causing your masters so much vexation."

It is very much in the spirit of 'The Adviser' that I have written. There are ugly possibilities in Africa, and although I have no thought that strong measures, if taken by any party of colonists, will do anything more than draw attention to their grievances, whilst ruining, for the moment, themselves and their local rulers; yet I think it right that England should know that such calamities are possible, and preventible. I "appeal from petty tyrants to the Throne."

It is not Parliament that rules "Greater Britain," but clerks who sway their superiors.

Rome had her proconsuls. England, as regards her colonies, her subject-populations, and her proconsuls, is the Rome of to-day. We are now at war in Africa—a war of which not one thousand people in England know the cause or the cost. With whom and why, this book is intended to show. In a few months a still greater war will have commenced—a war that may cost hundreds of lives and millions of money. There is now no averting it. It must come, and

will have to be paid for. In the meantime there is the Dutch question, which may yet be a costly one. If Mr Froude is right, it has already cost us something priceless.

I am told "that people will not bother themselves by reading contemporary history." Those who will not read will not rule very long. Men must keep pace with the age; and an empire indifferent to the wrongs of its subject-populations will not be likely to retain them. Much of this book is devoted to the recent annexation of the Transvaal. I am told that "the settlement is final, and that the Transvaal question is closed for ever." It may be so, but that final settlement has not settled the bill; and I think Great Britain will yet want to scrutinise the account. Besides, it is never too late to do justice. Every outrage upon justice, sooner or later, avenges itself. It is no use speaking of expediency when wrong-doing is to be defended. It may excuse, but cannot justify; still less can it avert the consequences of wrong-doing. When used as a plea, it cannot save the criminal from eventual and inexorable punishment and remorse. The day of reckoning may be delayed; it cannot be averted.

England must pay for colonial military purposes, because there is a class that is daily annexing fresh lands, undertaking new responsibilities, and incurring increasing expense for the purpose of extending its own influence and creating vacancies for an ever-increasing army of hungry expectants. If this work opens the eyes of ratepayers to the fact that a class exists that *has a policy* distinct from that of the English people, independent of Parliament, and though unknown or unanalysed at home, yet carried on in the name and by the power of England, then I will not have written in vain.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

A, *page* 10.

FREE STATE CONVENTION.

1. Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, in entering into a Convention for finally transferring the government of the Orange River Territory to the representatives delegated by the inhabitants to receive it, guarantees, on the part of her Majesty's Government, the future independence of that country and its government; and that after the necessary preliminary arrangements for making over the same between her Majesty's Special Commissioner and the said representatives shall have been completed, the inhabitants of the country shall then be free; and that this independence shall, without unnecessary delay, be confirmed and ratified by an instrument, promulgated in such form and substance as her Majesty may approve, finally freeing them from their allegiance to the British Crown, and declaring them, to all intents and purposes, a free and independent people, and their Government to be treated and considered thenceforth as a free and independent Government.

2. The British Government has no alliance whatever with any native chiefs or tribes to the northward of the Orange River, with the exception of the Griqua chief, Captain Adam Kok; and her Majesty's Government has no wish or intention to enter hereafter into any treaties which may be injurious or prejudicial to the interests of the Orange River Government.

3. With regard to the treaty existing between the British Government and the chief, Captain Adam Kok, some modification of it is indispensable. Contrary to the provisions of that treaty, the sale of lands in the inalienable territory has been of frequent occurrence, and the principal object of the treaty thus disregarded. Her Majesty's

overnment therefore intends to remove all restrictions preventing Griquas from selling their lands; and measures are in progress for the purpose of affording every facility for such transactions,—the chief, Adam Kok, having, for himself, concurred in and sanctioned the same. And with regard to those further alterations arising out of the proposed revision of relations with Captain Adam Kok, in consequence of the aforesaid sales of land having from time to time been effected in the inalienable territory, contrary to the stipulations of the Maitland Treaty, it is the intention of her Majesty's Special Commissioner, personally, without any unnecessary loss of time, to establish the affairs in Griqualand on a footing suitable to the just expectations of all parties.

4. After the withdrawal of her Majesty's Government from the Orange River Territory, the new Orange River Government shall not permit any vexatious proceedings towards those of her Majesty's present subjects remaining within the Orange River Territory who may heretofore have been acting under the authority of Her Majesty's Government, for or on account of any acts lawfully done by them—that is, under the law as it existed during the occupation of the Orange River Territory by the British Government. Such persons shall be considered to be guaranteed in the possession of their estates by the new Orange River Government.

Also, with regard to those of her Majesty's present subjects who may prefer to return under the dominion and authority of her Majesty to remaining where they now are, as subjects of the Orange River Government, such persons shall enjoy full right and facility for the transfer of their properties, should they desire to leave the country under the Orange River Government, at any subsequent period within three years from the date of this convention.

5. Her Majesty's Government and the Orange River Government shall, within their respective territories, mutually use every exertion for the suppression of crime, and keeping the peace, by apprehending and delivering up all criminals who may have escaped or fled from justice either way across the Orange River; and the courts, as well the British as those of the Orange River Government, shall be mutually open and available to the inhabitants of both territories for all lawful processes. And all summonses for witnesses, directed either way across the Orange River, shall be countersigned by the magistrates of both Governments respectively, to compel the attendance of such witnesses when and where they may be required, thus affording to the community north of the Orange River every assistance from the British courts, and giving, on the other hand, assurance to such colonial merchants and traders as have naturally entered into credit transactions in the Orange River Territory during its occupation by the British Government, and to whom, in many cases, debts may be owing, every facility for the recovery of just claims in the courts of the Orange River Government. And her

Majesty's Special Commissioner will recommend the adoption of the like reciprocal privileges by the Government of Natal in its relations with the Orange River Government.

6. Certificates issued by the proper authorities, as well in the colonies and possessions of her Majesty as in the Orange River Territory, shall be held valid and sufficient to entitle heirs of lawful marriages, and legatees, to receive portions and legacies accruing to them respectively, either within the jurisdiction of the British or Orange River Government.

7. The Orange River Government shall, as hitherto, permit no slavery, or trade in slaves, in their territory north of the Orange River.

8. The Orange River Government shall have freedom to purchase their supplies of ammunition in any British colony or possession in South Africa, subject to the laws provided for the regulation of the sale and transit of ammunition in such colonies and possessions; and her Majesty's Special Commissioner will recommend to the Colonial Government that privileges of a liberal character, in connection of import duties generally, be granted to the Orange River Government, as measures in regard to which it is entitled to be treated with every indulgence, in consideration of its peculiar position and distance from the seaports.

9. In order to promote mutual facilities and liberty to traders and travellers, as well in the British possessions as in those of the Orange River Government, and it being the earnest wish of her Majesty's Government that a friendly intercourse between these territories should at all times subsist, and be promoted by every possible arrangement, a consul or agent of the British Government, whose especial attention shall be directed to the promotion of these desirable objects, will be stationed within the colony, near to the frontier, to whom access at all times may readily be had by the inhabitants on both sides of the Orange River, for advice and information, as circumstances may require.

(Signed, &c.)

B, *page* 100.

THE GOLD FIELDS REVOLT.

No. 765.

GOVERNMENT OFFICE, PRETORIA, *March* 10, 1877.

SIR,—I have been instructed by his Honour the State President to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 27th of February and 3d of March last, and to thank you for the able and judicious manner in which you arranged matters at the Gold Fields.

You may rest assured that your services shall not be forgotten, and are duly appreciated.—I have the honour to be,

The State Secretary,

SWART.

CAPTAIN A. AYLWARD,
Lydenberg Volunteer, Burger's Fort.

C, *page* 107.

The following is the text of the official documents proclaiming the Transvaal British Territory, published in a *Gazette Extraordinary*, dated Pretoria, Transvaal, 12th April 1877 :—

Commission appointing Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., of Natal, to be a Special Commissioner for certain purposes.

VICTORIA R.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India: To our Trusty and Well-beloved SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, Knight Commander of our most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, greeting:—

Whereas grievous disturbances have broken out in the territories adjacent to our colonies in South Africa, with war between the white inhabitants and the native races, to the great peril of the peace and safety of our said colonies; and whereas, having regard to the safety of our said colonies, it greatly concerns us that full inquiry should be made into the origin, nature, and circumstances of the said disturbances, and with respect to the measures to be adopted for preventing the recurrence of the like disturbances in the future; and whereas it may become requisite to this end that the said territories or portions of them should be administered in our name and on our behalf. Now know you that we, reposing especial trust and confidence in the loyalty and fidelity of you, the said Sir Theophilus Shepstone, have appointed you to be our Special Commissioner for the purpose of making such inquiry as aforesaid, and we do authorise and require you with all convenient despatch, and by all lawful ways and means to enter upon such inquiry, and we do require you to communicate to us through one of our Principal Secretaries of State, any facts which ought to be made known to us, as well as any opinions which you may think fit to express thereon, and if the emergency should seem to you to be such as to render it necessary, in order to secure the peace and safety of our said colonies, and of our subjects elsewhere, that the said territories, or any portion or portions of the same should provisionally, and pending the announcement of our pleasure,

be administered in our name and on our behalf, then, and in such case only, we do further authorise you, the said Sir Theophilus Shepstone, by proclamation under your hand, to declare that from and after a day to be therein named, so much of any such territories as aforesaid, as to you, after due consideration, shall seem fit, shall be annexed to, and form part of our dominions. And we do hereby constitute and appoint you to be thereupon administrator of the same provisionally and until our pleasure is more fully known: Provided, first, that no such proclamation should be issued by you with respect to any district, territory, or state, unless you shall be satisfied that the inhabitants thereof, or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature thereof, desire to become our subjects; nor if any conditions unduly limiting our power and authority therein are sought to be imposed: and, secondly, that unless the circumstances of the case are such as in your opinion make it necessary to issue a proclamation forthwith, no such proclamation shall be issued by you until the same has been submitted to and approved by our trusty and well-beloved Sir Henry Barkly, Knight Grand Cross of our most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Knight Commander of our most Honourable Order of the Bath, our Governor and Commander-in-chief of our colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and our Commissioner for the settling and adjustment of the affairs of the territories adjacent or contiguous to the eastern frontier of our said colony of the Cape of Good Hope. And we do further require that you do in all things conform to such instructions as shall at any time be addressed to you by us through one of our Principal Secretaries of State; and we do strictly charge and command all our officers, civil and military, and all other our faithful subjects, that in their several places, and according to their respective powers and opportunities, they be aiding to you in the execution of this our commission. And for so doing this shall be your warrant.

Given at our Court, at Balmoral, this fifth day of October 1876, in the fortieth year of our reign.

By her Majesty's command,

CARNARVON.

PROCLAMATION

By his Excellency Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Knight Commander of the most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, her Majesty's Special Commissioner for certain purposes in South Africa.

Whereas at a meeting held on the sixteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, at the Sand River, between her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners, Major Hogge and C. M. Owen, Esq., on the one part, and a deputation from the emigrant farmers then residing north of the Vaal River, at the head of

which was Commander-General A. W. J. Pretorius, on the other part, the said her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners did "guarantee in the fullest manner on the part of the British Government to the emigrant farmers north of the Vaal River, the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government:"

And whereas the evident objects and inciting motives of the Assistant Commissioners in granting such guarantee or permission to persons who were her Majesty's subjects, were "to promote peace, free trade, and friendly intercourse" with and among the inhabitants of the Transvaal, in the hope and belief that the territory which a few years afterwards—namely, in February 1858—became known by the style and title of "The South African Republic," would become a flourishing and self-sustaining State, a source of strength and security to neighbouring European communities, and a point from which Christianity and civilisation might rapidly spread towards Central Africa:

And whereas the hopes and expectations upon which this mutual compact was reasonably and honourably founded have been disappointed, and the circumstances as set forth more at length in my address to the people, of to-day's date, hereunto attached, show that increasing weakness in the State itself on the one side, and more than corresponding growth of real strength and confidence among the native tribes on the other, have produced their natural and inevitable consequences, as will more fully appear from a brief allusion to the facts; that after more or less of irritating contact with aboriginal tribes to the north, there commenced about the year 1867 gradual abandonment to the natives in that direction, of territory settled by burghers of this State, in well-built towns and villages, and on granted farms; that this was succeeded by the extinction of all effective rule over extensive tracts of country, included within the boundaries of the State, and as a consequence by the practical independence, which still continues, of large native tribes residing therein, who had until then considered themselves subjects:

That some few farmers, unwilling to forfeit homes which they had created for their families, and to which they held grants from the Government of the Transvaal, which grants had, however, ceased and still fail to protect them in their occupation, made terms with the chiefs and now occupy their farms on conditions of periodical payments to those chiefs, notwithstanding the acknowledgment which such payments involve:

That this decay of power and ebb of authority in the north is being followed by similar processes in the south under yet more dangerous circumstances; people of this State residing in that direction have been compelled within the last three months, at the bidding of native chiefs, and at a moment's notice, to leave their farms and homes, their standing

crops, some of which were ready for reaping, and other property, all to be taken possession of by natives, but that the Government is more powerless than ever to vindicate its assumed rights, or to resist the declension that is threatening its existence; that all confidence in its stability once felt by surrounding and distant European communities has been withdrawn; that commerce is wellnigh destroyed; that the country is in a state of bankruptcy; that the white inhabitants, discontented with their condition, are divided into factions; that the Government has fallen into helpless paralysis from causes which it has been and is unable to control or counteract; and that the prospect of the election of a new president, so far from allaying the general anxiety, or from inspiring hope in the future, is looked forward to by all parties as most likely to result in civil war, with its attendant anarchy and bloodshed:

That the condition above described affords strong temptation to neighbouring native powers, who are known to be anxious and ready to do so, to make attacks and inroads upon the State, which from its weakness it cannot repel, and from which it has hitherto been saved by the restraining influence of the British Government, exercised from Natal by her Majesty's representative in that colony, in the hope, yet unfulfilled, that a friendly understanding might be arrived at between the Government of the Transvaal and the complaining native chiefs:

That the Secocoeni war, which would have produced but little effect upon a healthy constitution, has not only proved suddenly fatal to the resources and reputation of the Republic, but has shown itself to be a culminating point in the history of South Africa, in that a Makatee or Basuto tribe, unwarlike, and of no account in Zulu estimation, successfully withstood the strength of the State, and disclosed for the first time to the native powers outside the Republic, from the Zambesi to the Cape, the great change that had taken place in the relative strength of the white and the black races; that this disclosure at once shook the *prestige* of the white man in South Africa, and placed every European community in peril; that this common danger has caused universal anxiety, has given to all concerned the right to investigate its causes and to protect themselves from its consequences, and has imposed the duty upon those who have the power to shield enfeebled civilisation from the encroachments of barbarism and inhumanity:

And whereas the inherent weakness of this Government and State, from causes above alluded to, and briefly set forth, and the fact that the past policy of the Republic has not only failed to conciliate the friendship and goodwill, but has forfeited the respect of the overwhelming native populations within and beyond its boundaries, which together probably exceed one and a half millions, render it certain that the Transvaal will be the first to suffer from the consequences of a pressure that has already reduced its political life to so feeble a condition:

And whereas the ravaging of an adjoining friendly State by warlike savage tribes cannot for a moment be contemplated by her Majesty's Government without the most earnest and painful solicitude, both on account of the miseries which such an event must inflict upon the inhabitants of the Transvaal, and because of the peril and insecurity to which it would expose her Majesty's possessions and subjects in South Africa; and seeing that the circumstances of the case have, from the inherent weakness of the country already touched upon, become so grave, that neither this country nor the British colonies in South Africa can be saved from the most calamitous circumstances except by the extension over this State of her Majesty's authority and protection, by means of which alone oneness of purpose and action can be secured, and a fair prospect of peace and prosperity in the future be established:

And whereas I have been satisfied by the numerous addresses, memorials and letters which I have received, and by the abundant assurances which personal intercourse has given me, that a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Transvaal see, in a clearer and stronger light than I am able to describe them, the urgency and imminence of the circumstances by which they are surrounded, the ruined condition of the country, and the absence within it of any element capable of rescuing it from its depressed and afflicted state, and therefore earnestly desire the establishment within and over it of her Majesty's authority and rule; and whereas the Government has been unable to point out or devise any means by which the country can save itself, and as a consequence relieve the other white communities of South Africa from the danger of the dire events certain speedily to result from the circumstances by which it is surrounded, and can entertain no reasonable hope that it possesses, or is likely under its present form of Government to possess, the means to raise itself to a safe and prosperous condition:

And whereas the emergency seems to me to be such as to render it necessary, in order to secure the peace and safety of the Transvaal territory, as well as the peace and safety of her Majesty's colonies and of her Majesty's subjects elsewhere, that the said Transvaal territory should provisionally, and pending the announcement of her Majesty's pleasure, be administered in her Majesty's name and on her behalf:

Now therefore I do, in virtue of the power and authority conferred upon me by her Majesty's Royal Commission, dated at Balmoral, the fifth day of October 1876, and published herewith, and in accordance with instructions conveyed to me thereby and otherwise, proclaim and make known that from and after the publication hereof, the territory heretofore known as the South African Republic, as now measured and bounded, subject however to such local modifications as may hereafter appear necessary, and as may be approved of by her Majesty, shall be and shall be taken to be British territory; and I hereby call upon and

require the inhabitants of the Transvaal, of every class and degree, and all her Majesty's subjects in South Africa, to take notice of this my Proclamation, and to guide themselves accordingly.

And I hereby further proclaim and declare that I shall hold responsible all such persons who in the Transvaal shall venture opposition, armed or otherwise, to her Majesty's authority hereby proclaimed, or who shall, by seditious and inflammatory language or exhortations or otherwise, incite or encourage others to offer such opposition, or who shall injure, harass, disturb, or molest others because they may not think with them on political matters, and I do warn all such that upon conviction of any of the above offences they will be liable to the severe penalties which the law in such cases ordains; and I hereby appeal to and call upon the orderly, right-thinking, and peace-loving people of the Transvaal to be aiding and supporting her Majesty's authority.

And I proclaim further, that all legal courts of justice now in existence for the trial of criminal or civil cases or questions are hereby continued and kept in full force and effect, and that all decrees, judgments and sentences, rules and orders, lawfully made or issued, or to be made or issued by such courts, shall be as good and valid as if this Proclamation had not been published; all civil obligations, all suits and actions civil, criminal, or mixed, and all criminal acts here committed which may have been incurred, commenced, done, or committed before the publication of this Proclamation, but which are not fully tried and determined, may be tried and determined by any such lawful courts or by such others as it may be found hereafter necessary to establish for that purpose.

And I further proclaim and make known that the Transvaal will remain a separate Government, with its own laws and Legislature, and that it is the wish of her Most Gracious Majesty that it shall enjoy the fullest legislative privileges compatible with the circumstances of the country and the intelligence of its people. That arrangements will be made by which the Dutch language will practically be as much the official language as the English; all laws, proclamations, and Government notices will be published in the Dutch language; in the Legislative Assembly members may, as they do now, use either language; and in the courts of law the same may be done at the option of suitors to a cause. The laws now in force in the State will be retained until altered by competent legislative authority.

Equal justice is guaranteed to the persons and property of both white and coloured; but the adoption of this principle does not and should not involve the granting of equal civil rights, such as the exercise of the right of voting by savages, or their becoming members of a legislative body, or their being entitled to other civil privileges which are incompatible with their uncivilised condition.

The native tribes living within the jurisdiction and under the protec-

tion of the Government must be taught due obedience to the paramount authority, and be made to contribute their fair share towards the support of the State that protects them.

All private *bonâ fide* rights to property, guaranteed by the existing laws of the country, and sanctioned by them, will be respected.

All officers now serving the Government, and who may be able and willing to serve under the altered circumstances of the country, shall be entitled to retain their positions, and such rights as their positions now give them.

All *bonâ fide* concessions and contracts with Governments, companies, or individuals, by which the State is now bound, will be honourably maintained and respected, and the payment of the debts of the State must be provided for.

The appointments or licences, in virtue of which attorneys, land surveyors, and others are entitled to practise their callings, shall be respected in accordance with the terms and conditions of such appointments or licences.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Given under my hand and seal at Pretoria, in the South African Republic, this twelfth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

T. SHEPSTONE,
Her Majesty's Special Commissioner.

By command of his Excellency,
M. OSBORN, *Secretary.*

EXTRACT from the MINUTES of the VOLKSRAAD,
22d February 1877.

Resolved,—To recommend to the Government to reply to the despatch of Sir Henry Barkly, which accompanies the above-named despatch and Bill, in conformity with these considerations; and at the same time to take the necessary measures for the maintenance of the independence of the Republic, for the preservation of the friendly understanding between the Republic and the neighbouring States and Colonies of South Africa, and for the continuance of general order, peace, and the supremacy of the whites over the natives.

This resolution carried by majority.

(Signed) T. G. C. VAN LEENHOF,
Secretary of the Volksraad.

Copy of Resolution of the Executive Council, April 1877, No. 7.

On the order,—

Despatch from her Britannic Majesty's Special Commissioner, dated the 9th of April 1877, giving notice that his Excellency has decided to proclaim, without delay, British authority over the South African Republic:

That whereas her Britannic Majesty's Government, by the Convention of Sand River, 1852, has solemnly pledged the independence of the people to the north of the Vaal River, and that,—

Whereas the Government of the South African Republic is not aware of ever having given any reason for a hostile act on the part of her Majesty's Government, nor any ground for an act of violence; that,—

Whereas this Government has ever shown its readiness, and is still prepared to do all which in justice and equity may be demanded, and also to remove all causes of dissatisfaction that may exist:

Whereas also this Government has repeatedly expressed its entire willingness to enter into such treaties or agreements with her Majesty's Government as may be considered necessary for the general protection of the whole population of South Africa, and is prepared punctually to execute such agreements; and whereas, according to public statements of her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Carnarvon, there exists no desire on the part of the British Government to force the people of the South African Republic, against their wish, under the authority of the British Government:

Whereas the people by memorials, or otherwise, have by a large majority plainly stated to be averse to it, and whereas this Government is aware that it is not in a condition to maintain the right and independence of the people with the sword against the superior powers of Great Britain, and, moreover, has no desire to take any steps by which the white inhabitants of South Africa would be divided in the face of the mutual enemy against each other, or might come in hostile contact with each other, to the great danger of the entire Christian population of South Africa, without having first employed all means to secure, in a peaceful way and by friendly mediation, the right of the people:

Therefore the Government protests most strongly against this act of her Majesty's Special Commissioner. It is also further resolved to send, without delay, a Commission of Delegates to Europe and America, with full power and instructions to add to their number a third person if required, in order to endeavour, in the first place, to lay before her Majesty's Government the desire and wishes of the people; and in case this might not have the desired effect, which this Government would deeply regret and cannot as yet believe, then to try and call in the

friendly assistance and intercession of other Powers, and particularly of those who have acknowledged the independence of this State.

As members of this Commission are appointed the Honourable Attorney-General, Dr E. F. P. Jorissen, and S. J. P. Kruger, Vice-President of the South African Republic.

I have, &c.

(Signed) H. STIEMENS, *First Clerk.*

D, *page* 107.

(*Translation.*)

PROTEST.

PRETORIA, *April* 11, 1877.

Whereas I, Thomas Francis Burgers, President of the South African Republic, have received a letter, dated the 9th instant, from her Britannic Majesty's Special Commissioner, Sir T. Shepstone, informing me that his Excellency has determined, in the name of her Majesty's Government, to bring the South African Republic under the jurisdiction of the British Crown by annexation; and whereas I am not strong enough to draw the sword for the successful defence of the independence of this State against a superior Power like that of England; and, moreover, with a view to the welfare of all South Africa, I am altogether disinclined to bring its white inhabitants into a disastrous complication of warfare by any hostile proceeding on my part before having first of all tried every means to secure the rights of the people in a peaceable manner; therefore, in the name and by authority of the Government and the people of the South African Republic, I hereby make my solemn protest against the intended annexation.

Done under my hand and under the State seal.

I am, &c.

(Signed) THOS. BURGERS,
President of the South African Republic.

E, *page* 205.

THE FIRST SUBMISSION OF SECOCOENI.

GOVERNMENT OFFICE, PRETORIA,
January 3, 1877.

SIR,—In reply to yours of the 30th of November last, with reference to my letter of the 13th November, No. 3354, I have now been instructed by his Honour the President to state that his Honour regrets to hear that so many men are leaving, as this might prove detrimental to the corps. Captain Gunn has left, with twenty more men, and has drawn for upwards of £200 already. No further allowance has to be made to these men until their overdraft should be covered by actual service. Should any more men wish to leave, they must pay back their travelling expenses from the Diamond Fields, which in all amounts to upwards of £10 a-head. In future, no more allowance can be made for men coming up, and you are desired to be content with the men you now have. The matters referred to in your letter by Mr Roth will this week be laid before the Executive. The President trusts you will do your utmost for the country's cause. It is advisable you should have a few farmers who know the country. The Landdrost will send you some, and they can serve as guides as well; but do not force them under drill, as you know farmers are averse to it. Secocoeni has sued for peace, but he will not get it without complying with the conditions.

Captain Gunn will hand over the twenty men to you, and abide orders from Government in the fort.

I must impress upon you not to make any more purchases without express orders from Government.

Get all accounts made up, and send a complete statement.—I have the honour to be,

The State Secretary,

SWART.

CAPTAIN A. AYLWARD,
Lydenberg Volunteer, Burger's Fort.

F, *page* 216.

MEMORIAL.

To LORD CARNARVON, Minister for the Colonies in England.

PRETORIA, *January* 7.

We, the undersigned, white inhabitants of the Transvaal, having this

day received report from our deputation sent to England, consisting of the Honourable S. J. P. Kruger, Vice-President of the South African Republic, and Dr E. F. P. Jorissen, State Attorney, with the view to get back our independence, of which we have been deprived on the 12th of April 1877, have learned with deep regret that they have not been able to obtain that object.

It pains them so much the more, because it appears most clearly from the documents produced by the deputation, that the loss of their independence is entirely and solely due to the false and incorrect representations of the position said to have existed here, as given by people who acted from selfish motives—in a word, by calumny.

The fact, however, that the Government in England had been so totally misinformed about the real sentiments of the vast majority of the population, inspires the undersigned with courage to venture another attempt, and to show by their signatures that by far the great majority is opposed to the British sovereignty.

We cannot yet dismiss this matter before we have tried the last means to obtain our end by peaceable measures, according to protest dated April 11, 1877.

The undersigned cannot yet believe that it could be England's will and desire to reign over a people that will not be subject to any Power whatsoever.

They much rather believe the words addressed to them to-day by Mr S. J. P. Kruger, member of the deputation, when he said: "Brethren, people in England really do not know the actual position here; and I am fully convinced that England's First Minister, Lord Carnarvon, acted in good faith when he spoke in his despatch to the deputation of that insignificant minority."

It is therefore with great modesty, but at the same time with fervent earnestness, that we entreat your Lordship to restore to us our country —that country which we love as our lives, and for which we always were and still are prepared every day to sacrifice our lives.

May it therefore please your Lordship to be moved by our numerous signatures, and to restore to us our country.

Signed by 6591 qualified electors of the South African Republic, the original, with signatures attached, being in the possession of the deputation, and open for the inspection of her Majesty's Government. In addition to the above, memorials with 301 signatures were obtained, which were informally sent in, and thus have not been counted.

(Signed) S. J. P. KRUGER, } *Delegates.*
,, P. J. JOUBERT, }
,, W. ED. BOK, *Secretary.*
,, T. SHEPSTONE, *Administrator.*

G, *page* 227.—See Appendix C.

H, *page* 228.

PROCLAMATION

By his Excellency Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Knight Commander of the most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, her Majesty's Special Commissioner for certain purposes in South Africa, and Administrator of the Government of the Transvaal.

Whereas the return from Europe of the Transvaal deputation has been made the occasion by designing persons of creating and fostering agitation and alarm, by imposing upon the credulity and ignorance of the quietly disposed inhabitants of this country, and of endeavouring by the illegal use or assumption of authority, such as the banding together of themselves into committees for the purpose of misleading the public and coercing individuals, false representations, threats of violence, and seditious utterances, to cause disturbance in the land and to bring misfortune upon innocent people:

And whereas it is my duty, as it also is my inclination and strong desire, by timely and friendly warning, to prevent such misfortune from falling upon this country and its inhabitants; and whereas the Government has hitherto avoided all interference with the free expression of feeling on matters of public interest, whether expressed by words spoken, or written, or printed, even although in some cases these words have been calculated to disturb the public peace:

And whereas this forbearance appears to have been misunderstood by some, and to have been misrepresented by others, and a mischievous impression to have been created, that the laws of the country are ineffectual to secure quiet and orderly behaviour, and are incapable of awarding adequate punishment to disturbers of the public peace; and whereas it is necessary to set forth and proclaim that the forbearance aforesaid has arisen — not from any doubt of the stringency or applicability of the law, or the power of applying it, but solely from a consideration of the peculiar state of public affairs which has until lately existed, and from a sincere desire to avoid the appearance even of harshness towards the persons concerned; as will more fully appear from the fact that, although it was officially notified in the 'Government Gazette' of August 4, 1877, that the proclamations of the 12th April 1877 had been confirmed by her Majesty the Queen, and that

although this notification informed all Government officers, and the inhabitants generally, that the act of annexation had been formally and finally ratified, and they were legally bound thereby; yet, notwithstanding this, the Government took into its consideration the want of knowledge of official forms and usages that prevailed among the people, and also among some of the public officers, which ignorance had led them to believe that such decision could not be final and irrevocable, until declared so to be by the members of the deputation on their return to this country; and the Government therefore overlooked much that it might have taken serious notice of, and in deference to what it considered a natural but mistaken view on the part of certain of the people of this territory of the real state of the case, the laws of the country were not appealed to, or put in force, although the right of so appealing to and enforcing them existed and still exists:

And whereas these considerations have now ceased, and the deputation hereinbefore referred to has returned from Europe, and the members of it have by written documents published by them and otherwise, truthfully reported that the act of annexation is final and irrevocable; and whereas the Government would not be fulfilling its duty to the country by any longer exercising such forbearance; and whereas it is necessary to declare and make known that all attempts—whether by public meetings or otherwise—to unsettle and alarm the minds of the people, and all utterances calculated to disturb the public peace and the quiet of the country, and to create disaffection towards the Government, will be dealt with as the law directs, and that those who are found guilty of these and the like offences will suffer and undergo the penalties which the law ordains:

And whereas one of the pretexts under which the evils and mischief aforesaid have been and are yet being done, is to obtain signatures to a memorial to her Majesty's Government; and it has been represented to me by many persons and from different quarters, that intimidation by means of threats of personal violence, confiscation of property, and even of death, has been resorted to by those engaged in coercing others to sign the said memorial and other documents, although it is well known that whoever signs a document is responsible for the consequences which may result from such signature; and whereas the setting on foot of the said memorial and other documents was prompted by a spirit of sedition, and their professed object at the time known by those who prompted it to be unattainable; and whereas there is a possibility of many innocent people being made to suffer in consequence of the agitation that it has created and was intended to create; and whereas it is incumbent upon me, as representing the authority of her Majesty's Government in this country, to protect, as far as it may be in my power so to do, all peaceably disposed and loyal inhabitants from the injury to their persons and property, which believing in, and acting upon, the false and seditious

representations aforesaid will inevitably bring upon them; and whereas it is the duty as well as the interest of every one in this country to discourage, and by every means in his power to repress, this dangerous agitation:

Now, therefore, I do call upon, enjoin, and strictly charge all peaceably disposed and orderly persons to aid the officers of the Government in maintaining order, and in bringing to justice the seditious agitators who have endeavoured, and are still endeavouring, to mislead the people of the Transvaal to commit a breach of the public peace, and acts of sedition against her Majesty's Government, thereby bringing serious misfortune upon the country and its inhabitants; and I do further hereby warn all such mischievous and evil disposed persons as may be found to be fomenting or instigating any such unlawful agitation, and who by threats, seditious words, whether spoken, written, or printed, or by any other means are engaged inciting the people of this country to acts of disloyalty, sedition, resistance to, or rebellion against the Government, that they are hereby made and held liable, and subject, under the law and this my proclamation, to imprisonment, fine, and such other and further punishments as the law may direct.

And I do also hereby make known that all meetings convened for seditious or any other unlawful purpose whatever, at which are proposed, discussed, or passed any resolution or resolutions aiming to weaken, resist, or oppose the power and authority of the Government, or to incite the taking up of arms by the people of this country against the said Government, or in any way whatsoever tending to disturb the peace of this country, are contrary to law; and I do warn all persons attending such unlawful and seditious meetings, and more especially the conveners thereof, and all such who, by word of mouth or otherwise, do encourage and incite to unlawful or rebellious acts such persons so met together, that they render themselves liable to the punishments and penalties set forth in the foregoing section of this my proclamation.

And I do hereby call upon and command all officers, civil and military, and more especially all landdrosts, justices of the peace, field-cornets, and other officers of the law, to aid and strenuously exert themselves in the execution of the provisions of the law and of this my proclamation, as they shall answer to the contrary at their peril.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Given under my hand and seal, at Government House, Pretoria, this 11th day of March 1878.

By his Excellency's command,

M. OSBORN,
Secretary to Government.

NOTICE.

Whereas notice has been received by the Committee that some persons should have spread the rumour that they have been moved in signing the petitions for or against annexation by threats, so it is now that occasion is given to any such person to make himself known to the members of the deputation, and to scratch out his name before the beginning of next month, May.

P. J. JOUBERT,
Member of the Deputation.

PRETORIA, *April* 9, 1878.

LETTER to Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, Secretary of State for the Colonies, from the TRANSVAAL DELEGATES, dated 10th July 1878.

ALBEMARLE HOTEL, LONDON,
July 10, 1878.

Sir,—The deputation who were commissioned by the Government and the people of the South African Republic to lay before the Government of her Majesty the Queen of England their protest against the annexation of the Transvaal Territory, having failed to attain the object of their mission, have reported to the inhabitants the result of their proceedings.

Deeply grieved and disappointed at this failure to obtain restitution of their rights, the citizens of the Republic have resolved once more to appeal to the Justice of England, and have deputed the undersigned S. J. P. Kruger, and P. J. Joubert, again to submit, on their behalf, that protest and the memorial on this subject.

In carrying out the wishes of their constituents, it becomes the duty of this deputation to bring prominently to the notice of her Majesty's Government certain facts in connection with the instructions issued to her Majesty's Special Commissioner, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., in the commission of the Queen, dated at Balmoral the 5th October 1876, also in regard to the circumstances attending its execution by him, as well as those under which her Majesty's approval of his proceedings was obtained.

A full consideration of these circumstances will, it is the belief of this deputation, justify them before her Majesty's Government, the South African communities, and the world at large, in the action which they now take, and will, they have full confidence, obtain for them and for their country the redress they now seek.

In the Commission appointing Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and which empowers him, under certain conditions, to proceed to the extreme measure of annexation, it is made a necessary condition, as follows:—

"Provided, first, that no such proclamation should be issued by you with respect to any district, territory, or state, unless you shall be satis-

fied that the inhabitants thereof, or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature thereof, desire to become our subjects."

It is not our wish at this stage to enter into the question as to the evidence adduced or the means adopted by Sir Theophilus Shepstone to satisfy her Majesty's Government that this condition had in any way been fulfilled.

It was in the firm belief that it had been so fulfilled that your predecessor, Lord Carnarvon, declined to enter with the late deputation on any discussion as to the propriety of the annexation itself; and it was at this distance beyond the power of the latter, though disputing the fact, to refute an allegation so confidently put forward.

Since that time, however, measures have been taken for placing beyond any doubt what the feelings of the very large majority of the qualified electors are; and these will be shown by the following documents, copies of which we have the honour to enclose:—

a. The Resolution of the Honourable Volksraad of the Republic, dated 22d February 1877, calling upon the Executive to maintain the independence of the country.

b. The Resolution of the Executive Council, dated 11th April 1877, protesting against the threatened annexation, and nominating a deputation to lay the protest before her Majesty.

c. The protest of the President of the Republic, dated 11th April 1877.

d. A memorial in support of the protest, signed by 6591 out of a possible 8000 electors, and dated 7th January 1878.

As the fulfilment of the above primary condition may be regarded as having been held by her Majesty's Government as essential to a justification of the act of annexation, and as the above documents prove beyond any doubt that so far from these conditions having been observed, the Legislature, the Executive Government, and nearly seven-eighths of the people were, as they have now shown, opposed to the annexation, it would seem unnecessary to support by further argument a cause which is so clearly established.

But Sir Theophilus Shepstone has not been content to rely on this ground, and has thought proper to bring forward a variety of other reasons in support of his action. These we are thus compelled to notice.

Apart from the question as to the wishes of the inhabitants, the chief grounds upon which the Commissioner has essayed to justify himself, and which are to be found in the preamble of the Proclamation of Annexation, are the following:—

"That the guarantee of independence given by the British Government to the emigrant farmers was given under a certain 'hope and belief,' which has since been disappointed.

"That there was a general 'decay of power and ebb of authority' in the State itself, and a 'more than corresponding growth of strength and confidence among the native tribes,' affording 'strong temptation to neighbouring native Powers to make attacks and inroads in the State, which from its weakness it could not repel, and from which it has hitherto been saved by the restraining influence of the British Government, exercised from Natal by her Majesty's representative in that colony.'

"That the failure of the war with Secocoeni had disclosed for the first time to the native Powers outside the Republic, from the Zambesi to the Cape, the great changes that had taken place in the relative strength of the white and black races, and that this disclosure at once shook the *prestige* of the white man in South Africa, and placed every European community in peril."

It is thus to be seen that the reasons which have urged her Majesty to approve of the annexation were based—

1. On the belief that a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Transvaal earnestly desire the establishment of her Majesty's rule.
2. On the disappointment of the hope upon which the guarantee of independence was given by her Majesty—viz., "That the South African Republic would become a flourishing and self-sustaining State, a source of strength and security to neighbouring European communities, and a point from which Christianity and civilisation might rapidly spread towards Central Africa."
3. The general poverty and defencelessness of the country, the encroachments of the natives, the failure of the war with Secocoeni, and the consequent danger to the British colonies.

To these points the deputation will confine their reply—

1. In regard to the first point, we have to state that, as the enclosed correspondence marked 6, 7, 8, 9, will show, her Majesty's Commissioner was in possession of the resolution of the Volksraad to maintain the independence of the Republic, as well as of the protest of the Executive, prior to the issue of the Proclamation of Annexation.

That the petitions in favour of annexation, which in all represent but a very small proportion of the inhabitants of the country, were for the most part obtained subsequently to the annexation, and that the signatures to them are those of the classes which are described in Sir Theophilus Shepstone's "Address to the Burghers of the Transvaal" as the "1000 who live in towns and villages, and the 350 fluctuating population of gold-diggers, and not of the remaining 6650 farmers, upon whom is

laid the task of supporting the State by the produce of their farms, and upon whom also rests the military duty of defending the country, or fighting for its rights."

2. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in stating that the guarantee of independence was grounded on a certain "hope and belief," refers for an explanation of the same to his address to the people, where we find that he with candour admits that such a condition is to be found only by reading between the lines of the Convention.

We, for our part, and on behalf of the people of the Transvaal, however much we may admit the reasonableness of such a hope and belief, can in no way allow either that it was a condition of our independence, or that its disappointment is a sufficient ground for the withdrawal of the same.

But even should this be so, we further say that the argument is one of which the British Government is not in justice entitled to avail themselves.

The reasons which actuated the British Government in recognising the independence of the Transvaal, and in abandoning the Orange River Sovereignty, are, we believe, better to be found by referring to the correspondence on the subject between her Majesty's Government and the Commissioners employed to give effect to the Imperial policy.

But if the hope that the Republic would be a source of strength and security to the neighbouring British colony has not been fulfilled to the extent desired by her Majesty, then we contend, and are prepared to show, that its failure to be so is due chiefly, if not wholly, to the action of the Government of the adjoining British colonies.

To this subject we will refer again.

3. With respect to the third point—viz., the defencelessness of the country, the encroachments of the natives, and the failure of the war with Secocoeni—these, as well as the financial troubles, we are also prepared to a certain extent to admit, though we utterly reject the exaggeration with which they have been described, and the inferences of utter disorganisation and danger which have been drawn from them.

We deny the inference which has been drawn from the failures to dislodge a chief from fastnesses such as Secocoeni occupied at the first attempt. He had been reduced to the greatest straits, and had sent to Pretoria to sue for peace, which, under the pressure of the circumstances in which the Government of the Republic found themselves, owing to the action of the British authorities in supporting the cause of the rebel chief, was ultimately agreed to, upon the payment of a fine, which fine is now being enforced by the administrator.

It is utterly incorrect to say that there was any danger to be feared from Secocoeni, for it is well known that he never came beyond his own strongholds.

So also with regard to the Zulus. Sir Theophilus Shepstone has said that, owing to this (that is, the failure to dislodge Secocoeni) disclosure for the first time to the native Powers from the Zambesi to the Cape of the great change that had taken place in the relative position of the white and black races, there was an imminent fear of invasion (presumably Zulu), and that every community in South Africa was in peril.

We complain that this is an exaggerated and unwarranted conclusion. The danger as described by him has at no time been felt by the Government of the Republic, nor by those who have struggled through similar dangers with the same natives when more united then, under Dingaan.

We beg to draw attention to the fact that the opinion here expressed is but that of an individual, and that Sir Theophilus Shepstone seems to have forgotten the serious reverses of the whites in former Cape wars, and especially that of Sir George Cathcart in the Basuto war; and we have also to point out as a matter of fact, that the Zulu army never approached the Transvaal boundary until the Commissioner had crossed it, and thus that if the danger existed, it arose only after that event.

In order further to establish the position we have taken up, and to disprove the rights which have been assumed to be a legitimate sequence to the statements made in the preamble to the Proclamation of Annexation, it is necessary that we should present a view of the political condition of the Transvaal as taken from the stand-point of the Government of the Republic, and place it in opposition to that which has been drawn by her Majesty's Commissioner.

The national status of the Transvaal commenced in 1852; prior to that date the emigrant farmers were scattered in small communities or in isolated farms over the vast extent of country between the Vaal River and the Limpopo.

There was no Central Government, nor indeed any cohesion among them, except that dictated by unity of interest, in protecting themselves from the natives, with whom they were from time to time driven to war.

It was during a short interval of peace, or rather a suspension of arms, that the independence of the Republic was recognised by England, and that the Convention was signed, guaranteeing in "the fullest manner on the part of the British Government to the emigrant farmers the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government," with the further promise that "no encroachment should be made by the said Government in the territory beyond to the north of the Vaal River," and at the same time disclaiming "on the part of her Majesty's Government all alliances whatever, and with whomsoever, of the coloured natives on the north of the Vaal River."

The emigrant farmers continued for many years in the same unorganised state in which they had been prior to the Convention, and it

was not till 1858 that their divisions, which had almost occasioned a civil war, were brought to an end, and they became united under a constitution and a Central Government.

From that period a marked and steady progress took place. The farmers settled down to more steady occupation of their lands, laws were framed and administered with increasing order, and churches and schools erected in every town.

The Republic had, with its very small body of whites and overwhelming native population, kept peace for years, having from that time until the late expedition against Secocoeni had no serious wars except that of Zoutpansberg in 1866.

From the year 1858 to 1869 the Republic fulfilled the requirement now insisted on. It was "a flourishing and self-sustaining State, a source of strength and security to neighbouring European communities, and a point from which Christianity and civilisation were rapidly spreading towards Central Africa."

It formed a barrier between Natal and the Native tribes of the interior, and was thus a source of strength and security to that colony. There was also a rapid advance in civilisation among the natives, who, as is well known, have adopted European customs, and accepted Christian teaching in larger numbers and to a greater extent than has been the case in any other portion of South Africa.

Though not forming one of the grounds mentioned in the Proclamation of Annexation, there can be little doubt, judging from the tenor and tone of the despatches which have passed between the Secretary of State and the Colonial Governors, that the charges of oppression of the natives have had some weight in determining the policy of her Majesty's Government in asserting her rule over the country.

These charges, which have been put forward with most unjustifiable exaggeration, have been a serious injustice to the Government and people of the Republic, and would perhaps never have been made or believed had the British Government been duly represented by a consular or diplomatic agent in the country.

Without desiring to recriminate, we cannot but feel that, to say the least, the same allowance has not been made for the necessity for any war or perhaps harsh measures in the Transvaal, that has been accorded to Natal in the cases of Isidoi, Matyana, and Langabaleli; and in respect to the Cape, to the very serious wars which have from time to time taken place.

We have stated that the Republic continued to flourish and to progress until 1869.

In that year the *prestige* of the emigrant farmers received a shock from which it could not soon recover, and which was occasioned by the action of the Cape Colonial authorities in espousing the cause of the natives at

the Diamond Fields, and opening the sale of firearms and ammunition to them, in violation of the Sand River Convention.

Although unwilling to adopt this opinion in any other than a qualified manner, it is well known that Mr Froude has pronounced the annexation of the Diamond Fields as "perhaps the most discreditable incident in British colonial history." The effect of the act has at least been to bring the Government and citizens of the Republic into contempt in the eyes of the natives, whose power became, at the same time, immensely increased by the possession of guns, of which, as the official returns will show, 236,576 were imported into the Cape and Natal from 1871 to 1875, subject to an import duty of 10s. and £1 a barrel.

If the cause of the poverty and weakness of the Republic is to be sought, it is not just to attribute it to "inherent" defects while it can be thus explained. If the natives had not been furnished with firearms, or if the amount of custom duties paid on them had enriched the Transvaal, these evils would probably have been avoided.

In furtherance of the policy which it would seem that Sir Theophilus Shepstone had predetermined to follow, we find that in a despatch to Lord Carnarvon of the 12th March 1877, he states that all the native tribes within the State would hail the introduction of British rule as a positive blessing, and that the British Government had paramount influence with the most warlike of the native tribes outside the Transvaal boundary.

This assertion, together with that contained in the Proclamation of Annexation, where Sir T. Shepstone states that the Republic had "hitherto been saved from the attacks and inroads of natives by the restraining influence of the British Government, exercised from Natal by her Majesty's representative in that colony," had doubtless the effect of determining the policy of her Majesty's Government in regard to annexation; and as it is this alleged actual danger to the Transvaal, and the fear of general conflagration, which alone could be held to justify the intervention of the British Government, it is important that we should inquire into the grounds which have existed to justify these statements.

It should be borne in mind that, as a rule, all information possessed by the Home or Colonial Governments, or by the British public, is derived from Sir T. Shepstone himself, and that all opinions on the same are but the reflection of his.

The allusions by him to the estimation in which "British rule" is held by the natives, and to the "restraining influence exercised by her Majesty's representative in Natal," it is not too much to assume, point only to the power and influence exercised by himself; and that it has been taken in this sense by her Majesty's Government is clear from the constant reference to his personal influence in the published despatches.

It is our desire to show that whatever the real grounds for this belief

may be, no evidence in support of it has been given, except what is only a personal opinion, and one which, under such circumstances, should be received with caution.

We now ask whether, looked upon in the light which recent events have thrown on the subject, these opinions can be justified; whether there has been actual danger of Zulu invasion, and whether the measures adopted were necessary and sufficient to avert it?

Such fear has, as before remarked, never been felt by the Government or people of the Republic.

Up to the time of annexation, isolated border farms were occupied by our farmers without the least apprehension of danger; and but a few weeks before, a small patrol of men had followed the Chief Umbelini into the heart of the Zulu country. It is only since the annexation that our farmers' homesteads have been burnt, and that they, with their wives and children, have been compelled to take to the plains.

It is, we unhesitatingly declare, owing to the course pursued by Sir T. Shepstone that the present crisis has been produced. Cetywayo, believing himself to be encouraged by the Natal Government, or by Sir T. Shepstone, in the demands he was making on the Transvaal, was no doubt daily becoming more insolent and exacting; but his threats to the Transvaal, which reached the Transvaal only through Natal, produced little or no effect until, by the advance of the British troops, he was led to make a similar movement towards the frontier.

Cetywayo has, with much ingenuity, endeavoured to play off one white Government against the other, and, as it seemed to him at first, with some success. That he should now be exasperated can excite no surprise, for he finds himself not alone foiled in his game, and disappointed of the plunder which he expected a joint invasion of the Transvaal would afford, but he also now finds the cause of his opponent espoused by those whom he had been led to hope were his friends and supporters.

Evidence in support of what has been advanced by Sir T. Shepstone is, as has been said, entirely wanting; while, on the other hand, the most striking contradiction is given to it by the present attitude of the Zulus towards his Government, and by the hostilities in Secocoeni's country, and with the Griquas at the south-western border.

The above are some of the chief arguments which we have to advance in order to carry out the instructions with which we have been charged; and though we are prepared to meet any further points which may be urged in defence or justification of the annexation, we do not feel it necessary here to go into further detail.

We are directed to support with the voice of the people the protest against the annexation, and at the same time humbly and earnestly to solicit her Majesty's gracious consideration of their cause.

We protest against the annexation of the South African Republic on the following grounds :—

1. That it is a violation of the Convention entered into at Sand River in January 1852 between her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners and the representatives of the emigrant farmers.

2. That the reports as to the nature of the disturbances in the Transvaal, and the peril to the peace and safety of the adjoining colonies thereby threatened, and upon which the instructions to Sir Theophilus Shepstone were founded, were gross exaggerations of fact, and misrepresented the actual position of the country.

3. That the condition laid down in her Majesty's Commission to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, requiring the assent of the inhabitants thereof, or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature thereof, has not been complied with.

4. That the British Government cannot, with justice, avail themselves of the plea that the defencelessness and disorganisation of the Republic, and the encroachments of the natives, and consequent danger to the British colonies, made the intervention of their authority a necessary act, inasmuch as those evils, if they existed, were the direct result and consequence of the acts of their own representatives as above referred to.

In concluding a letter upon a subject of such vital importance to our fellow-countrymen—to those who have struggled through toil and through danger for years in the one hope of preserving their hard-earned freedom—we cannot but feel the deep responsibility that rests upon us, and that, should we fail in conveying to her Majesty's Government the conviction of the righteousness and justice of our cause, it will be due only to our defects in laying it before them.

We believe, however, that we have fully met every argument that has been advanced to justify the act for which we now seek redress ; and we rest with the fullest confidence on the sense of justice and integrity of the British nation.

We know that, as a subject-people, and who have been deprived of their independence by such means, there will be before us many years of bitter heart-burnings, of ill-feeling, of desertion of homes, and of wild and objectless wanderings ; while, on the other hand, with justice and with freedom, there is every reason to hope that the Transvaal may join hand in hand with the neighbouring States and colonies to work together for mutual prosperity and happiness, and for the extension of civilisation and Christianity into the far interior.

It is now our earnest prayer that her Majesty's Government may direct the removal from the Transvaal of the Administrator of the Government, with the British troops and the official staff, and may restore to the country the independence which was guaranteed by the Convention of 1852, and which has been formally acknowledged by the

Governments of Germany, France, America, Holland, Belgium, and Portugal.

We have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient humble servants,
S. J. P. KRUGER, P. J. JOUBERT, } *Delegates.*
W. ED. BOK, *Secretary.*

The Right Honourable
SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Bart., M.P.,
Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies.

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Blue-book C, 2079.

EXTRACT from DESPATCH, Utrecht, Transvaal, January 2, 1878.

Administrator Sir T. Shepstone to the Earl of Carnarvon.

12. Cetywayo has, by acts and threats of aggression, caused the abandonment of a tract of country more than 100 miles long by 30 broad—about ten times the extent of the territory hitherto supposed to be in dispute.

13. This country has for many years been occupied by farmers, to whom title-deeds have been granted by the Government, and who have been regularly called upon to pay their annual quitrents and other land charges.

14. The declaration by the Zulu king that he will not relinquish his claim to the line described in my confidential despatch of the 1st December . . . (tends) not only to damage the *prestige* of her Majesty's Government in the eyes of the native tribes generally, who are naturally curious to see which side will prevail, but gives great occasion to that part of the Boer population which is opposed to British rule to excite disaffection.

16. When I approached the question, I did so supposing that the rights of the Transvaal to land on the Zulu border had a very slender foundation. I believed, from the representations that had been systematically made by the Zulus to the Natal Government on the subject—of which I was fully aware from my position in Natal—that the beacons along the boundary-line had been erected by the Republican Government in opposition to the wishes, and in spite of the protests, of the Zulu authorities.

18. I therefore made no claim or demand whatever for land. I invited Cetywayo to give me his views respecting a boundary, when I informed him, from Pretoria, that I should visit Utrecht on the tour I then contemplated making. When I met the Zulu Prime Minister and the Indunas on the 18th October last, on the Blood River, I was fully prepared, if it should be insisted on by the Zulus, as I then thought it might justly be, to give up a tract of country which had from thirteen to sixteen years been occupied by Transvaal farmers, and to whose farms title-deeds had been issued by the late Government; and I contemplated making compensation to these farmers in some way or another for their loss. I intended, however, first to offer to purchase at a fair price from the Zulu king all his claims to land which had for so many years been occupied and built upon by the subjects of the Transvaal, to whom the Government of the country was distinctly liable.

19. . . . I knew but the Zulu side, and acted according to my knowledge, which I supposed was complete. There was, therefore, no cause whatever for any feeling or suspicion on the part of the Zulus that their rights were likely to be disregarded by any action of the Transvaal Government, as represented by me at the conference of the 18th October on the Blood River; and nothing concerning natives has ever more surprised me than the self-asserting, aggressive, and defiant spirit in which, from the first moment, I was met at that conference by the Zulu Prime Minister and the Indunas.

After describing the threats used, he says—

22. Fortunately, therefore, for the interests of the Transvaal, I was prevented, by the conduct of the Zulus themselves, from surrendering to them at that meeting what my information on the subject then had led me to think was, after all, due to them; and this I was prepared to do at any sacrifice to the Transvaal, seeing it then appeared to me that justice to the Zulus demanded it.

23. It was not for some weeks after this meeting that, in conversation at Utrecht with some Dutch farmers, of whom Mr Conrad Meyer was one, during which they were bringing to my notice the danger I appeared to be in of surrendering the just rights of the Transvaal in the matter of the Zulu boundary, that Mr Meyer asked me what weakness I had discovered in the case of the beaconed line? I replied that the beacons had been built up by the Republican Government without the knowledge, and certainly in spite of the protests, of the Zulu authorities, so that it was an act of aggression, and not based upon the consent of both parties. *I then learned for the first time,* what has since been proved by evidence the most incontrovertible, overwhelming, and clear, that this boundary-line had been formally and mutually agreed upon, and had been formally ratified by the giving and receiving of tokens of thanks, and that the beacons had been built up in the presence of the President and members of the Executive Council of the Republic, in presence of

commissioners from both Panda and Cetywayo; and that the spot on which every beacon was to stand was indicated by the Zulu Commissioners themselves placing the first stones upon it.

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Blue-Book C, 2079. Enclosure 8 in No. 79.

EXTRACT from DESPATCH dated Utrecht, Transvaal, January 29, 1878.

Sir T. Shepstone to Sir H. Bulwer.

Par. 12. Although this question has existed for many years, and the settlement of it has been long postponed, yet *on no former* occasion has it assumed so serious an aspect, or included so wide an area of territory; *never before* has there existed any bar to the farmers occupying their farms after an absence more or less temporary caused by a temporary and local scare. Practically the line of occupied farms has not been *heretofore* affected by the dispute about the beaconed boundary, *but now* the prohibition to these has become absolute by Zulu claims and action. Ruin is staring the farmers in the face, and *their position is for the time worse under her Majesty's Government than ever it was under the Republic.*

13. To those who comprehend the position in which South Africa is just now placed, this aggravation is easily understood; but it is not a condition to induce the cheerful contemplation of a long delay by ruined men with starving families; and the latter consideration very seriously affects the Government also.

EXTRACT from Pamphlet by SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, recently quoted by Mr Courtney in the House of Commons.

"When I consider that 100,000 warlike savages inhabit the mountain fastnesses of the Orange River Territory; that its frontier is open for 400 miles to the incursions of the Zoolahs and other fierce tribes of the great South African race; that there are, beyond the Vaal, 20,000 independent Boers, sympathising with their 10,000 disaffected kinsmen

in the Orange River Territory; when I reflect upon the difficulty of procuring succour from the distant military posts of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope,—I feel convinced that Sir George Cathcart has not overestimated, at 2000 men, the military force which would be required to retain possession of the Orange River Territory. I should also observe, that this estimate was made by Sir George Cathcart before we had learnt, from experience, the surprising efficiency of the Basuto cavalry, both in number and equipments. Let us next consider the cost of maintaining a body of 2000 troops in the interior of South Africa. In addition to the ordinary military expenditure, we should have, in the first instance, to provide barracks for them. But building in the Orange River Territory is excessively expensive—three or four times as much as in this country—for the territory is destitute of materials for building; scarcely a stick of timber grows on it. The cheapest wood used is the Norway pine, which is brought 400 miles from the nearest seaport, over a country without roads; and when buildings are erected, they soon become dilapidated, their walls decaying under the ravages of ants, which swarm in all the soil and through all the flooring. Secondly, we should have to import into the Orange River Territory all military stores, clothing, and every commodity required for the use of the soldiers, with the exception only of beef, mutton, and grain. The cost of conveying goods to the Orange River Territory is very great, for they have to be brought, either from Port Elizabeth or from the Cape of Good Hope, in waggons, each of them drawn by a span of fourteen oxen. The journey from Port Elizabeth occupies, at least, six weeks; and from Cape Town, at least, two months. To add to the difficulty of these journeys, during the dry season water near the road is scarce; and wood, either dry or green, sufficient to boil a camp-kettle, must at all times be carried for distances of several days' journey; and in seasons of drought, which are of common occurrence, the country is impassable. For instance, the surgeon in charge of a detachment at Bloen Fontein was, for a year, very short of medicines, in consequence of the drought rendering the country so impassable that the periodical consignment of these supplies remained for many months at a distance of 150 miles, without a possibility of his getting them conveyed to Bloen Fontein. For these reasons, I am convinced that I have not overestimated, at £200,000 a-year, the cost of maintaining a body of 2000 troops in the Orange River Territory—one-fourth of them to be cavalry. At this rate of expenditure, the Orange River Territory would cost us about £20 per head per annum for every person of European descent in it; and about £400 per head per annum for every British settler. No wonder that these gentlemen, both storekeepers and land-jobbers, are so vehement in their assertions that the honour of England requires us to retain possession of the Orange River Territory. In all probability the military expenditure would decuple their trade."

Now that is just our position with regard to the Transvaal. These figures might apply equally well to that territory; and indeed the case of the Transvaal is even more striking, because that territory is further off than the Orange River Settlement, and the difficulty of governing it would be correspondingly greater.

EXTRACT from Despatch of SIR HENRY SMITH, also quoted in House of Commons.

"On my arrival at the foot of the Drakensberg Mountains, I was almost paralysed to witness the whole of the population, with few exceptions, emigrating. Rains on this side of the mountains are tropical, and now prevail; and these families were exposed to a state of misery which I never before saw equalled, except in Massena's invasion of Portugal, when the whole of the population of that part of the seat of war abandoned their homes and fled. The scene here was truly heart-rending."

EXTRACTS from Proceedings of the United Service Institution on the evening of May 3, 1878, when a Lecture was given by G. Pigott Moodie, Esq., F.R.G.S., &c.

General Sir A. T. Cunynghame, K.C.B., &c., in the chair.

But by the annexation of the Transvaal, and of the Diamond Fields or Griqualand West, we have now, besides absorbing an enormous native population, acquired a territory with an exposed border of from 1200 to 1400 miles in length, the country adjacent to which is in the occupation of native tribes.

. . . . . .

From this description, it will be seen that the Transvaal occupies an entirely inland position, the Portuguese territory intervening between it and the nearest harbour at Delagoa Bay. It is at the present time dependent for its communication with the coast upon the distant and difficult route by Natal, through which all produce and merchandise have to be carried by the tedious and expensive process of transport by oxen. It is by this route also that the troops, with their baggage and artillery trains, have at present to travel when proceeding to the country.

The natural port of the Transvaal is, however, that of Delagoa Bay. It is the only safe harbour between this part and Simon's Bay, and in this respect has, of course, immense advantages over the open roadstead and unapproachable bar of Natal. Its position, too, is opposite a central part of the country, and at a moderate distance, as compared to the other; while, for the purposes of railway construction, the superiority of this line over that from Natal is beyond all dispute.

. . . . . .

The first effect upon the Government of the Transvaal of the measures then adopted by the English colonial authorities in South Africa, and which resulted in the annexation of the Diamond Fields, apart from the distrust and aversion to the English which it revived or stimulated among the Dutch inhabitants, was that of weakening its authority over, not alone those whose cause had been espoused in order to sustain the claim to the land, but over the whole body of the native population within and adjoining the State. And this was not all; for at the same time firearms, which, by treaty with us, the Boers were prohibited from selling to the natives, were here thrown open to the latter to an unlimited extent; and it is estimated that, in a comparatively short period, upwards of 200,000 guns were purchased by the natives living at the northern and western borders of the Transvaal.

. . . . . .

The cause of the retreat from Secocoeni's in 1876 was, the summer season was setting in, bringing with it the annual horse distemper. The volunteer army summarily dispersed and retired to their homes, arranging among themselves to return before the following harvest, when the native crops which were grown on the plains would be exposed to capture; and thus that, though unable to follow their enemy into the caves, they would endeavour to defeat them by starvation. This movement on their part was at once taken up and commented on by adverse newspaper and other correspondents, who not alone magnified it into a defeat, but also falsely represented that Secocoeni was in full pursuit of the flying army to Pretoria. This was also the tenor of the misleading telegrams to England, which to all appearance were the immediate occasion of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's mission.

. . . . . .

A deal of obloquy has been thrown upon the Boers, emanating chiefly from those who were endeavouring to bring about the fall of the Republic. Speculators, who hoped by the substitution of British rule that their lands would rise in value, besides a large portion of the colonial press and others, were engaged in systematic misrepresentation to bring about the desired end. Even in the published blue-books on the subject, we find pages taken up with anonymous letters and newspaper articles giving exaggerated accounts of the *defencelessness* and distress of the white population, and at the same time, with palpable

inconsistency, of their *tyranny and oppression of the blacks.* A long correspondence also appears on the subject of the use of *explosive bullets*, and of the massacre of women by the Boers; and notwithstanding the refutation of these charges, and the entire absence of evidence to support them, the stigma has most ungenerously been allowed to remain.

. . . . . .

To quote again from the article I have before mentioned, Sir George Clerk, writing to the Duke of Newcastle in 1853, says: "Your Grace is no doubt aware that in reviewing the former policy of the British Government one cannot escape from the painful conviction, with reference to the interests and feelings of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony, that the measures which, with few exceptions, it has pursued towards them, and the neglect or disdain with which it has habitually regarded them, have engendered a spirit which leaves them by no means desirous of remaining under British dominion."

EXTRACT from Speech of General SIR A. T. CUNYNGHAME, K.C.B., &c.

"There had been some dissatisfaction on the part of the Boers and others who carried on the Government at Pretoria, in consequence of the import of arms which was being allowed by the Cape Government and the Natal Government, and which were being sold to the natives of South Africa. That has been one of the great reasons of the troubles that have arisen. During the time I had the command of that country, and which has been for four years and a half, I believe 400,000 stand of arms have been sold to these natives."

THE END.

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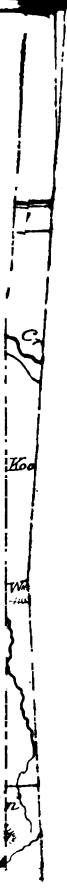

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